November 25, 1939

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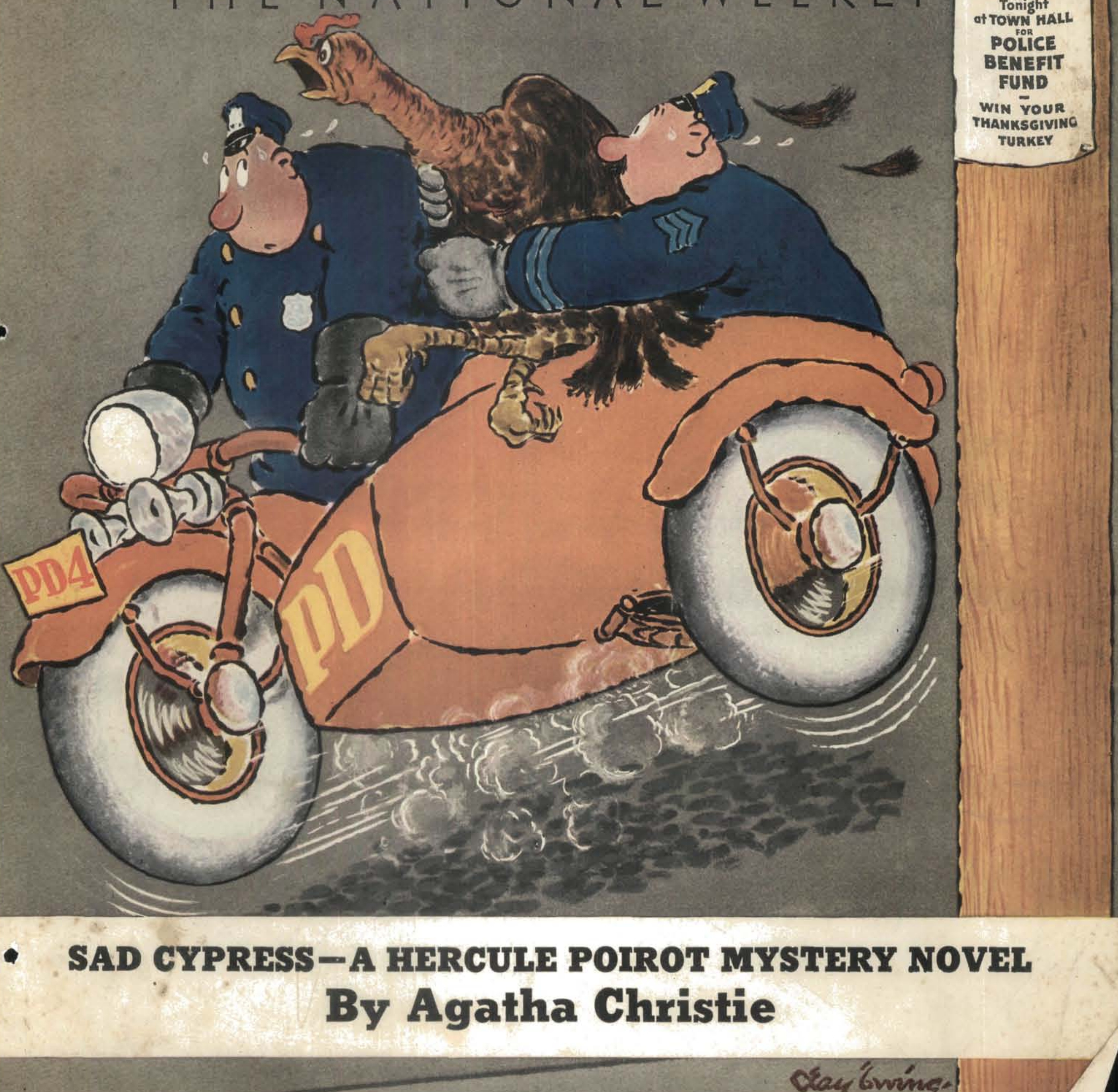
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


RAFFLE
Tonight
at TOWN HALL
FOR
POLICE
BENEFIT
FUND
WIN YOUR
THANKSGIVING
TURKEY
PD4
PD
Clay Irving

SAD CYPRESS—A HERCULE POIROT MYSTERY NOVEL

By Agatha Christie

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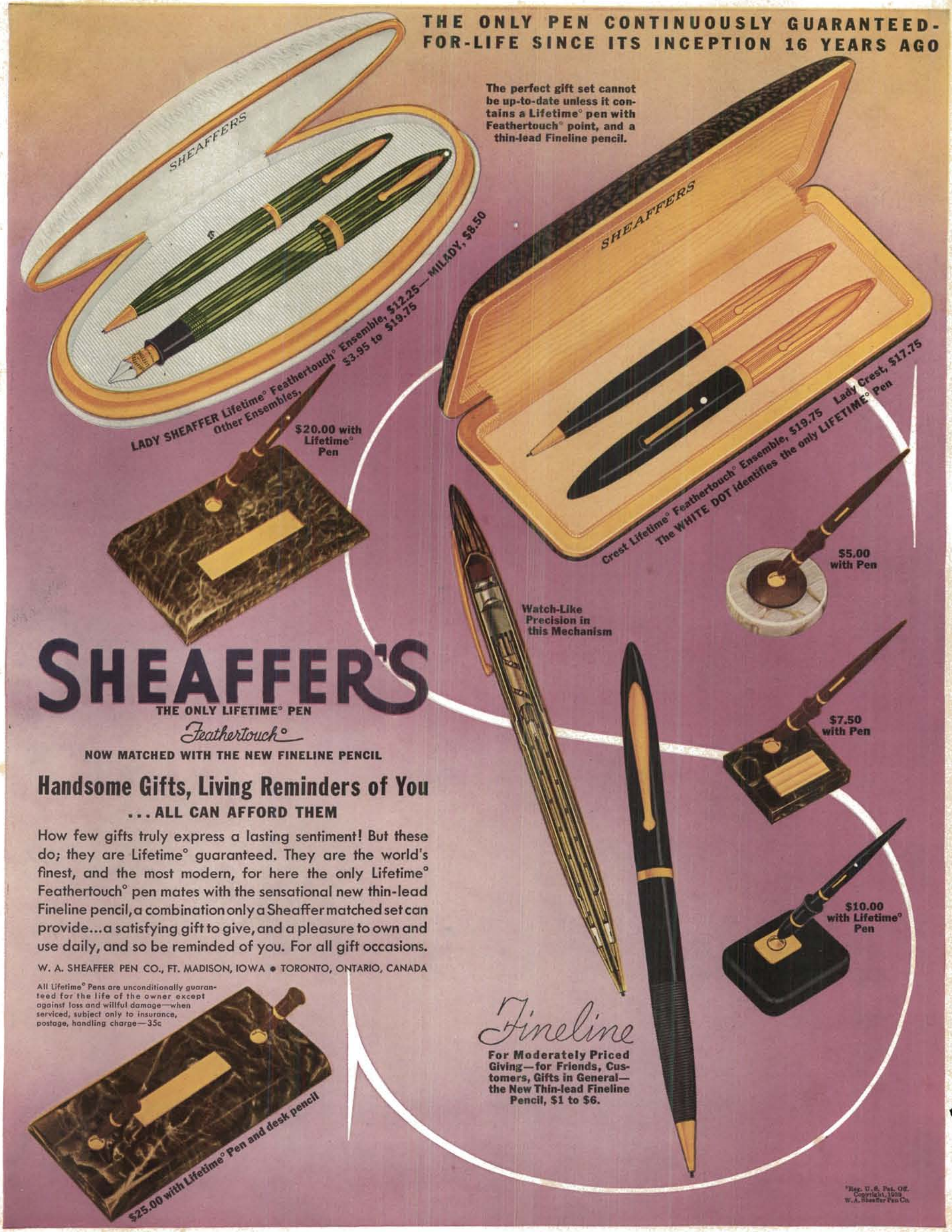
ov. 25 1939



THE ONLY PEN CONTINUOUSLY GUARANTEED-FOR-LIFE SINCE ITS INCEPTION 16 YEARS AGO

The perfect gift set cannot be up-to-date unless it contains a Lifetime° pen with Feathertouch° point, and a thin-lead Fineline pencil.

**LADY SHEAFFER Lifetime° Feathertouch° Ensemble, $12.25—MILADY, $8.50
Other Ensembles, $3.95 to $19.75**

**Crest Lifetime° Feathertouch° Ensemble, $19.75 Lady Crest, $17.75
The WHITE DOT identifies the only LIFETIME° Pen**

$20.00 with Lifetime° Pen

$5.00 with Pen

Watch-Like Precision in this Mechanism

$7.50 with Pen

$10.00 with Lifetime° Pen

SHEAFFER'S

THE ONLY LIFETIME° PEN

Feathertouch°

NOW MATCHED WITH THE NEW FINELINE PENCIL

Handsome Gifts, Living Reminders of You

...ALL CAN AFFORD THEM

How few gifts truly express a lasting sentiment! But these do; they are Lifetime° guaranteed. They are the world's finest, and the most modern, for here the only Lifetime° Feathertouch° pen mates with the sensational new thin-lead Fineline pencil, a combination only a Sheaffer matched set can provide...a satisfying gift to give, and a pleasure to own and use daily, and so be reminded of you. For all gift occasions.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FT. MADISON, IOWA • TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

All Lifetime° Pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

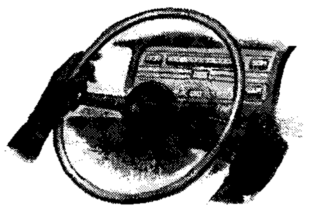
Fineline

For Moderately Priced Giving—for Friends, Customers, Gifts in General—the New Thin-lead Fineline Pencil, $1 to $6.

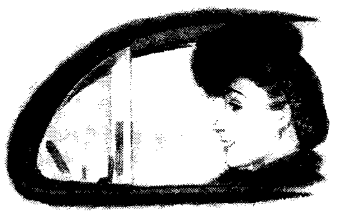
$25.00 with Lifetime° Pen and desk pencil

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1939
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

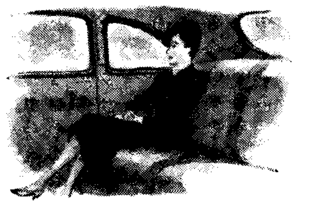
22 Important Improvements in THE NEW FORD CARS for 1940



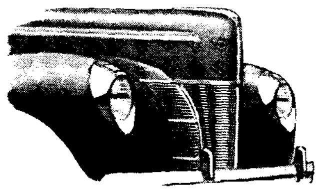
NEW FINGER-TIP GEARSHIFT on steering post in all models at no extra cost. Smooth, simple action. Shifting is easier because of improved transmission.



NEW CONTROLLED VENTILATION In closed body types, divider strip lowers with window out of line of vision. Front half pivots diagonally for better circulation.



MORE COMFORT, MORE QUIET Added room. Softer springs, improved suspension,* improved shock absorbers, "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions for greater comfort.



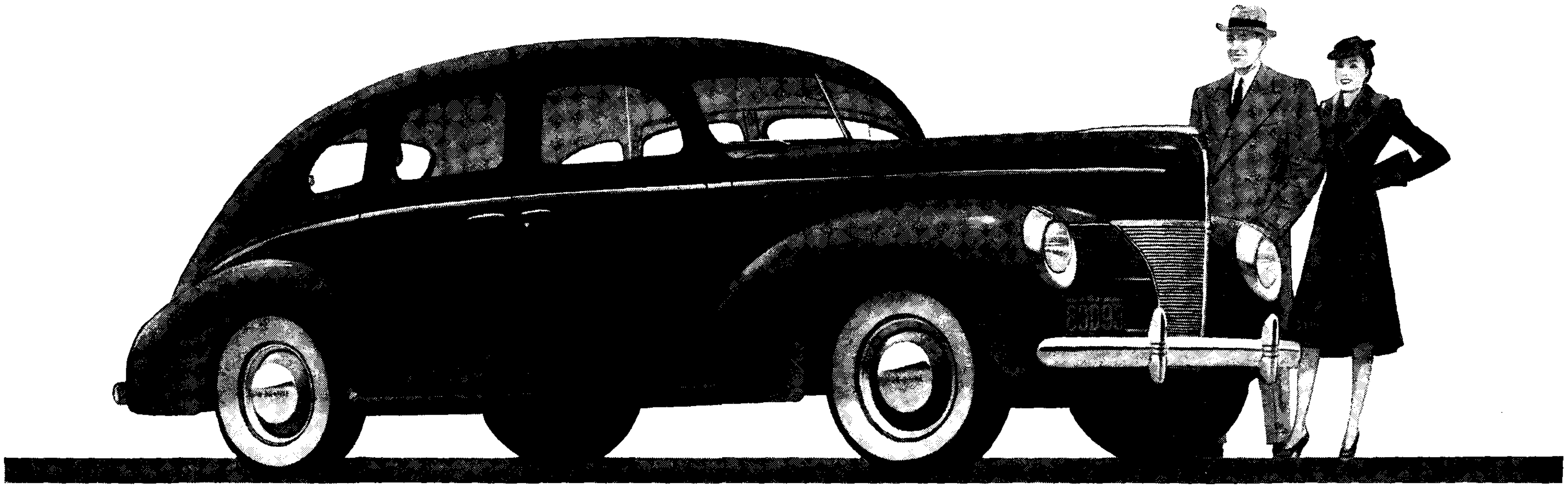
NEW SEALED-BEAM HEADLAMPS Bulb, lens and reflector are a sealed-in unit. Dust and dampness can't get in. Stronger light, longer life, fewer adjustments.

For many years, the Ford Motor Company made only one car—the Ford. Then, in turn, companion cars were developed—the Lincoln, Lincoln-Zephyr and Mercury. Each, a fine-quality car in its class, has made notable contributions to the quality of the Ford. *This constant progress—under a unified management—reaches a new peak in the new models for 1940.*

YOU'LL find that the new Ford cars include every worth-while modern feature. Many of these 22 important improvements give you greater comfort in riding — more room, more ease, more quiet than you have known before. Other improvements are for increased safety, convenience, and for style and beauty which give you pride of ownership.

Underlying all these improvements are the basic advantages which Ford owners already enjoy. Smooth V-8 engine — the only V-8 in its price class. Powerful hydraulic brakes. Steady, stabilized chassis. Triple-cushioned comfort. All-around economy.

When you look at the big, beautiful car below — when you check features and compare prices — you'll realize that here is the best car investment you can possibly make in 1940.



22 IMPORTANT FORD IMPROVEMENTS

FOR COMFORT

1. More room inside
2. New Controlled Ventilation
3. New torsion bar ride-stabilizer*
4. Improved spring suspension*
5. Self-sealing shock absorbers
6. Two-way adjustable driver's seat
7. New-type resilient front seat backs
8. New "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions

FOR CONVENIENCE

9. New Finger-Tip Gearshift
10. Engine more accessible
11. Two-spoke steering wheel

FOR STYLE

12. New exterior beauty
13. New interior luxury
14. New instrument panel

FOR SILENCE

15. Improved soundproofing
16. "Easy-shift" transmission
17. Curved disc wheels
18. Improved drums for big Ford hydraulic brakes

FOR SAFETY

19. Sealed-Beam Headlamps
20. Dual windshield wipers at base of windshield
21. Larger battery and generator
22. Battery Condition Indicator on all models

**On 85-hp models only*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

November 25, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art

W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
FRANK GERVASI	France
MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

FROM Frank Gervasi, Collier's staff writer "with the British Royal Air Force somewhere in France," comes by wireless the story of Britain's grim readiness for the first world war of the air. Mr. Gervasi has flown over the war zone, seen the activities along the Maginot Line and the phantom airdromes that dot the battle zone. He has talked to the confident young men who wait with impatience for action. In "Invisible Wings" he tells you what he has seen and heard.

THE commitment paper summed it up: "Rosemary Walsh, nurse. Manslaughter. Five years." And to that entirely inadequate record she had added a single word: "Escaped." That was the beginning of the real story of Rosemary Walsh and the one man who understood and had never forgotten. It's a warm and human story by Octavus Roy Cohen: "Gallant Lady."

A BRIGHT and shining job of sports reporting is Kyle Crichton's resumé of the antics of the most perambulating football team in the land. It's St. Mary's of Texas, and do those roving rattlers get around! Gangway!

IT'S a great help if a man can get his troubles off his chest. When Anita left home, Pete Flournoy, after due consideration, hired Mr. Yin Joy to listen to his woes. That was safe enough; the Chinese, *as is* well known, having no sense of humor. If you've never seen an axiom bite a man, we recommend reading "The Chinese Influence," as jovial a bit of business as ever came our way. It's by Eustace Cockerell.

AFTER fifteen years of acclaim as the world's foremost political caricaturist, David Low found himself faced with a new technical problem—radiophoto transmission. His first radioed cartoons looked as if they might have been run over, gently, by a small truck. *In order that none* of the fine sensitivity that characterizes his work might be lost, Mr. Low got to work with London radio experts on the problem of adapting his technique to the new medium. The results, we feel, will be even finer reproductions of the great cartoons that are now a regular Collier's feature.

OTHER FICTION: "Birthday" is by Tay Hohoff. Thomas Walsh writes "Stick-up." The Short Short Story is by Ernest Haycox. There's also *Agatha Christie's new serial* and, of course, Kathleen Norris.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

RUTH RODNEY KING
It So Happens. Melinda getting her man, and how. Page 12

HAL BORLAND
Wild Geese Flying. Noble heritage. Page 15

WILL F. JENKINS
The Lion-Mane Collar. The story of a perfect revenge. Page 20

VEREEN BELL
Now You Are Free. The final price of patriotism. Page 21

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
No Time to Quit, by Pat Frank. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Sad Cypress. The first of ten parts. A great new mystery novel. Page 9

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The World is Like That. The tenth of twelve parts. Repentant runaway. Page 18

ARTICLES

ALBERTA WILLIAMS
Home-Grown Chinchilla. Furs of fabulous price, growing to order. Page 11

JIM MARSHALL
Mexico Cuts Off Her Nose. Who steals our oil steals trouble. Page 16

KYLE CRICHTON
Musical Express. The Revuers—five funny people. Page 19

FRANK GERVASI
Evil Eye. Ex-King Alfonso meets up with the family jinx. Page 64

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
A Hard Day's Work. A Saturday on the Fordham bench. Page 68

●

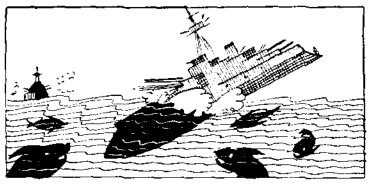
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Congratulations, Mr. Hughes! Page 78

COVER JAY IRVING

Any Week

IT GIVES us a feeling of some importance to be asked to forward to Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty and a frequent contributor to this magazine, plans for unsinkable warships. But several such proposals have reached us, notably one from Mr. J. Derring of Key West, Florida. Mr. Derring has invented "a small battleship which cannot be actually sunk, but if it is, by any chance, it can immediately go into action as a submarine." Due to the exactions of his new duties, Mr. Churchill doesn't drop in at these offices as frequently as he used to, but we shall forward helpful suggestions to him as they happen along. However, we're rather of the opinion, with Mrs. Thomas McKewen of Lawrence, Massachusetts, that what the world needs "is not battleships that won't sink but bombs that won't burst."



"YOU would think, to read your lying magazine," writes Mr. Ernest Bill of Toledo, Ohio, "that a guy who don't drink ought to feel swell. Well, I never took a drink in my life and I feel rotten. I never took a drink the morning after either and I feel bad. I got friends who drink every day and they feel better than me. All I drink is water and soft stuff and it don't do me any good. I am sixty-eight years old and I bet if I took a few drinks I'd feel better. But I promised my mother I would never touch a drop and neither you nor any other man can make me. I been feeling bad for twenty years, so what you say about drinking is a lie."

A LADY in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sends us a suggestion for Christmas which, not having heard anything from the White House, we suppose will be celebrated on December twenty-fifth. "Let us," says she, "make this a broadcast Christmas. Let us broadcast to our English cousins, so heroically fighting our fight for democracy, a message of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Mankind. As to their enemies, let us remind them that the Lord will smite them as He smote the Philistines."

WE HAVENT been able to verify this one but feel, in any event, it's all done with the highest patriotic motives. A friend of ours reports that our Army and Navy air forces, lacking an active enemy, are flying around and over us dropping imaginary bombs upon us. "Some days ago," says our friend, "the Army fliers reported that they had demolished Boston, Providence and New Haven, and had blown a sizable chunk (the Bronx) out of New York City." It was an overwhelming victory for our airmen with nobody, not even the victims, being the wiser. And no mess.

RECENTLY Quentin Reynolds wrote a nice fan piece about Miss Sally Rand. A large and enthusiastic audience read what Mr. Reynolds said about Miss Rand, rejoicing with him that Miss Rand seemed to have run a few feathers into a million dollars. Mr. Reynolds had scarcely bade Miss Rand adieu than she filed bankruptcy proceedings. Immediately a considerable number of letters arrived at our desk demanding to know why Mr. Reynolds had overestimated Miss Rand's wealth. We located him with some difficulty and while his answer seems inadequate to us we pass it on to you. Mr. Reynolds, a romanticist, not an accountant, said: "Well, she looked like a million dollars."

FOR two years, a bright lad of twelve has been delivering this magazine to Miss Mary Graham of Portland, Oregon. Miss Graham and the young man struck up an exceedingly pleasant and profitable friendship. Recently, however, he fetched with him a boy whom he introduced as his successor. Miss Graham was properly concerned. "No, ma'am," said her friend, "I'm not quitting for a better job and no, I ain't going back to school." Maybe, ventured Miss Graham, he was moving away from Portland. "No," he said, "I'm just retiring. I been working hard now for more'n two years."

"IN HONOR of our renaissance," writes Mr. O. F. Greene of San Juan, Texas, "why not lower your bar sinister that flouts between the literati and let freedom ring gratis over the green pastures of political delinquency?"

NEVER thought of it. W. D.

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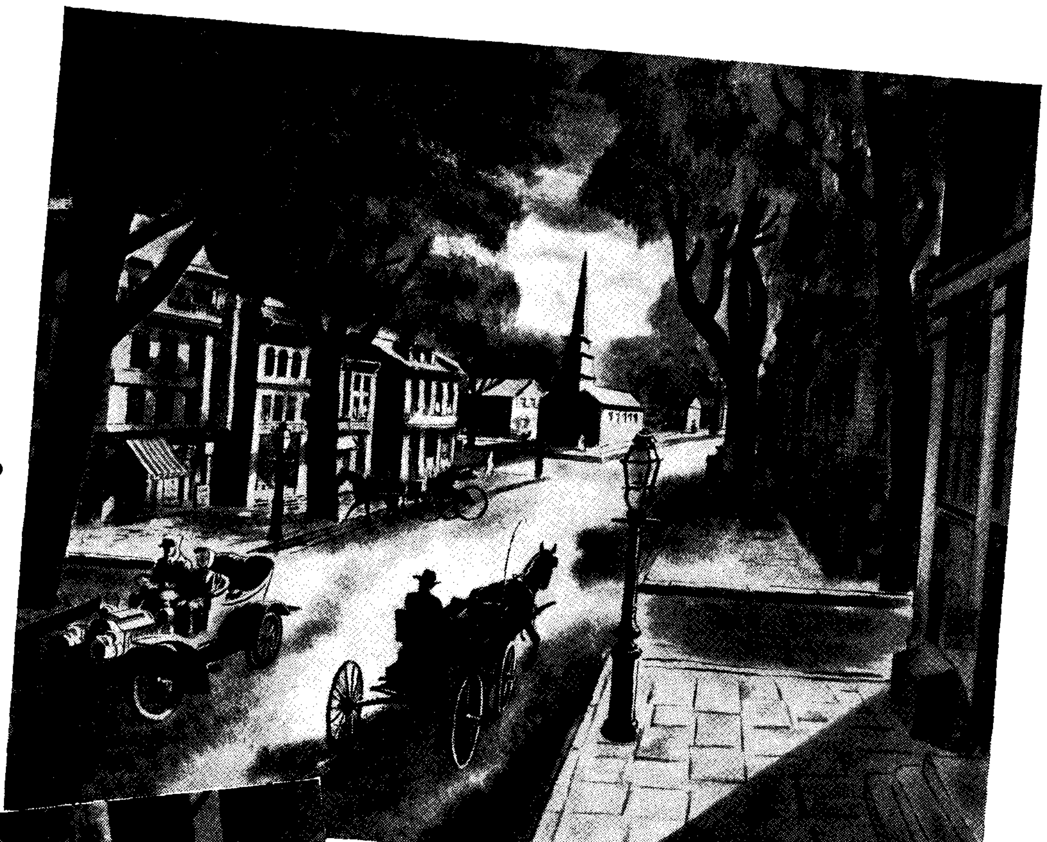
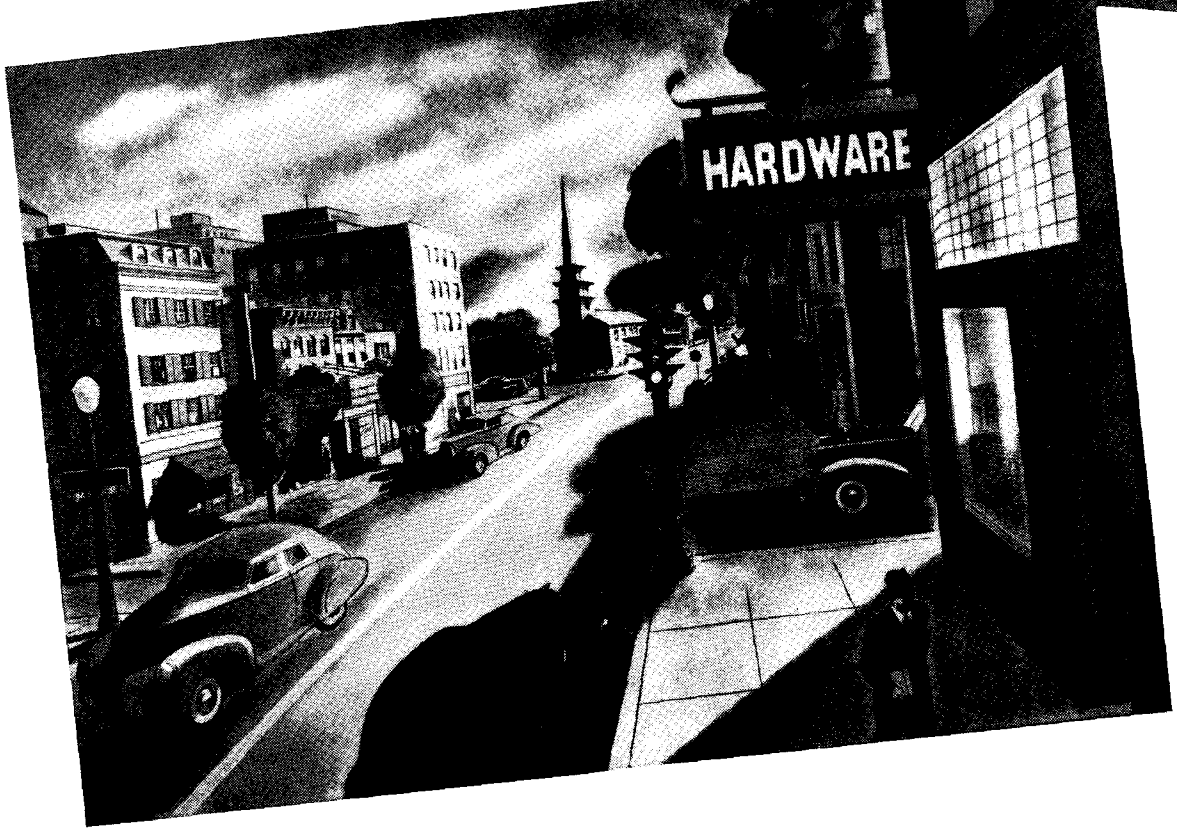
WHY America IS Healthier...

AND HOW YOU CAN HELP TO KEEP IT THAT WAY



1909—Thirty years ago—in an average community such as illustrated above—tuberculosis was the leading cause of death. Such other diseases as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, and measles were also common causes of death. The annual toll of fatalities from preventable causes was entirely too high.



1939—During the past three decades, the death rate for tuberculosis, according to latest available figures, has declined more than 66%; for influenza and pneumonia, 24%; for measles, 87%; for whooping cough, 59%; for diphtheria, 90%; for scarlet fever, 87%.

AMERICANS BORN TODAY HAVE, on the average, a prospect of living ten years longer than those born a generation ago.

More people now live to see their heart disease, cancer, or syphilis completely cured or checked.

Tens of thousands are enjoying years of life they would have been deprived of a generation ago by diabetes, pernicious anemia, or tuberculosis.

Progressive American communities have banished diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox as public hazards—and *every* community can! Safety education has created safer environments in homes and factories, and helped to reduce accidents.

▶ *Why* is America so much healthier today?

Because a tireless, eminently capable body of men and women—medical and public-health workers, and those engaged in safety work—have within one lifetime so brilliantly extended our defenses against disease and causes of death.

They have discovered the causes of many diseases and have produced effective vaccines, serums, and chemical compounds for their prevention and treatment. They have developed new methods of diagnosis and have contributed toward the amazingly increased skill in surgical technique. They have taught us a new conception of personal health and vigor. They have helped safeguard our milk, water, and food supplies and the very air we breathe. They have helped us establish efficient health departments which make the newer advances of medicine effective in the lives of the people.

▶ How can *you* help America to maintain its enviable health record?

First of all, by guarding your own health—by having regular medical check-ups and by seeing your doctor promptly in the event of sickness. Second, by concerning yourself actively with the efficient functioning of the health services of your community. And third, by giving your support, whenever you have the chance, to the cause of better local health conditions.

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A PREMIUM IN VALUE FOR EVERY PENNY OF THE PRICE

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$8.95 SOME HIGHER

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The cost of a big-game hunt in Africa is shown by the following figures, which are estimated to cover the combined expenses of five American sportsmen for an average eight-weeks trip starting from Nairobi in Kenya Colony. Guns and other equipment would cost about $7,000, fares from and to New York, $10,000; licenses, $3,000; guides, food and automobiles, $20,000, or a total of $40,000.

Municipal fire departments, when called upon to fight fire outside the city limits, almost invariably charge for the service, an expense that is not covered by a fire insurance policy unless it includes some kind of a fire department service clause.—*By F. T. Leach, Detroit, Michigan.*

There are no bears in Africa, no Eskimos in Iceland, no movies in Nepal, no railroads in Albania and no icebergs in the North Pacific Ocean.

The deadliest bomb in use is a two-ton demolition missile with a delayed-action fuse, which does not set off its 1,000 pounds of T. N. T. upon impact but withholds the explosion for a fraction of a second until the bomb is well inside its target.

At the present time, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals pick up and destroy approximately 60,000 sick and homeless cats and dogs a week.

From five to fifteen years of age, the male date palm tree produces about fifteen sons while the female tree produces about fifteen daughters. Afterward the female continues to bear dates for almost two hundred years, crops being harvested as many as twenty-five times between September and January.

More than three quarters of all the silver produced in the world is a by-product of copper, zinc and lead ores, the remaining quarter coming from silver mines.—*By John S. McKown, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

Most towns and villages in Japan require each household to have on its front door, in addition to the street number, the name of the family, radio license, telephone number, fire insurance certificate and the annual police seal of approval of the home's sanitary condition.

A number of the leaflets dropped on Germany by England and France were transported by an unusual method. Large bundles were tied to knots, evenly spaced along inflammable cords which, in turn, were attached to balloons. When the wind was blowing toward Germany, the cords were ignited and the balloons sent up, subsequently releasing each package in a different area as the cord burned from knot to knot.

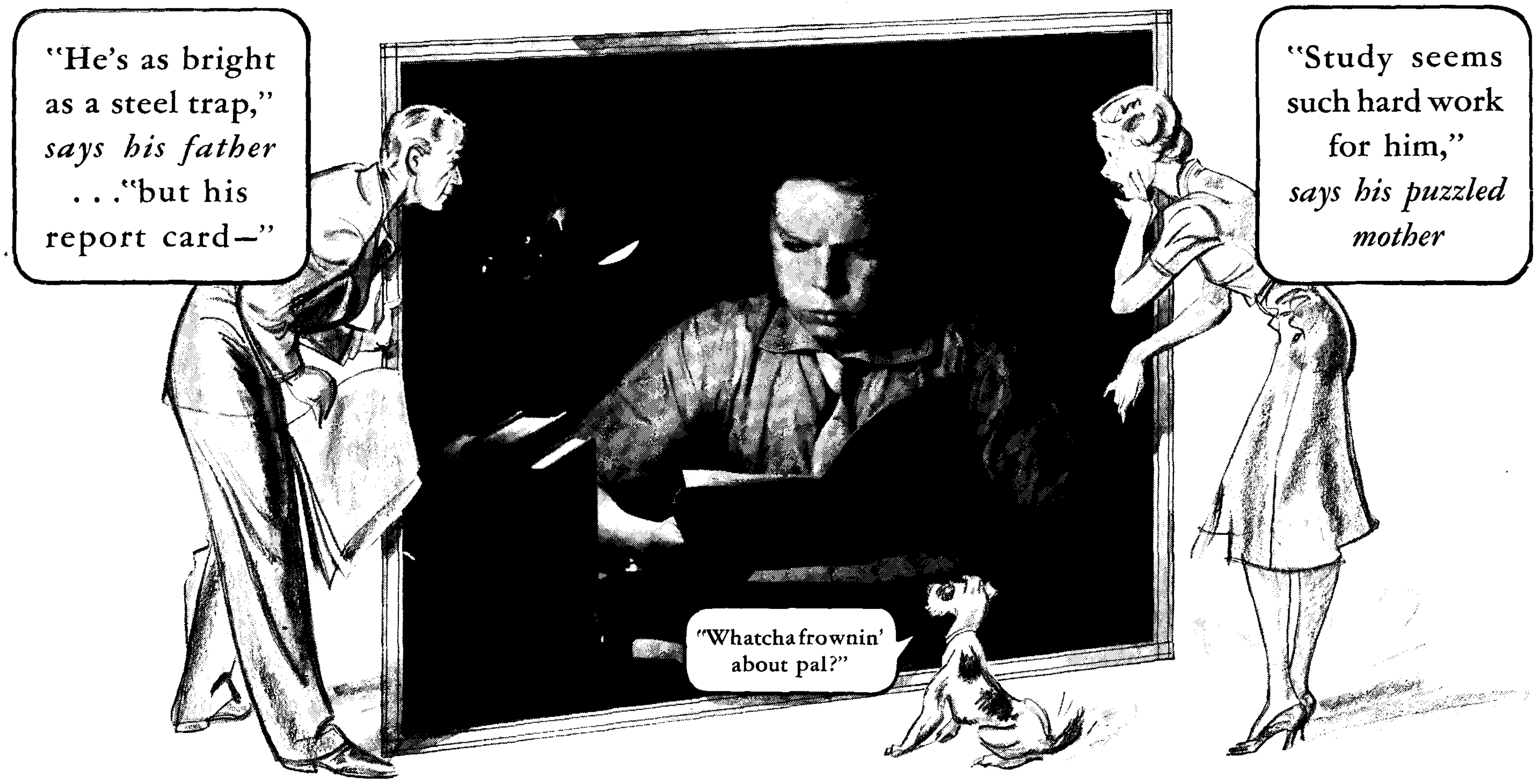
The North Pole is at sea level and the Arctic region has considerable rain and supports about 1,500,000 inhabitants. In contrast, the South Pole is at an altitude of 9,000 feet and the Antarctic region has no rain and no permanent human life.

To safeguard against the dispersal of radium by aerial bombs, with its resultant danger to the public, English hospitals have special pipes fifty feet deep in which their supply is placed during air raids.

A count of hundreds of book manuscripts submitted to publishers by amateur writers revealed that men wrote twice as many as women.—*By Virginia Forsythe, New York, New York.*

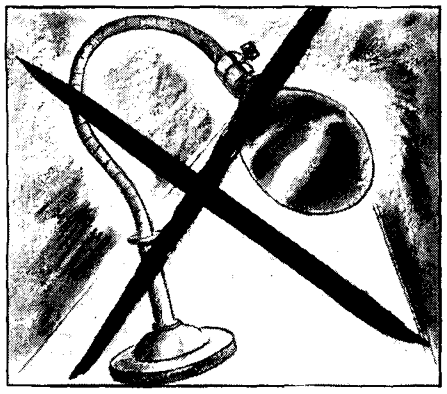
One of the most ingenious devices used by a spy is a pipe with a secret space between the inner and outer walls of the bowl in which tissue-paper notes can be hidden. If the man is in danger, an unnoticeable twist of the overlapping rim allows the burning tobacco to enter the chamber and consume the papers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

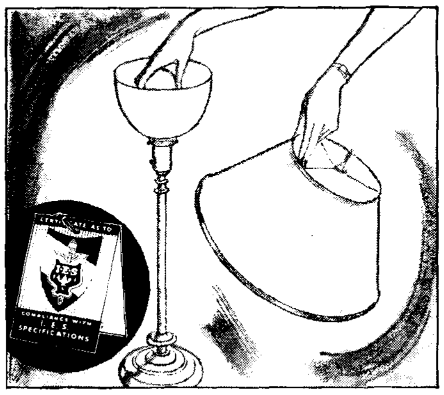

"He's as bright as a steel trap," *says his father* . . . "but his report card—"
"Study seems such hard work for him," *says his puzzled mother*
"Whatcha frownin' about pal?"

.. and then a wise neighbor* had a happy suggestion

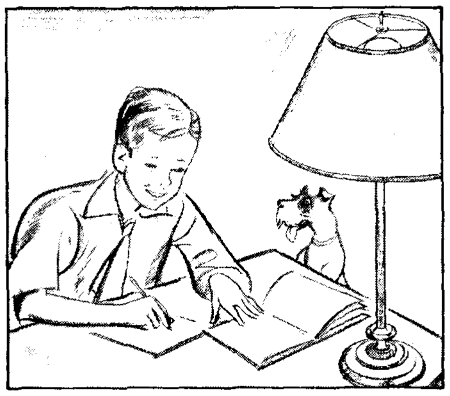
**One of 8,000,000 now enjoying light conditioning...enough light for easy seeing without eyestrain*



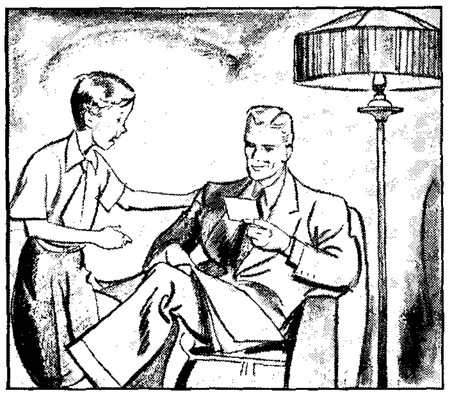
1. *Out went the old "gooseneck" with its 40-watt bulb.*



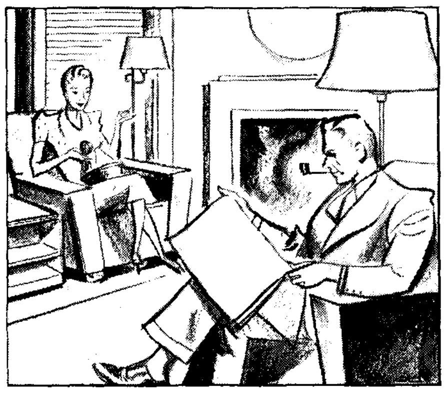
2. *In went a new Certified I. E. S. Lamp and 100-watt bulb.*



3. *Dog: "Say, pal, this stuff must be easier. No frown tonight!"*



4. *"Say, that's a swell report, son. Guess WE'LL try better light, too."*



5. *"These new I. E. S. lamps certainly make seeing easier."*

COST NOTE:

For less than the cost of a shoe shine, you or your child can read with the comfort and eyesight protection of "light conditioning" for two weeks

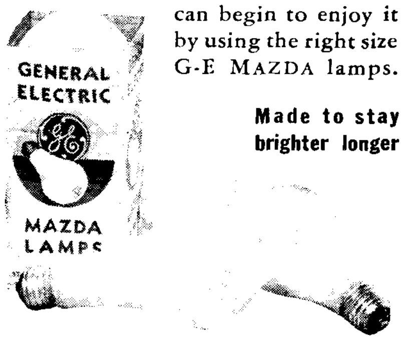
6. *"And was I surprised to find how little better light cost!"*

G·E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

TRY "LIGHT CONDITIONING" IN YOUR HOME...

- There's no mystery to "light conditioning". . . it simply means enough good light to make seeing easy and help prevent eyestrain . . . better light for better sight. You can begin to enjoy it by using the right size G-E MAZDA lamps.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MAZDA LAMPS

Made to stay brighter longer

For reading lamps, I. E. S. table lamps, pin-ups, garage, or laundry... *100-watt* **15¢**

For kitchen. Many I. E. S. floor lamps, home work bench, or game-room . . . *150-watt* **20¢**

For I. E. S. Three-light lamps. 100-200-300-watt **60¢**

For 2 or 3 socket lamps and fixtures, wall brackets—75, 60, 40, 25 and 15-watt **15¢**

G-E dime lamps . . . real value for a dime, backed by G-E research . . . come in 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watt sizes, marked . . . . . GE **10¢**

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Tune in Europe direct with a short-wave Philco!

HISTORY is being made in Europe . . . and radio is your first source of the news! Better still, *short-wave radio* where English, French and German commentators, speaking to you in English, give you fervent, dramatic reports of the day's events . . . *direct* from the capitals of Europe. Many times a day, every day, London, Paris, Berlin or Rome are on the air. Hear them, weigh their words, judge for yourself what is truth or mere propaganda. Yes, *live* these stirring times!

Remember, short-wave is no longer the feeble effort of the past. Foreign stations, pointing their antennas to America, have doubled and redoubled their power. In many localities they may be heard as easily as most domestic stations. And no matter where you live, new Philco inventions have vastly improved your opportunity to tune in foreign stations *direct.* In addition, you get new thrills, new enjoyment from the great wealth of fine programs on American stations.

Amazing improvements in convenience, tone and performance are yours with a 1940 "American and Foreign" Philco. The exclusive Philco Built-in Super Aerial *System* does away with all messy aerial and ground wires. There's no installation bother or expense . . . you just place the radio wherever it looks best and is most convenient, *plug in like a lamp and play.* And you enjoy glorious new purity of tone, greater freedom from power line noises and man-made static.

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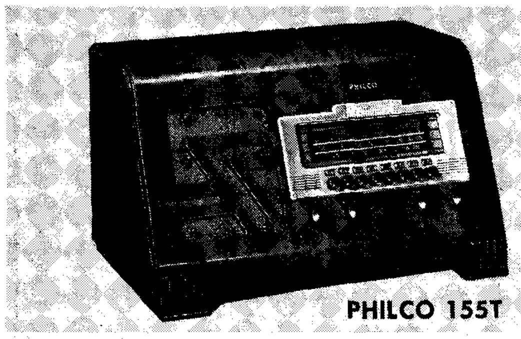
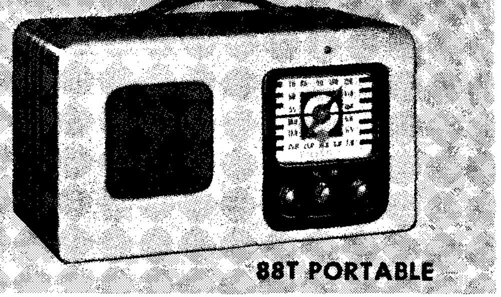
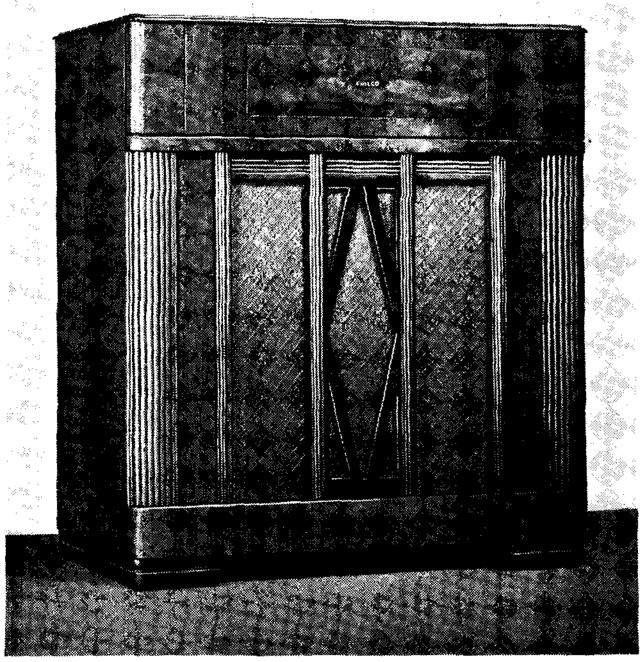


PHILCO 155T

PHILCO

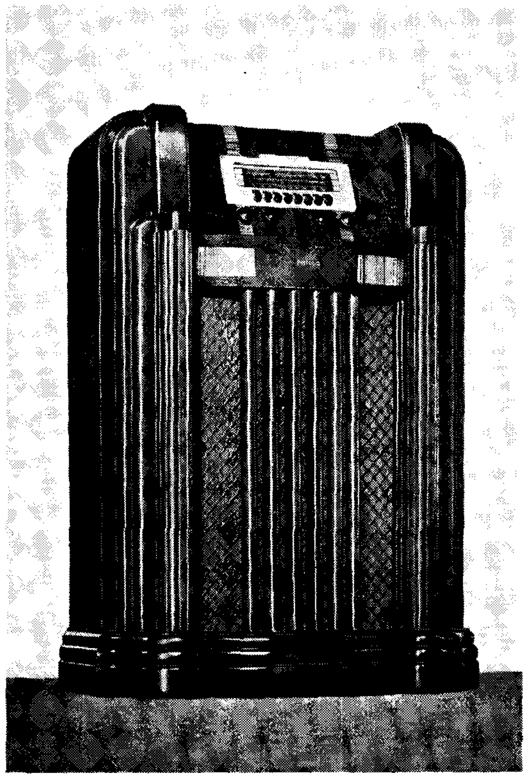


88T PORTABLE



PHILCO 508 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Philco offers for 1940 a complete selection of radio-phonographs, presenting new triumphs of tone, operation, beauty and *value!* Special phonograph circuits with doubled sound output give you new beauty of tone at every price. Model illustrated has Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign radio reception. Built to receive Television Sound—*the Wireless Way.* Exquisite hand-rubbed Walnut cabinet. Only $13.95 down.



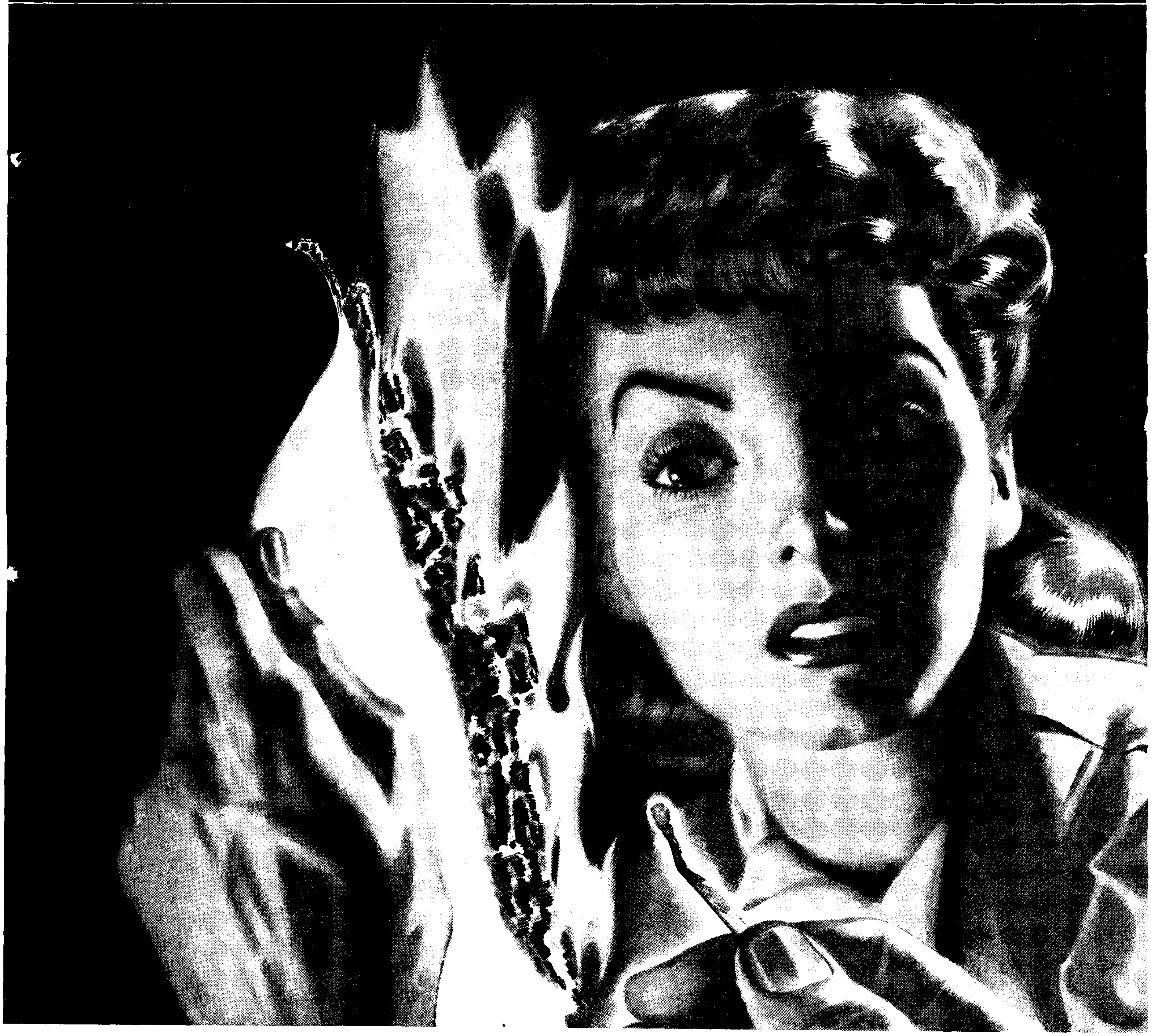
PHILCO 190XF CONSOLE RADIO

Striking beauty coupled with fine performance . . . quality and thrift combined! Built-in Super Aerial *System;* just plug in anywhere and play. Powerful American and Foreign reception and pure tone, even in noisy locations. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Built to receive Television Sound—*the Wireless Way.* Gorgeous Walnut cabinet. Only $8.95 down!

PHILCO 216RX *with* WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL

The world's most popular radio in its most glorious and thrilling form! *Wireless Remote Control* operates the radio from any room in your home without wires, cords or connections of any kind to the radio or anything else. Powerful American and Foreign reception. Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Built to receive Television Sound—*the Wireless Way.* Luxurious inlaid Walnut cabinet with folding lid. Liberal trade-in allowance and convenient monthly payments.

Collier's The National Weekly for November 25, 1939



He took the letter from Elinor's hand, lit a match and set fire to it. "Wonder who wrote it," he said

Sad Cypress

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Beginning the story of an innocent girl, condemned by her own conscience, but saved by Hercule Poirot

AN ANONYMOUS letter!

Elinor Carlisle stood looking down at it as it lay open in her hands. She'd never had such a thing before. It gave one an unpleasant sensation. It was ill-written, badly spelled, on cheap pink paper. The letter read:

This is to Warn You.

I'm naming no Names but there's Someone shining up to your Aunt and if you're not kareful you'll get Cut Out of Everything. Girls Are very Artful and Old Ladies is Soft when Young Ones shine up to Them and Flatter them What I say is You'd best come down and see for Yourself what's Going On it's not right you and the Young Gentleman should be Done Out of What's yours—and She's Very Artful and the Old Lady might Pop off at any time. Well-Wisher.

Elinor was still staring at this missive, her plucked brows drawn together in distaste, when the maid announced, "Mr. Welman," and Roddy came in.

Roddy! As always when she saw Roddy, Elinor was conscious of a slightly giddy feeling, a throb of sudden pleasure, a feeling that it was incumbent upon her to be very matter-of-fact and unemotional. Because it was so very obvious that Roddy, although he loved her, didn't feel about her the way she felt about him. The first sight of him did something to her, twisted her heart around so that it almost hurt. Absurd that a man—an ordinary—yes, a perfectly ordinary young man—should be able to do that to one! That the mere look of him should set the world spinning, that his voice should make you want—just a little—to cry. . . .

One thing was clear, one must be very, very careful

He thought: "How beautiful—how unutterably beautiful"

to be offhand and casual about it all. Men didn't like devotion and adoration. Certainly Roddy didn't.

She said lightly: "Hullo, Roddy!"

Roddy said: "Hullo, darling. You're looking very tragic. Is it a bill?"

Elinor shook her head.

Roddy said: "I thought it might be—Midsummer, you know—when the fairies dance, and the accounts rendered come tripping along!"

Elinor said: "It's rather horrid—it's an anonymous letter. . . ."

Roddy's brows went up. His keen, fastidious face stiffened and changed. He said—a sharp, disgusted exclamation: "No!"

Elinor said again: "It's rather horrid. . . ."

She moved a step toward her desk.

"I'd better tear it up, I suppose."

SHE could have done that—she almost did. For Roddy and anonymous letters were two things that ought not to come together. She might have thrown it away and thought no more about it. He would not have stopped her. His fastidiousness was far more strongly developed than his curiosity.

But on an impulse Elinor decided differently. She said: "Perhaps, though, you'd better read it first. Then we'll burn it. It's about Aunt Laura."

Roddy's eyebrows rose in surprise. "Aunt Laura?"

He took the letter, read it, gave a frown of distaste and handed it back.

"Yes," he said. "Definitely to be burned! How extraordinary people are!"

Elinor said: "One of the servants, do you think?"

"I suppose so." He hesitated. "I wonder who—who the person is—the one mentioned."

Elinor said thoughtfully: "It must be Mary Gerrard, I think."

Roddy frowned in an effort of remembrance. "Mary Gerrard? Who's she?"

"The daughter of the people at the lodge. You must remember her as a child. Aunt Laura was always fond of the girl and took an interest in her. She paid for her schooling and for various extras—piano lessons and French and things."

Roddy said: "Oh, yes, I remember her now—scrawny kid, all legs and arms—with a lot of messy fair hair."

Elinor nodded. "Yes, you probably haven't seen her since those summer holidays when Mum and Dad were abroad. You've not been down at Hunterbury as often as I have, of course, and she's been abroad lately, but we used to rout her out and play with her when we were all kids."

"What's she like now?" asked Roddy.

ELINOR said: "She's turned out very nice-looking. Good manners and all that. As a result of her education, you'd never take her for old Gerrard's daughter."

"Gone all ladylike, has she?"

"Yes. I think, as a result of that, she doesn't get on very well at the lodge. Mrs. Gerrard died some years ago, you know, and Mary and her father don't get on. He jeers at her schooling and her 'fine ways.'"

Roddy said irritably: "People never dream what harm they may do by 'educating' someone! Often it's cruelty, not kindness!"

Elinor said: "I suppose she *is* up at the house a good deal. . . . She reads aloud to Aunt Laura, I know, since she had her stroke."

Roddy said: "Why can't the nurse read to her?"

Elinor said with a smile: "Nurse O'Brien's got a brogue you can cut with a knife! I don't wonder Aunt Laura prefers Mary."

Roddy walked rapidly and nervously up and down the room for a minute or two. Then he said: "You know, Elinor, I believe we ought to go down."

Elinor said with a slight recoil: "Because of this—"

"No, no—not at all. Oh, damn it all, one must be honest, *yes!* Foul as that communication is, there *may* be some truth behind it. I mean, the old girl is pretty ill—"

"Yes, Roddy."

He looked at her with his charming smile—admitting the fallibility of human nature. He said: "And the money *does* matter—to you and me, Elinor."

She admitted it quickly: "Oh, it does!"

He said seriously: "It's not that I'm mercenary. But after all Aunt Laura herself has said over and over again that you and I are her only family ties. You're her own niece, her brother's child, and I'm her husband's nephew. She's always given us to understand that at her death all she's got would come to one or the other—or more probably both—of us. And—and it's a pretty large sum, Elinor."

"Yes," said Elinor thoughtfully. "It must be."

"It's no joke keeping up Hunterbury." He paused. "Uncle Henry was what you'd call, I suppose, comfortably off when he met your Aunt Laura. But she was an heiress. She and your father were both left very wealthy. Pity your father speculated and lost most of his."

Elinor sighed. "Poor Father never had much business sense. He got very worried over things before he died."

"Yes, your Aunt Laura had a much better head than he did. She married Uncle Henry and they bought Hunterbury and she told me that she'd been exceedingly lucky always in her investments. Practically nothing had slumped."

"Uncle Henry left all he had to her when he died, didn't he?"

RODDY nodded. "Yes, tragic his dying so soon. And she's never married again. Faithful old bean. And she's always very good to us. She's treated me as if I were her nephew by blood. When I've been in a hole she's helped me out—luckily I haven't done that *too* often!"

"She's been awfully generous to me too," said Elinor gratefully.

Roddy nodded. "Aunt Laura," he said, "is a brick. But you know, Elinor, perhaps without meaning to do so, you and I live pretty extravagantly considering what our means really are!"

She said ruefully: "I suppose we do. . . . Everything costs so much—clothes and one's face—and just silly things like cinemas and cocktails—and even phonograph records!"

Roddy said: "Darling, you *are* one of the lilies of the field, aren't you? You toil not, neither do you spin!"

Elinor said: "Do you think I ought to, Roddy?"

He shook his head. "I like you as you are—delicate and aloof and ironical. I'd hate you to go all earnest. I'm only saying that if it weren't for Aunt Laura, you probably would be working at some grim job."

He went on: "The same with me. I've got a job, of sorts. Being with Lewis & Hume is not too arduous. It suits me. I preserve my self-respect by having a job, but—mark this—I don't worry about the future because of my expectations—from Aunt Laura."

Elinor said: "We sound rather like human leeches!"

"Nonsense! We've been given to understand that some day we shall have money—that's all. Naturally that fact influences our conduct."

Elinor said thoughtfully: "Aunt Laura has never told us definitely just *how* she has left her money."

Roddy said: "That doesn't matter!

(Continued on page 42)

Wendy Barrie, who doesn't know chinchillas bite girls with red nails, in the first wrap, worth $35,000, to be made from American-bred chinchilla

Home-Grown Chinchilla

By Alberta Williams

How would you like to own a fur coat worth $100,000? Not since 1931 have there been enough new skins in the world to make a whole chinchilla coat, and now on a California ranch chinchillas are being raised to make more of these fabulously beautiful coats

WILLARD GEORGE, Los Angeles purveyor of fine furs to America's socialites and top-flight stage and screen stars, has taken 120 brand-new, first-quality chinchilla pelts and fashioned them into what is possibly the loveliest fur coat in the United States.

This particular coat approaches the spectacular, because the chinchillas that were used for it were grown on native soil at the Chapman Ranch, high in the San Bernardino Mountains about 125 miles from Inglewood, California. It was made as Exhibit A for the fur and fashion world to demonstrate that home-grown chinchilla not only equals but far surpasses in beauty of coloring, density of fur, quality and size of pelt, in fact, in every way, the South American variety that is now practically impossible to purchase.

Almost reverently the new coat is brought out. First you feel the fur, and your eyes tell you that your fingers have gone a good half inch into the chinchilla hairs before your sense of touch actually registers the contact. That's how soft the new chinchilla is. Then you blow the fur or move it about enough to allow the play of colors—off-whites blending into pearl-gray, blue-gray and still darker gray. Next you examine the hides (the coat has been left unlined for precisely this purpose) and you see that, while paper-thin, they are in reality tough. Finally, you lift the garment and discover to your surprise that it weighs no more than, say, a light wool sports frock.

There's no price tag on this coat, but chinchilla coats have sold from a low of about $20,000 to a no-limit high (some of them are said to have cost $100,000).

Chinchilla coats are nearly always of a design so conservative that they need be restyled only once or, at most, twice during the owner's lifetime. The new coat is made on ultrasimple lines. No diagonal pieces or trimming interrupt the regal beauty of the chinchilla fur. And, of course, the new coat, when it has served its demonstration purposes, will be sold. Mr. George says he'll probably put it on the market with a $35,000 price tag. When the coat is sold it will be insured, as are other chinchilla coats, at a cost of one per cent of its value. This makes a $50,000 chinchilla wrap cost its

(Continued on page 73)

It So Happens

By Ruth Rodney King

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

If romance won't work, try your grandmother's favorite theory on a recalcitrant young man

IT'S going to be marvelous," Melinda said, standing before Hugh in her rose-colored slacks, a faded blue shirt, and mules, with a cocktail in her hand. Her dark eyes had a faraway expression. She looked beautiful.

"You refer to food," Hugh said, "of course."

He wished he could have said something bitingly ironic. She so obviously didn't care whether she made any impression whatsoever; and she hadn't seen him for a week. She looked down at him and smiled. His annoyance rose. Her smile was so . . . motherly? Tolerant? He searched for the word. Superior. That was it.

"Curry." She sank down on the couch, curling her graceful legs around her. "The real kind, my darling, deep brown, with raisins, garlic, a bay leaf, and celery, and apples. And wild rice. And chutney."

She stretched her arms, sighed happily and relaxed again. She was always relaxing happily. Her dark, almost straight hair fell back, framing her face, like a Florentine boy's. The word cinquecento occurred to Hugh, affording him a moment's pleasure.

"Melinda, lovely Mel . . ."

"But no Bombay duck," Melinda said.

Hugh straightened with a stab of exasperation. This was Melinda all over. Not just Melinda—life itself. You wanted beauty, you were given pickles. He drove viciously through his pockets for a cigarette.

"There are some in that box, I *think*," Melinda waved a hand without moving. "Don't look so frustrated, Hugh. You'll give yourself indigestion."

There were no cigarettes in the box.

As Hugh rose to get some from his coat she added: "While you're up you might freshen our drinks, like a lamb."

Hugh picked up the glasses and gave her a glance.

"You say 'don't look frustrated.' I *am* frustrated."

"How dated!" Melinda said.

Hugh strode into the tiny kitchenette off the bed-sitting room. A strong smell of curry hung in the air. Everything seemed to him suddenly unendurable. His life was merely a minor process going steadily and insignificantly awry. He had nothing to do with it; other people handled it. And to what avail? What did he have? His bookstore, which made no money, located in a basement where his daily struggle to sell incunabula to uncaring collectors went forward with the help of a mental defective worth thirty-five cents an hour, and earning fifty. He had occasional customers. He had occasional parties to go to. He had his occasional dinners with Melinda, who was perfectly happy doing her commercial drawings, going to parties, cooking her messes, talking and not bothering about anything, even filling cigarette boxes. That was his life without change; a faint pin-striped pattern of no importance.

He filled the glasses and stared out through the steamed window. There, blurred, were the million lights of New York, the greatest city in a great, shining world that brimmed with things he could have, and hadn't; things only to be described by the unrepeatable words of beauty, romance, glamor, adventure; words you could hardly say even to yourself, but whose meaning gripped your heart and shook it. A vast impatience. That was what he felt. The phase straightened his spine, suddenly, and tightened his lips. Yes, that was it. And you had to cut free and seize what you wanted, yourself, once and for all. He strode back into the living room.

Melinda looked up. Then she burst into laughter, pressing her hands together in delight.

"Oh, Hugh, you're so sweet." The laughter bubbled up through her words like soda. "You go through life as though you were going to the dentist! It's so cu-hute!"

Hugh sat down. "Damn it to hell," he said.

TWO days later Melinda took him to a cocktail party. He didn't want to go very much; he had been to parties with her before, full of satisfied people, and he didn't belong. He belonged, it suddenly occurred to him as he stalked at her side into the noisy, crowded room, alone with his discontent. He needn't take it out on Melinda. Even if she bothered wrongly, it was good of her to bother. A pang of self-disapprobation tightened his lips, and Melinda patted his arm.

"Don't look so refined," she said. "These Windlasses are terribly dull. Anything goes. Beeline for the bar like a lamb and get us some Scotch."

Melinda was always unconcerned. Hugh's sense of self-dislike deepened. It looked like a terrifyingly good party. He could hear bright conversation rising on all sides to the ceiling like popcorn, and his spirits sank.

Waiting at the bar while a Negro in a white jacket made two highballs, he turned to see where Melinda had got to. A voice at his elbow said: "No champagne?"

The remark was not addressed to him, but pouted in the general direction of the Negro by the most beautiful girl Hugh had ever seen. She turned away then and was at once absorbed by a group of three men, so that nothing was visible but the golden froth of hair beneath her tiny hat. But one thing remained, giving Hugh a strange feeling in his chest. It was the slow, slightly feinting glance she had unmistakably given him through her long lashes before she moved away.

Hugh stood rooted, staring blankly; then something suddenly released itself inside him and he wanted to shout "Whoopee!" Laughing to himself unashamedly at the word, he went off in search of Melinda.

She was halfway across the room, talking to a man with a spade beard. Hugh waited at her side silently. When the spade beard finally moved away, Hugh said: "Look, Melinda, who . . ."

"Just a publisher."

"Melinda," Hugh said urgently. "That girl down there with the golden hair. Who is it?"

Melinda looked. "Oh, that. That's Honey."

"Honey. . . ."

The word melted on his tongue. He looked down the room to the place where she glowed, her rounded arms and perfect face the color of a delicately ripened peach. The sight of her and the memory of her glance brought the word voluptuous to his mind, making his eyelids waver.

"She's beautiful," he said huskily.

"On the heavy side," Melinda said, "or I might say, the heifer side. You know that lush type. Another ten years, and their calves are cows."

Hugh's mouth was shocked open. "How extremely nasty of you!" he said.

"Fierce," Melinda agreed amiably. "Thank God I'm not sweet." She paused, "People have to know me as I am, I always say." The words were light, but something in her tone brought Hugh up a little. Before he could define how, she patted his arm. "I still think you're cute," she said, and moved away.

At nine-forty that night Hugh found himself seated on a white leather couch against the wall of the Coq d'Or with Honey—unbelievably—at his side. He could remember Melinda's laughing departure, with two men, from the party, but he couldn't recall his own. It was purely some undreamed act of grace that permitted him, alone of all the men around Honey, to buy her champagne and breast of guinea hen and have her right there with her rounded cheek and long lashes and golden hair close enough for him to breathe on.

"YOU look exactly like a Boucher," he said, his eyes on her cheek. "The perfect Boucher. Waiter! Two brandies."

"It's marvelous. . . ." Honey murmured. Her shoulder brushed his and the blood churned in Hugh's ears.

At eleven-thirty-five they were seated on high chairs at the long, gilt-edged bar of the Bank Presidents, a divine new place that Honey adored.

"But why must you go to Argentina?" Hugh demanded, "Why? Why?"

"I promised Ramon Enchilada that I would go to the première of his ballet in Buenos Aires. He's the second Diaghilev."

"And I run a bookstore," Hugh said wryly. "I suppose you're engaged to him. It's exactly what would happen."

Honey ran one pointed mahogany fingernail lightly down the back of Hugh's hand.

"I'm not engaged to an-ybod-y. . . ."

At one-twenty they were sitting closely together at a corner table in the Agony Club. The curve of the bench embraced them, the table was a barricade against the dance floor, and their hands were locked tightly together. Nothing existed but the impassioned world of their concern.

"I can't possibly," Hugh said, slowly beating his fist up and down on the table.

"No, you've got to! All you have here is work, and the same old thing. Just think what you'll be missing."

"You. You and Buenos Aires."

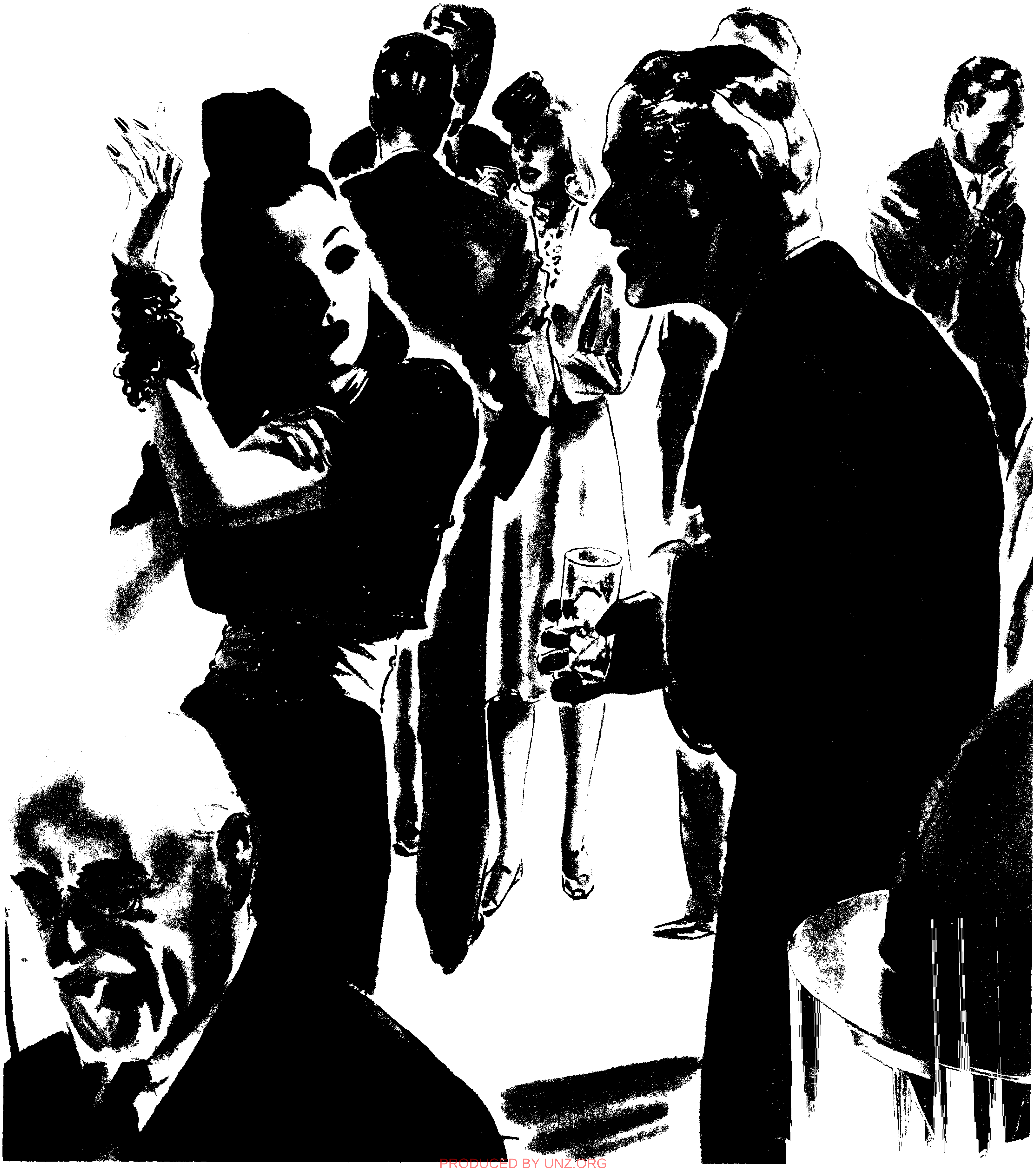
"And the *boat*. We could have such a divine time on the *boat*."

"Don't I know."

They talked in low, tense voices, their hands locked.

"Ah, darling—" Honey's head drooped close, and her eyes traveled slowly along his shoulder and up until

"Melinda," Hugh said urgently. "That girl with the golden hair. Who is it?" Melinda looked. "Oh, that. That's Honey"



they met his. "The Verinthia. Next Wednesday. Please. Oh, please. Oh, please."

"You lovely thing. . . ."

"Don't say such things to me." She twisted her face away.

Hugh raised her hand, stared at it fiercely, and then bent his head and kissed it hard. Honey's shoulder went suddenly limp against Hugh's.

"So," she said simply, and put her free hand palm-up on the table, "there I am. I swore it would never happen again. I'm so afraid . . ." Her voice faded to a whisper.

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid"—she raised her lashes slowly as though their weight were almost too great; her glance finally met Hugh's—"of falling in love again."

Her blue eyes flooded Hugh and drowned him, and the room vanished with a roaring.

"Sweetheart," he whispered.

Melinda threw her hat down on the table and ran her hands through her straight dark hair.

"I feel like a doughnut," she said. "There's a hole bored clean through me. Of all the *dull* affairs!"

"I enjoyed myself," Hugh said.

MELINDA curled up on the couch. She was dressed in black and looked quite lovely, which annoyed Hugh faintly. She was smiling at him with that particular, indefinable smile, her eyes crinkled up.

"Did you have a good dinner, darling?" she asked.

"That night?" He tried to look bland. "I took Honey to the Coq d'Or and had guinea hen, as I remember."

"I was sure you would, you looked *so* hungry," Melinda said. Hugh looked away. She was still smiling, and he felt uncertain about her remark. He took out a cigarette, and said around it, casually:

"She's off to Buenos Aires in a couple of days to see the première of a ballet by a friend of hers, Ramon Enchilada. He's said to be the second Diaghilev."

"Poor thing. I dare say he can't get up enough steam to be the first Ramon Enchilada. I feel so sorry," Melinda said, blowing out a thin stream of smoke, "for the people who have to be seconds. Like the stockings they sell in basements. A good brand but imperfect."

Hugh said nothing to this, and they sat in silence. Finally he spoke, clearing his throat:

"She wants me to go down there with her. It would be a lot of fun; I haven't had any kind of vacation in months; but of course I can't."

It made him a little breathless, just talking about it.

"Why can't you?" Melinda shifted her head to look at him. Her eyes were calm and questioning; Hugh felt as though he were arguing a case before a judge.

"Oh—the store . . . business . . . dough . . . a lot of things."

"My experience," Melinda said, "is that people can generally manage to do what they want. If they *know* what they want."

Her voice was quite gentle. So he was being a problem to her, was he? It made him suddenly loathe himself.

"Don't bother about me," he muttered, "I'm a mess."

"At times," Melinda said, "everyone is. Now it's ten past twelve, darling. Hadn't you better take a powder? If you'd like to come to dinner next Friday I'll give you kidneys in red wine."

Hugh rose. He felt confused and inconclusive.

"That will be fine," he said unhappily.

HONEY lay on her berth in the cabin as the Verinthia steamed slowly past Quarantine. Freddie Delft had driven her over in his car, with Tee and Gordie and Charlie, and they had all brought flowers, and it had been divine. She moved her head and looked around dizzily. Champagne was marvelous, but foul when you were left alone. She moved her silver foxes with Charlie's orchids on them and dropped them to the floor. Her golden hair spread out like a halo, and she dozed.

When she woke she felt wonderful.

"Wheee," she said softly to herself, stretching her arms up, her bracelets clinking. Then she pouted. Here she was alone. She had done everything in her power to avoid it, ever since Uncle Vanya had announced that she must sail by the Verinthia, because whatever Uncle Vanya was set on was always ghastly. But he was her guardian and she had to obey him in some things or he got really wild and clamped down like mad. At least she was going; but a foul boat sailing from Brooklyn—it was sickening to have no one for company. . . . She yawned, rumpled her hair, then rolled over and rang for the stewardess.

When she came in, Honey said, "I want a passenger list." There would definitely be no one she knew, but she could see what was what, and available, or something.

The stewardess came over to the table by Honey's berth. "It's right here, Miss."

"Oh, *I* didn't see—" Honey yawned again. She waved her hand. "You might pick up. All those glasses. And I need vases for the flowers."

Her eyes still didn't focus very well. She started on the A's. She moved on to the B's. Then she riffled through the whole list rapidly, and went back and did it again carefully, and her body gradually rose to an upright position on the berth.

"Good heavens!" she said. "What *is* this?"

"I knew right away you wasn't one of the party," the stewardess said. She was starched and unpleasant. Honey looked at her, and looked back at the list.

"But the whole thing . . ." she said. "Is it *all* . . . ?"

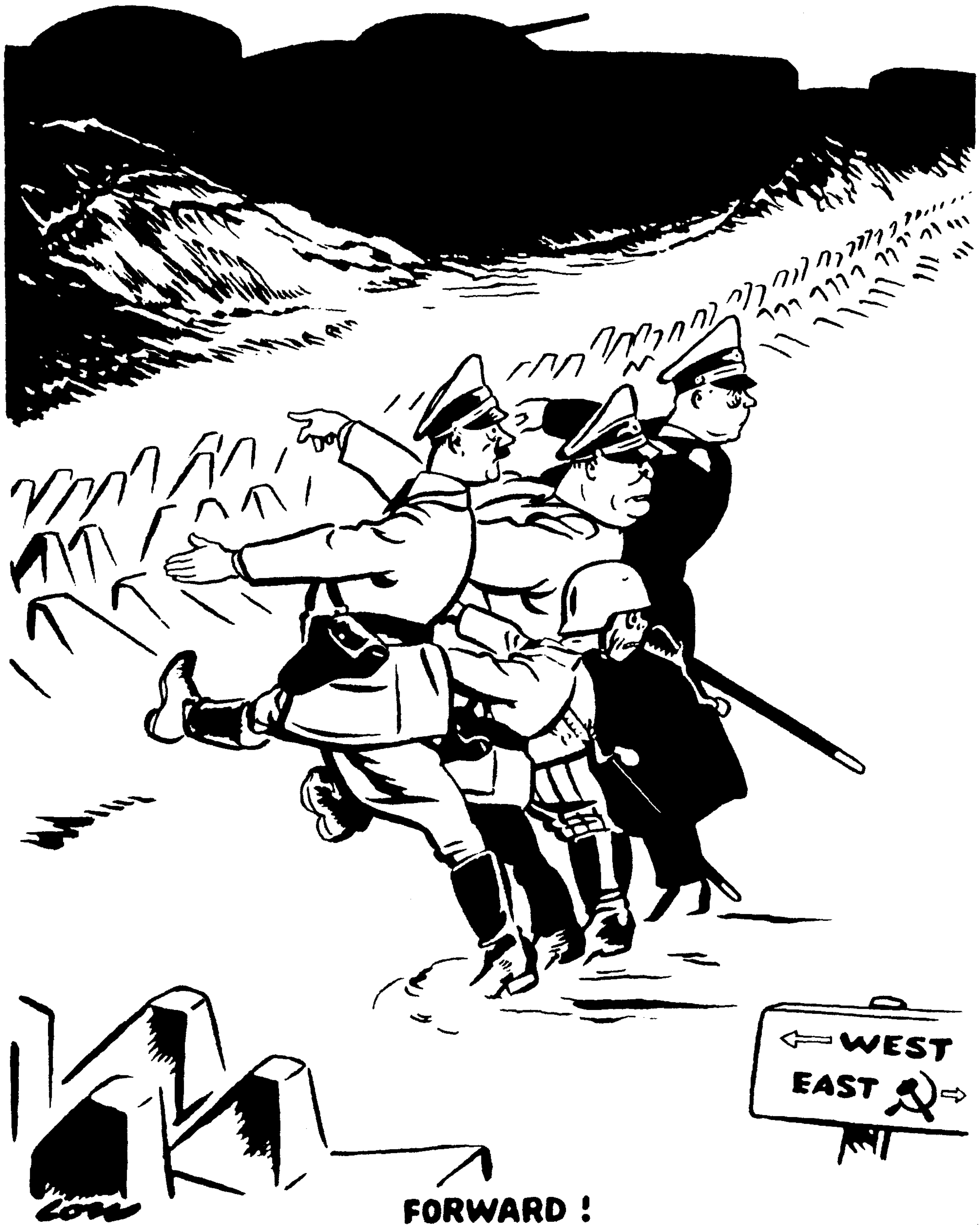
"Except you, that's right. The *whole* boat," the stewardess said, with disagreeable satisfaction, "They're going to South America. Three hundred and fifty schoolteachers."

MELINDA put rice in a soup bowl and covered it with a dark liquid mess.

"Gumbo. Those baby bodies are shrimps," she said, delightedly. "Aren't you glad you came?"

Hugh was not certain. It was a week since he had seen Melinda. It made him feel, unhappily, a heel, but he had seen virtually no one. The night before he had sat by himself in the Café Squalide for two hours drinking Scotch and soda and pondering his ineptitude. His appetite was poor.

(Continued on page 36)



DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

Wild Geese Flying

By Hal Borland

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Tribute to a worthy father, from a son who knew his worth

"YOUR uncle Toland," my father said quietly, "is an ass. He has brayed so long about the divinity of the Sanfords that he really believes it."

Father turned away and coughed, and he dropped a square of gauze into a covered can at the corner of his desk before he swung his chair around and faced me again. Even then I didn't realize how sick he was.

"Toland's particular species of ass, however," he went on with a smile, "always seems to have plenty of this world's goods. Maybe you'd better listen to him. In some matters. In others—" He looked at me appraisingly. "In others I hope you'll use your own judgment." Then he asked, "Did you ever hunt geese, Malcolm?"

"No, sir." Even after an hour with him I still felt strange and a little in awe. I kept remembering Uncle Toland's words. I had seen Father only five times in the past six years, and this was my first visit to him in Colorado. Heretofore he had come to Philadelphia to see me, never staying more than a week. He was actually more of a stranger to me than my mother's brother Toland, with whom I had nominally lived since she died; actually I had spent most of those six years in school, and at fourteen I was a tall, shy boy, more at home with servants and teachers than with my own kin.

I repeated the denial, seeing Father's eyes, consciously dropping the "sir" this time.

"No. But last fall I went down to Tinicum and hunted ducks with a man there. I'm not a very good shot."

"Cut school?"

"Yes."

"Tell Toland?"

"No. Uncle Toland thinks it's a waste of time to hunt."

Father laughed. "There's hope for you, son. . . . I've tried hunting in Tinicum. Not exactly ideal duck water. . . . But you're going goose hunting, with me. That's one thing I can do for you—provide some memories. A boy should have memories. Special memories. Sometimes they help, when he grows up and he hasn't much else to sustain him." He smiled. "Maybe I feel that way because I think so often of my own father. He was a man—your grandfather. And he died poor. But if I could leave you as much as he left me—"

He said no more and I tried in vain to

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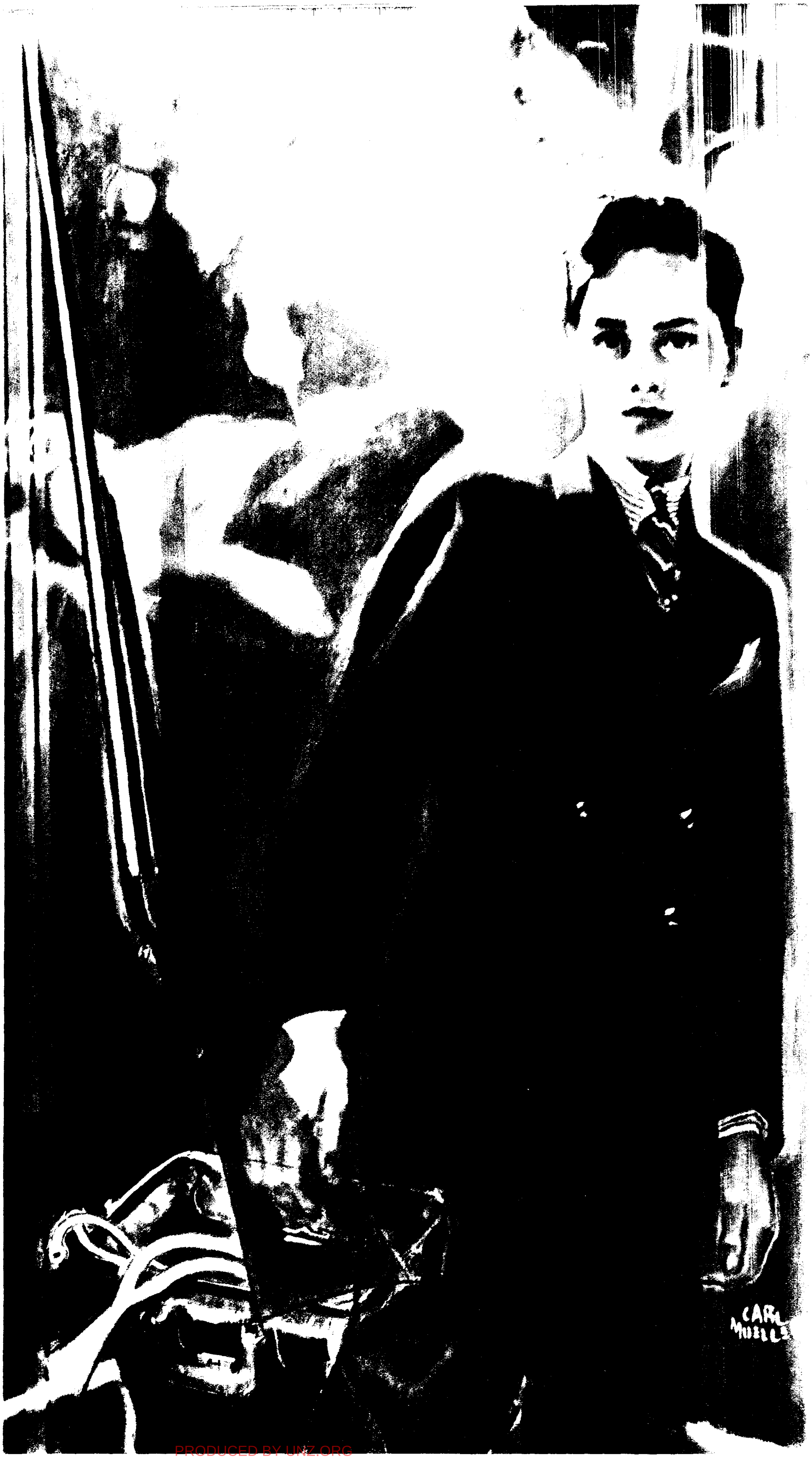
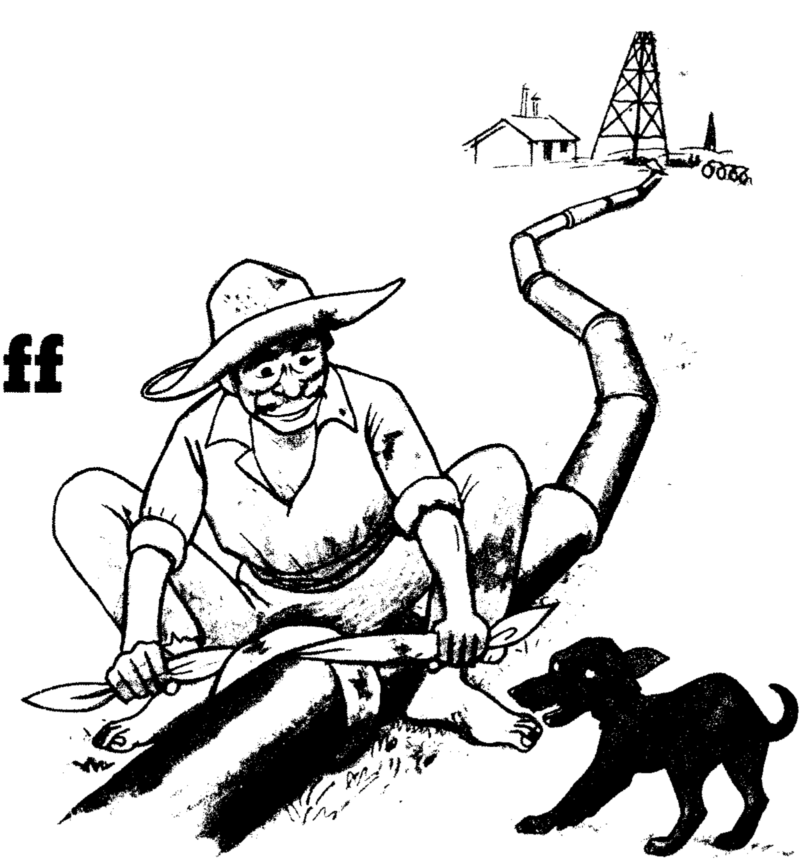


I knew that Father had been right. I was a man. I should never again have to defer to Sanford

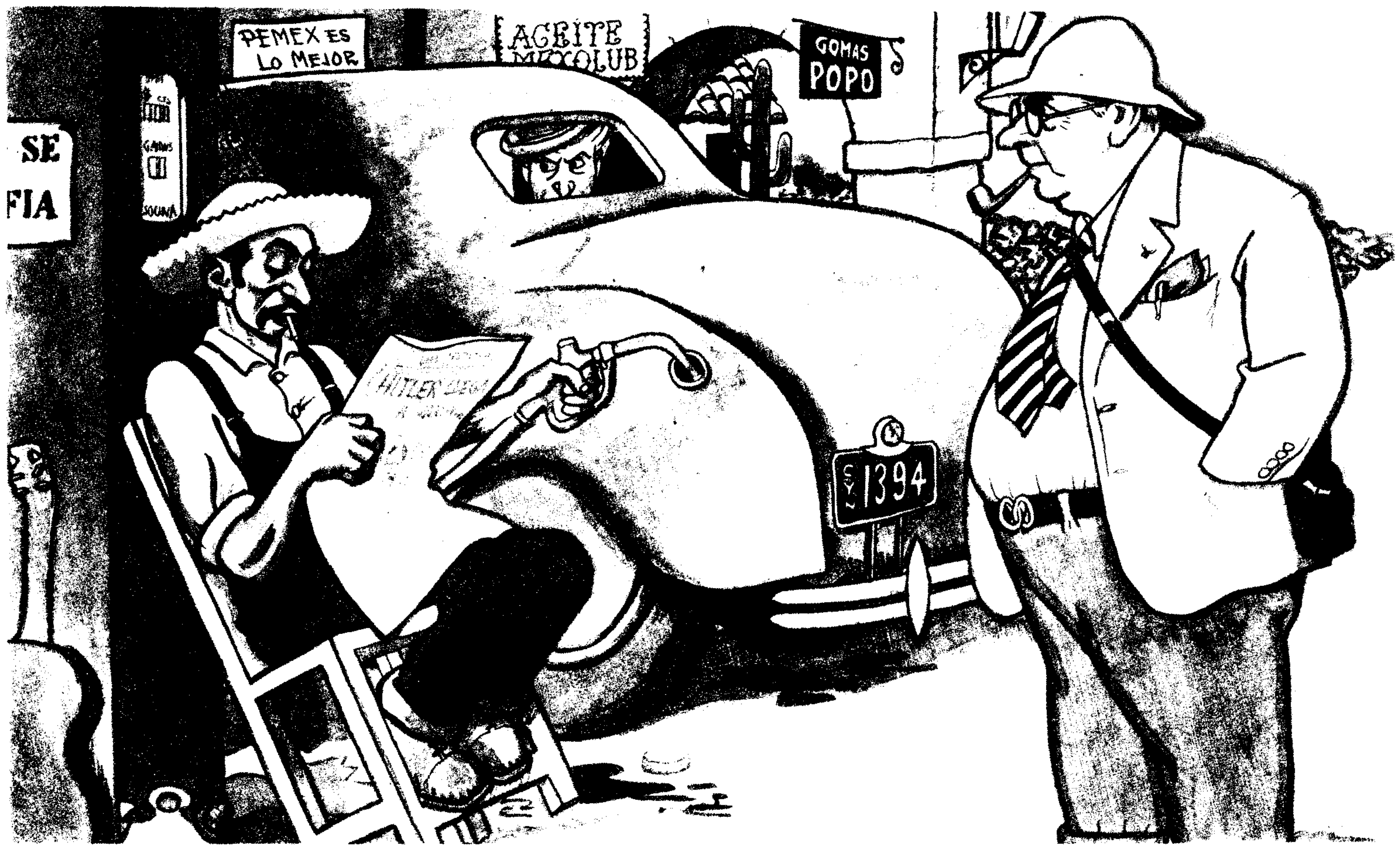


Mexico Cuts Off Her Nose

By Jim Marshall

"This can't be a dictatorship," they say in Mexico City, "otherwise the trains would run on time." And there are other things wrong. In fact, the expropriation of our half-billion-dollar petroleum industry has turned out to be a boomerang. Mr. Marshall drives you around to see a nation skidding in its own oil

Waste, inefficiency and a poor product are the results of Mexico's attempt to run her oil industry



Gas and oil cost about as much in Mexico but you'll find them far inferior to American brands. And if you want your tires checked or your windshield cleaned you'll probably do it yourself

CARTOONS BY WALTER DAY

YOU roll down Highway 81 into Laredo, Texas, United States of America, across the Rio Grande Bridge and so south over Highway 1. By the time you have learned that the x in Mexico is pronounced *h* you sight a white stucco service station green-lettered with such trade names as Pemex and Mexolub. So you pull in to the pumps and buy some stolen gas and oil.

Pemex and Mexolub are gas and oil sold by Petroleos Mexicanos, part of the government oil administration. Both are made from crude oil from wells down on the southeast coast, discovered, drilled, developed and once owned by Americans, British and Dutch. They are refined in plants taken away from Americans, shipped in tank cars once owned by Americans, sold from pumps that were once American in service stations once American-owned.

But that was before March 18, 1938, when the whole layout—wells to pumps—was "expropriated" by the Mexican government—"expropriate" being a polite, international word for "steal."

You pay about as much, or a little more, for gas and oil than you paid in Texas. No one will offer to check your tires, water or oil for you, and the sleepy-eyed Mexican attendant has his life made wakeful by American tourists who want the desert dust wiped off their windshields. After you have driven down Highway 1 a while, you will find your motor is heating up. On the grades, it lacks its customary pep. When you stop at a cantina for a drink, down in Monterrey, you meet a fellow American tourist driving north—and he tells you why.

Mexican gasoline has an octane rating of 48. Cars won't run at all on a 40 rating. Most American gasolines run from 75 to 80. So, physically, Pemex isn't all it might be. But morally—ah! Pemex is produced by workers 100 per cent loyal to the Communist cause, which makes it all right with everybody except tourists, native car owners and the Mexico City taximen, who call their union brethren dirty names for turning out such terrible fuel.

Mexico grabbed foreign oil properties early last year, you remember, because she said the companies weren't playing square. The argument ran like this:

How to Justify Stealing

The oil belonged to Mexico in the first place. Foreign concerns invested only about one hundred million dollars. In a quarter of a century they exported about five billion dollars' worth of oil, thus "depleting the nation's natural resources." The foreigners made profits running up to sixteen per cent. When oil labor asked, the labor board okayed and the supreme court ordered wage increases. The companies "defied the law" and refused to comply. Hence: Expropriation.

The companies admit most of these facts—except to say that their profit over the last ten-year period averaged four and a quarter per cent, instead of sixteen. They add that they "defied the law" simply because to have complied would have meant closing down.

They also point out that, but for them, the five billion dollars' worth of oil never would have been produced; that ninety-five per cent of the receipts stayed in Mexico in the form of new wealth, benefitting everyone. The companies paid the highest wage scales in the republic.

In its heyday the Mexican oil industry produced more than a fifth of the world supply; today it is producing less than a fiftieth. The petroleum administration has fired thousands of workers and it hasn't raised wages to the giddy heights to which it demanded Americans raise them. In fact, taking soaring living costs into account, the oil worker today is worse off than he was in March, 1938.

Mexico has expelled foreign writers for telling what she considers unsavory facts about her. While getting material for this article, your correspondent was shadowed, his projected trip to the oil fields blocked and obstacles placed in the way of fact-gathering because Collier's has, at times, been outspoken in its criticism of the oil steal.

Just what is happening in the oil fields under politico-labor management no one really knows—including the clerks who compile the sketchy statistics in the capital. No one can get into the fields without a pass. No foreigner gets a pass unless the oil administration is pretty sure he is pro-Cardenas. The few remaining American oil men in Mexico have their private sources of information, however.

For what it's worth—and it may be biased—this information is that the refineries are slowly breaking down and not being maintained at the efficiency point; and that new drilling is being done so unscientifically that wastage of crude is huge.

The first point seems proved. Naturally, refineries require repairs and replacements. Under present circumstances British, Dutch and American equipment factories won't sell to Mexico and other nations can't supply the parts. Even the ingenious Japanese can't do the job; neither can the Mexicans. Not yet, anyway.

Workingman's Paradise

Since the contract that the Cardenas government tried to force oil concerns to accept is the heart of the controversy, we might have a look at it. It is one of the most fantastic documents ever written. It covers 165 foolscap pages and has to be seen in the original to be believed.

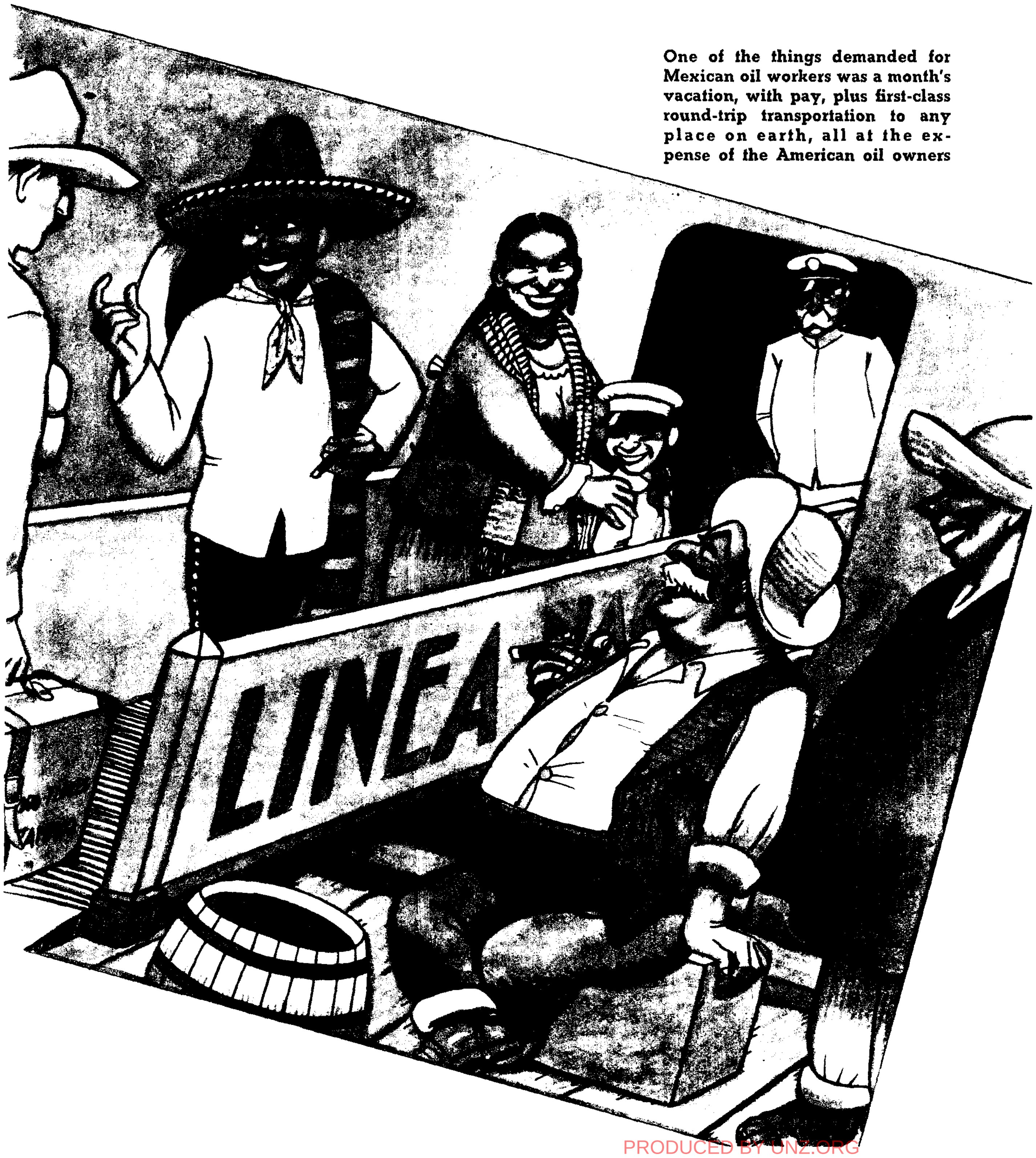
Before this contract was drawn up, oil laborers were getting far and away the highest pay anywhere south of the Rio Grande; they had what must have seemed to the average peon almost heavenly working conditions. In addition to high pay, they got free houses, schools, libraries, medical and dental attention. Unskilled labor in most Mexican trades got about one peso and ten centavos a day. Oil laborers got three pesos and fifty centavos from the "foreign exploiters." Masons, carpenters, truck drivers, stevedores, electricians, got about three times as much from the oil concerns as from any Mexican employer.

Under the proposed wage scale the companies in some cases would have had to pay a worker as high as $100, American, a day! Base pay, raised far above the already high mark, was to be doubled, tripled and quadrupled for various reasons. Suppose an electrician got ten pesos a day. If he worked in marshy country, his pay doubled. If he climbed a derrick more than seven meters, or worked on a roof, it doubled again. If it rained, double once more. If a hot spell came along, double again. If the day happened to be one of the specified one hundred forty-two rest and vacation days, more doubling. If a vacation day happened to coincide with a national holiday, another double.

The workers—or rather the politicians through the workers' unions—first demanded fifty-six hours pay for forty hours weekly work. Then they wanted 365 days' pay for 223 days' work. And that wasn't all: At any time a worker could demand three days' leave, with full pay, for no reason whatever.

But all this was just a starter.

Had the companies accepted the contract, they would have had to give every worker first-class round-trip transportation anywhere on earth for his vacation —not just in Mexico—anywhere in the world. Minimum vacations were about four weeks a year; after ten years' service, six weeks, all with full pay. And this in addition to the string of three-day leaves any time the worker became ennuied—which is pretty easy for a Mexican, anyway.



One of the things demanded for Mexican oil workers was a month's vacation, with pay, plus first-class round-trip transportation to any place on earth, all at the expense of the American oil owners

And still that wasn't all. Every employee was to get a free house, constructed to specifications set by the unions. His family, to the third generation back, was to have free medical, surgical and dental care. The companies were to build and maintain sumptuous union headquarters and meeting halls, buy all the equipment and office supplies, pay expenses and cough up travel costs for all union delegates, anywhere, any time.

The decree was signed March 18th last year and the cops moved in the next morning, taking everything in sight, rifling safes of checks and cash, even "expropriating" American magazines in company offices. Magazines addressed to oil men and their wives still are being confiscated—which gives you an idea of the thoroughness of the job.

While this was going on and before the first protests came in from London, The Hague and Washington, administration orators and newspapers told the Mexican people that President Roosevelt approved President Cardenas' course and that everything was hunky-dory and the hammer and sickle would wave forevermore. This theory was promptly denied by our State Department, but the Mexican people never heard or read of the denial. Most of them still think our government approves the steal.

Rewriting World History

Since the seizures a score of learned and voluble orators and scribblers have produced oceans and reams of words, practically rewriting world history in terms of expropriation and confiscation. The theme: We just got around to doing what the other nations have been doing for centuries. Aren't large hunks of the American Southwest really Mexican, the orators asked? Weren't they expropriated, nay, boldly stolen, and in no gentlemanly manner, by the now white-souled Colossus of the North?

Señor Oscar Morineau, a Columbia graduate and a typical apologist for expropriation, goes farther and points out that George Washington expropriated the British colonies for the United States. He adds that Abraham Lincoln expropriated hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of Southern property in the War Between the States—and that in neither case was any promise to pay even thought about. Mexico, at least, says the señor, has promised to pay, sometime.

And Uncle Sam, every Mexican knows, not only stole the British colonies but confiscated the rest of the country from the Indians, French, Canadians and Mexicans. Of course, the United States did pay cash money for Louisiana, Alaska and the Gadsden Purchase tract —but these extenuating circumstances don't get mentioned.

Among the die-hards of the American oil colony in Mexico there is great and cynical argument whether the place is a democracy or a dictatorship. The pragmatists point out that it must be a democracy because under a dictatorship the trains would run on time. No Mexican train has arrived anywhere on time for years.

But democracy, dictatorship or just plain muddle, the cold facts of the Mexican story are not anything with which to inspire little children. For centuries the

(Continued on page 30)

JAY HYDE BARNUM

JAY HYDE BARNUM

"Who is it?" she said in a whisper. Instantly the answer came

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

PLACED in a school in Italy by her divorced and twice-remarried mother, Norma Fordyce—young and utterly irresponsible—runs away and joins her father, Philip Fordyce, at Hill Acres, his beautiful estate in Burlingame. Realizing that the girl must be carefully chaperoned, he employs Jocelyn Britton (a stenographer in his San Francisco law office) to become her companion.

Jocelyn has just broken with Kent Dunham, a married man with whom she had been temporarily infatuated. She no longer cares for Dunham; but, still emotionally upset, she welcomes an opportunity to concentrate on a job which, she suspects, will absorb all of her energies.

She soon learns, however, that it is beyond her powers to control Norma. So, when the girl's mother insists, by wire, that the "little darling" be turned over to Miss Sanderson (an old governess whom Norma detests) Fordyce accedes to her demands; and Jocelyn goes to an aunt in Sausalito.

But Norma is miserable. She likes Jocelyn, must have her back. And when Fordyce asks her to return, she does so. Heretofore, she has merely admired Philip Fordyce; now, thrown with him often, the realization comes to her that she loves him. But it is not until Philip has a long, frank talk with her that she learns that he loves her, wants her to marry him as soon as possible.

Before they set a date for the wedding, they receive a most unpleasant surprise—Norma's mother—a pretty, spoiled woman—arrives on the scene. She flounces in, announces that she is planning to take Norma and Miss Sanderson to Honolulu. And, a few weeks later, the little party takes a boat for Hawaii.

Meanwhile, Jocelyn has been having trouble with Kent Dunham. Twice the man has called on her, unannounced, and implored her to marry him as soon as he has secured a divorce; and Jocelyn has told him that she would never become his wife, under any conditions. Now—one evening when she and Philip are discussing their approaching marriage at Hill Acres—Dunham arrives. He has been drinking. Pale and haggard, he upbraids Jocelyn for letting him down. Then he leaves.

A moment later, Jocelyn hears a shot. A bullet snaps past her, smashes a lamp. There is another shot—outside. Philip leaves the room. When he returns, he says quietly: "He won't bother us any more. He is dead."

X

MORNING came with the stilly silence and beauty of early summertime, and Jocelyn, who had not slept until the light was trembling in opal beauty on her walls, awakened late to a sense of peace and restoredness.

But immediately the events of yesterday began to form themselves again in her memory. Again she and Philip were sharing that exquisite hour of confidence and planning in the moonlight, again they had both turned at the sound of someone moving about in the drawing room and had seen it to be a man, that dreadful figure of a man silhouetted against the warm lights of the house. Kent, trembling with despair and drink and self-pity and the sense of having been bitterly wronged.

Jocelyn began to tremble again with fear and a sort of heartsickness. He had had a pistol in his pocket all the time they had been talking; at any moment he might have leveled it at Philip, killed Philip too before killing himself. He had crept about to the terrace after leaving the house, and had perhaps been a witness to her talk with Philip, had seen Philip's arms about her and her head on Philip's shoulder. Indeed, he had been near enough to hear their very words. The fearful nearness of a much greater calamity had blotted out the tragedy that had been concluded with his life.

She had not seen Philip after that. She had come hurriedly upstairs with Agnes, to stand at her window and watch the big police ambulance come in, and hear the deep voices, if not the words, of the men who got out of it. Philip had come out into the moonlight, bareheaded, to stand there talking in low tones, and then they had come into the house, presently to emerge, carrying the covered form that had once been all the brilliance and ambition and eagerness of Kent.

AFTER the ambulance lumbered away, Philip and Lorenz had gone out toward the garages, and Lorenz had evidently gone with him to the police station, perhaps to testify as to his letting Kent out of the house at a few minutes past ten last night, or perhaps to drive Philip, if Philip felt too shaky.

And then there had come a long silence. The big house had been still with an unearthly stillness. Jocelyn had gotten herself into sleeping wear, had laid an enveloping wrapper and slippers near to be ready to go out into the hall for a few whispered words with Philip when he returned. Hour after hour she had watched at the dark window, but he had not come, and now, with awakening consciousness, awakening fear came too. Had they arrested him? Had something gone wrong?

She did not ring for her breakfast, but at eleven o'clock left her room and timidly explored the upper floor. Maids were busy with dusters and vacuum cleaner in Philip's big room, with doors and windows wide open and sunshine streaming through. Norma's rooms were of course deserted and closed. Mrs. Fordyce's room was in its usual perfect order, with Annette, obviously dying of curiosity but too proud to question, matching gloves that had just been returned from the cleaner.

Jocelyn went on downstairs. She felt that she would go mad if there were no word from Philip, but all the big rooms seemed empty, and she could not bring herself to go anywhere near the terrace upon which last night's hideous drama had been enacted.

She was going on to the small dining room, hoping to find there some maid or man who would get her some breakfast, when the silence was suddenly broken by that burst of words that end any keenly contested and trickily played bridge hand.

"Yah! Take that and like it!" said Mrs. Fordyce's voice triumphantly.

"I will be damned!" a lazy, pleasant man's voice responded in a tone of amazed defeat. Jocelyn could not believe her ears, but it was Philip's voice.

A confused chorus followed:

"Bert, you didn't make it! My wonder woman! Doubled and redoubled.

(Continued on page 51)

Mr. Hammer, left, making a monkey out of Mickey Rooney. Above, Miss Comden, to her associates' consternation, produces odoriferous vocalizing, imitating somebody nameless

Musical Express

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUDOLF HOFFMANN

From a Village cellar to the Rainbow Room in a year—that's the record of the Revuers, who write their own songs, lyrics and sketches. As busy a quintet as you'll find anywhere

MR. GORDON will pardon us, we know, if we refer to his place as a dump. You reach it by going down twelve steps into a cellar. As Greenwich Village cellars go, it isn't bad. In winter it is as cold as a pawnbroker's heart and in summer the patrons crawl up those steps at the conclusion of the evening looking like something caught in the middle of a Keystone comedy, but Mr. Gordon's Village Vanguard was jammed for months last year when the Revuers were performing in his abattoir.

"When they started," said Mr. Gordon, holding his nose daintily, "very bad."

Bad or not bad, when the quintet (two young women, three young men) finished at Mr. Gordon's establishment, they went immediately to Mr. Rockefeller's Rainbow Room, the loftiest night club in the world and among the ritziest. This seems to be some sort of record in New York amusement circles, because the feat in escalating was performed in one year's time, from a standing start. If they aren't the slickest thing in show business to come along in decades, some of our best critics are going to lose their jobs for monkeying with false propaganda.

The Revuers (formerly known as the Vanguarders) are made up of Betty Comden, Judith Tuvim, John Frank, Adolph Green and Alvin Hammer. They write their own lyrics, they compose their own songs, they work out their own sketches and paint their own backdrops. What it amounts to is a 40-minute musical comedy, with an opening chorus, a master of ceremonies (John Frank, and very good, too), skits, songs and hilarious parodies. Their dancing is on the satiric side and is meant only to get them on and off the stage. That they should do anything at all of this revue nature is remarkable because none of them had been trained in the art, none of them had even been ambitious in this direction and certainly none of them had been working at it before they ganged up in Mr. Gordon's dive. In truth, it was exactly because they had been working nowhere that they were willing to try anything.

Up until six weeks before the departure of the troupe for higher pastures, Mr. Gordon had never had a liquor license in his place. It had originally been a Bohemian joint of the European type, where poets like Maxwell Bodenheim and Eli Siegel declaimed their latest verses. The patrons could also get up and orate if the mood stirred them, but for the most part they sipped their coffee, howled at Mr. Gordon's waiters for more sandwiches and poured their refreshments from flasks they had toted in with them, as in the good old days of prohibition.

Judy Tuvim, the youngest of the group, eighteen, was reading plays for Orson Welles at the Mercury Theater when she got the idea of doing something about Mr. Gordon's emporium. Why didn't Mr. Gordon put a show in, on Saturday nights?

"What kind of a show?" asked Mr. Gordon, backing away and eying her suspiciously.

"Oh, you know," she said vaguely. "Songs, skits. . . . Sort of like a show."

At this moment Mr. Gordon's life reached a crisis. Miss Tuvim, who is a very wholesome and earnest lady, was looking at him with big eyes—that non-blinking type of innocent look that always floors a man. Mr. Gordon knew that if he put in a regular show his regular patrons would be kept from doing their own emoting and would undoubtedly depart in a huff. Knowing that if the new venture didn't bring in a new audience he was ruined, he was all in favor of saying no to Miss Tuvim, but as her big eyes kept him transfixed, he could hear himself saying in a distant, small voice: "Well, all right, if you wanna. . . ."

She knew Adolph Green, and he brought down a group of six people he had been playing around New York with in one-act plays. The first Sunday was a lollapalooza. Faced with the hostile bards and their oracular henchmen, the players put on something that resembled the class play at old Secaucus High. Mr. Gordon held his head in his hands and moaned. Next week it was slightly *(Continued on page 76)*

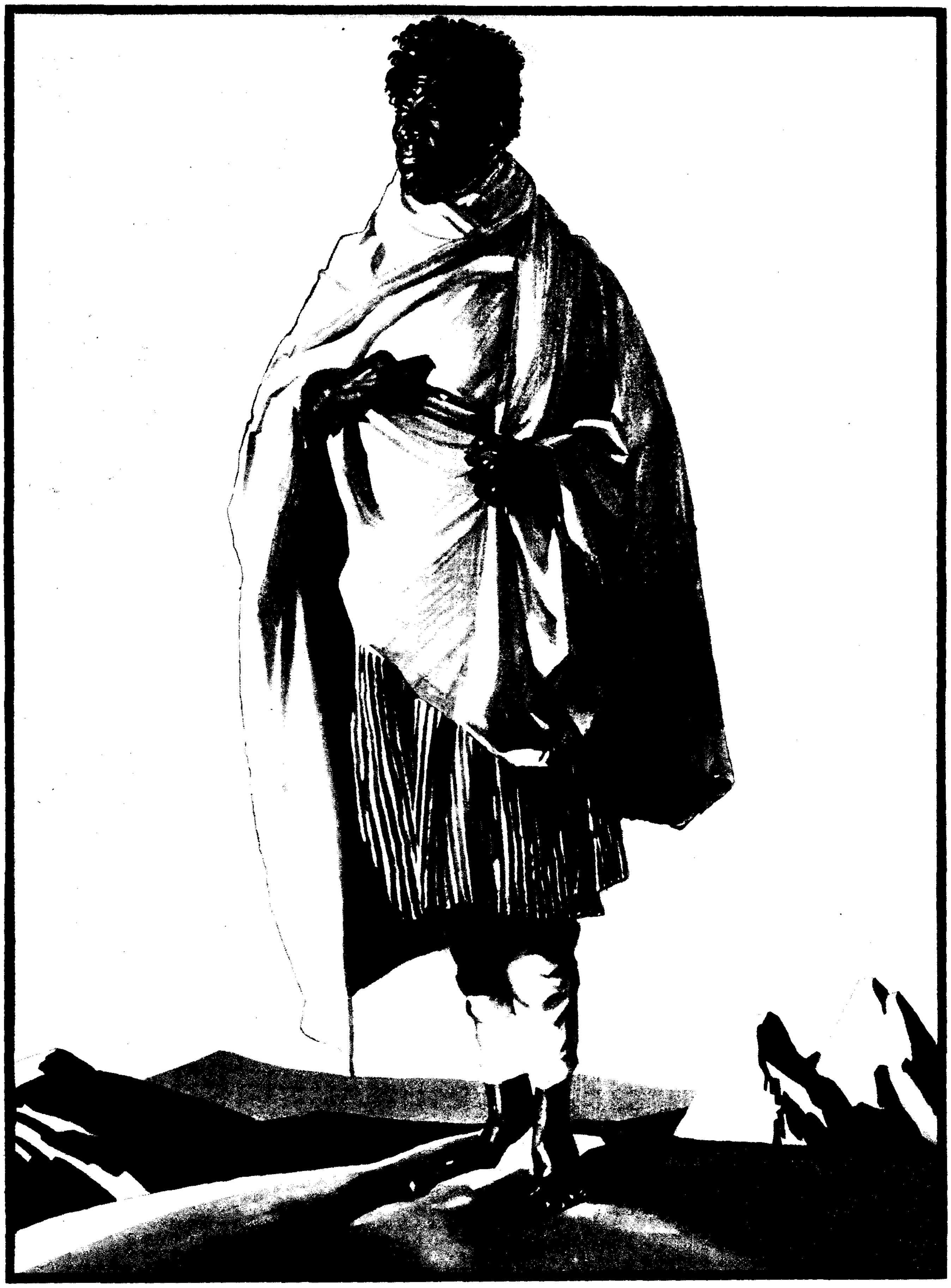
Above, Mr. Green giving his painful version of a tenor caught in the throes of Mandalay. Below, Mr. Frank and Miss Tuvim being veddy, veddy British in a little Noel Coward number

The Lion-Mane Collar

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

It takes simple men, like Nubi, to achieve real heights of irony



He climbed to the top of the great dune and he stood there a long time in the desert sunset

LIEUTENANT BRAMANTE showed his newly joined companion the sights of Addis Ababa. He showed him the cathedral of St. George, and the palace of the former Negus, and the execution ground, and the quarter of the daughters of Rahab, and the palace now building for the administrative offices of the conquerors, and the wine shops where *tatja* was sold. And then they sat down in a proper café and had a drink, while Lieutenant Bramante explained the customs of the country.

"You will soon be used to things," he said. "But it is necessary always to remember that this is a *popoli* which is barbarian. These people are vengeful, but they soon forget. Our casualty list is still not a thing to be published, but it will not be for long. They begin to accept our rule as of nature and go back to their barbarian customs and interests. Why, even—but look!"

The newcomer saw nothing remarkable in the squalid street outside the café. There were many black-skinned, erect men in snow-white garments that looked remarkably like togas. They moved about with leisure but without abjectness. Some of them wore piratical black hats and blacker capes. Some wore extraordinary combinations of garments in addition to the snow-white foundation. But the newly joined officer saw nothing remarkable, even when he followed Lieutenant Bramante's finger and noted that one man had a collar of tawny fur about his neck.

"That is a lion's mane," said Lieutenant Bramante. "It is what I mean. When a man kills a lion with his own hands, he may wear such a collar. It is an honor they covet tremendously. At first we saw none of them, because it is a sign of valor and they thought we would kill all men we knew to be brave. But now they appear more and more. Already they forget to hate us. And observe with what respect that man is treated. Other men make way for him and almost bow down to him! Because he has killed a lion! They are but barbarians. . . ."

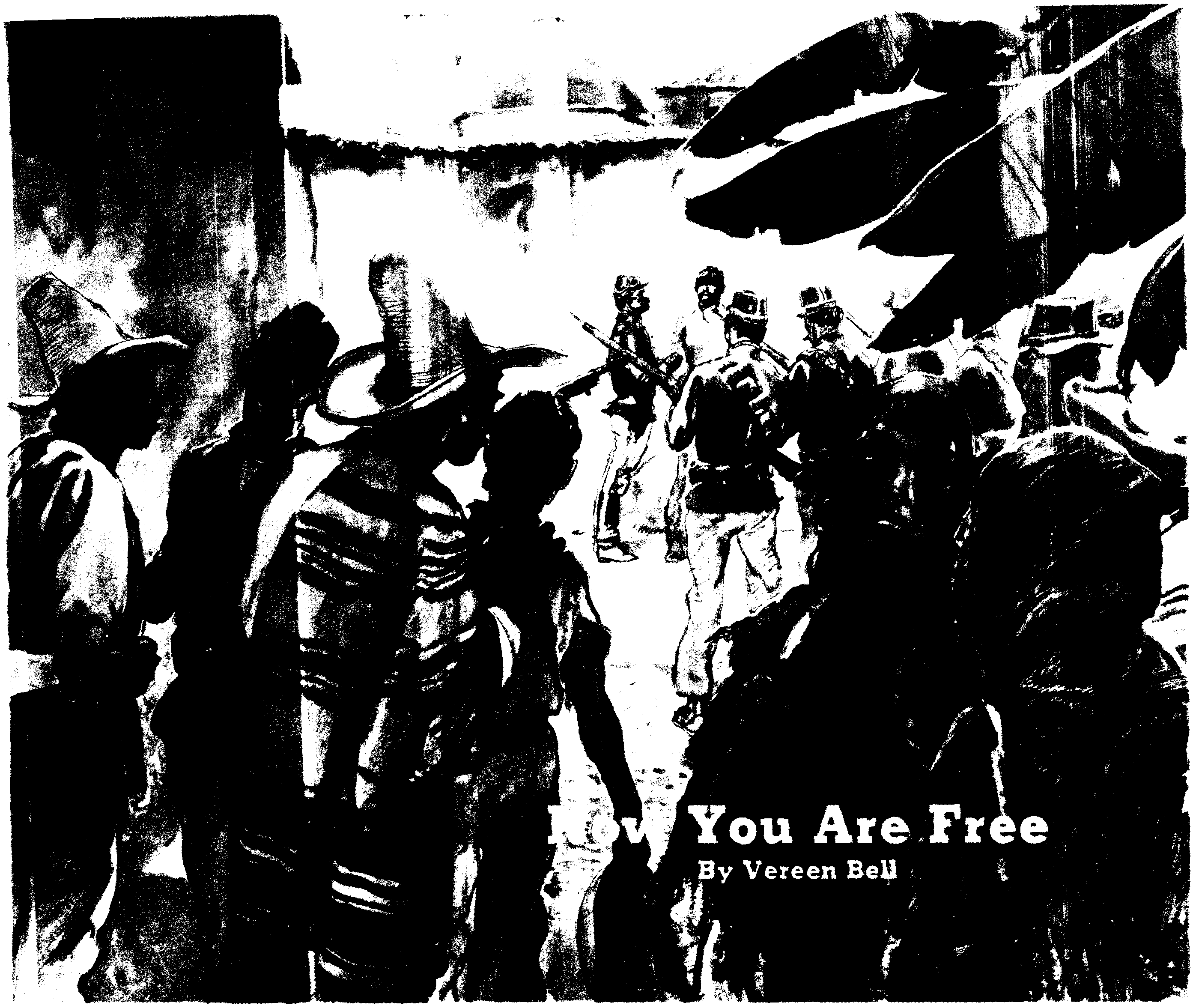
Lieutenant Bramante went on earnestly to adduce other instances of the primitiveness of the natives, in explaining the customs of the country. He did not, however, tell the story of Nubi, which was a pity. It would have proved a great deal of what he told his companion; but it would have made hopeless confusion of all the rest.

NUBI was a Galla man, and he lived some eighty miles west of Addis Ababa, over on the very edge of the Danakil, where that desert abruptly erupts into volcanic mountains and a chaotic tableland before smoothing out into the rich forest land and meadows of the interior. He was tall and black, with a smoothly supple skin that was quite flawless. He'd been in the fighting, of course. He went with his *dedjah* to Addis Ababa at the outbreak of hostilities, participated in the uproarious scene when the Negus formally accepted his contingent for service and went to the front immediately afterward.

Of the four hundred or more, he was one of the twenty who got back, and he had learned that spears and swords, and even such arms as old King Menelik had stored up forty years before, would not prevail against aircraft, tanks and poison gas. So Nubi went back to his home and his labor, and apparently thought no more of the matter. His air was utterly tranquil. His work was done at his own discretion, and he did not do too much of it. The only change in his appearance or habits was that he ceased to wear the lion-mane collar he was entitled to display as a proof of his valor.

Lieutenant Bramante would have

(Continued on page 60)



Now You Are Free

By Vereen Bell

The black cloth was around Juan's eyes, but the picture of the prison yard lingered

Four lives for one, in a land where only the dead were free

HE WAITED, far enough from the window so that he could not be seen. The rifle lay upon the bed, ready. He drew on the rubber gloves.

An elevator door clanged. Voices grew, but there was no sound of footsteps on the thick carpet of the hallway. Somewhere a radio crackled.

He looked at his watch. Again he forced his gaze to wander carefully and objectively about the hotel room to make sure nothing had been inadvertently disturbed. The window was open, the screen raised. The metal sidepiece had been removed from the window frame, exposing the dark, waiting hollows of the building tile, and now leaned against the wall. The screws lay on the floor, beside the screw driver.

Down the hall, a clear, round voice began speaking.

He closed the transom. The Plaza Montenez seemed a thick sea of color upon which thousands of straw hats floated. On the flag-draped balcony gathered men in tropical whites and in scintillant uniforms. Beside the microphones stood the little man with the round voice, talking.

Then a surge of sound came up from the human sea that flooded the park and streets as an erect, cotton-haired man appeared on the balcony; and shouts of "El Padrino!" shrilled above the roar.

He ran into the bathroom and turned on the lavatory and tub spigots full. Returning, he carefully opened the rifle's bolt and looked at the beautiful shining metal thing that slid halfway out the chamber. Then he sat in one of the chairs near the window, and rested the rifle on the back of the other chair. In the telescope, El Padrino leaped into clarity.

El Padrino was speaking now, his voice flowing like syrup from the amplifiers, and from the radio.

The cross hairs wavered off the target again, shaken by a little paroxysm of violent hate. His rubber-clad finger tightened imperceptibly around the trigger. The rifle stock felt cool against his cheek. He inhaled deeply, and held his breath. The blood pounded in his neck. The cross hairs were perfectly steady now. He began squeezing the trigger.

Because of the contrivance at the rifle's muzzle, the shot was muffled, flat; hardly audible above the rush of water in the bathroom. Immediately he worked the bolt and watched, cheek frozen to the rifle stock, finger ready on the trigger. The figure of the dictator sagged.

He relaxed, and for one brief second gave himself over to a surge of exultation that transfigured him. Then he stepped quickly to the windows and drew down the shades. With one hand he reached around the shade and pulled down the screen and window.

Coolly, almost detachedly, he disassembled the rifle. The stock had been sawed lengthwise almost to the loosened butt plate, so that only a tiny section of walnut held it together; this split easily. At the window he shoved the disassembled parts of the rifle and the ejected shell far down into the hollow tile of the wall and replaced the framing.

That left the tiny screw driver, and the gloves. He put the screw driver in his pocket. When he had smoothed the bed and placed the chairs against the wall, he went into the bathroom and cut off the water. He stripped off the rubber gloves, dropped them into the toilet and flushed it.

Holding a handkerchief over his hand, he raised the window shades to their normal positions. The group on the balcony, he saw, had closed about the fallen dictator. From the park, the first quick silence had given way to a wild confusion of sound.

He opened the door with the handkerchief, and stepped out into the hallway. It was quite empty. He opened the staircase door, and looked down the dizzily narrowing slot to the bottom, and then went down the steps unhurriedly.

IN THE lobby, people jammed the door, craning their necks, shouting and trying to get out.

"The president had a heart attack!" a woman said.

Finally outside, someone seized him by the arm. It was Blasco, of the Private Police. His automatic pistol was drawn.

"What is it? What is it? Do you know?" Blasco shouted.

"They said Flores had an attack," he answered.

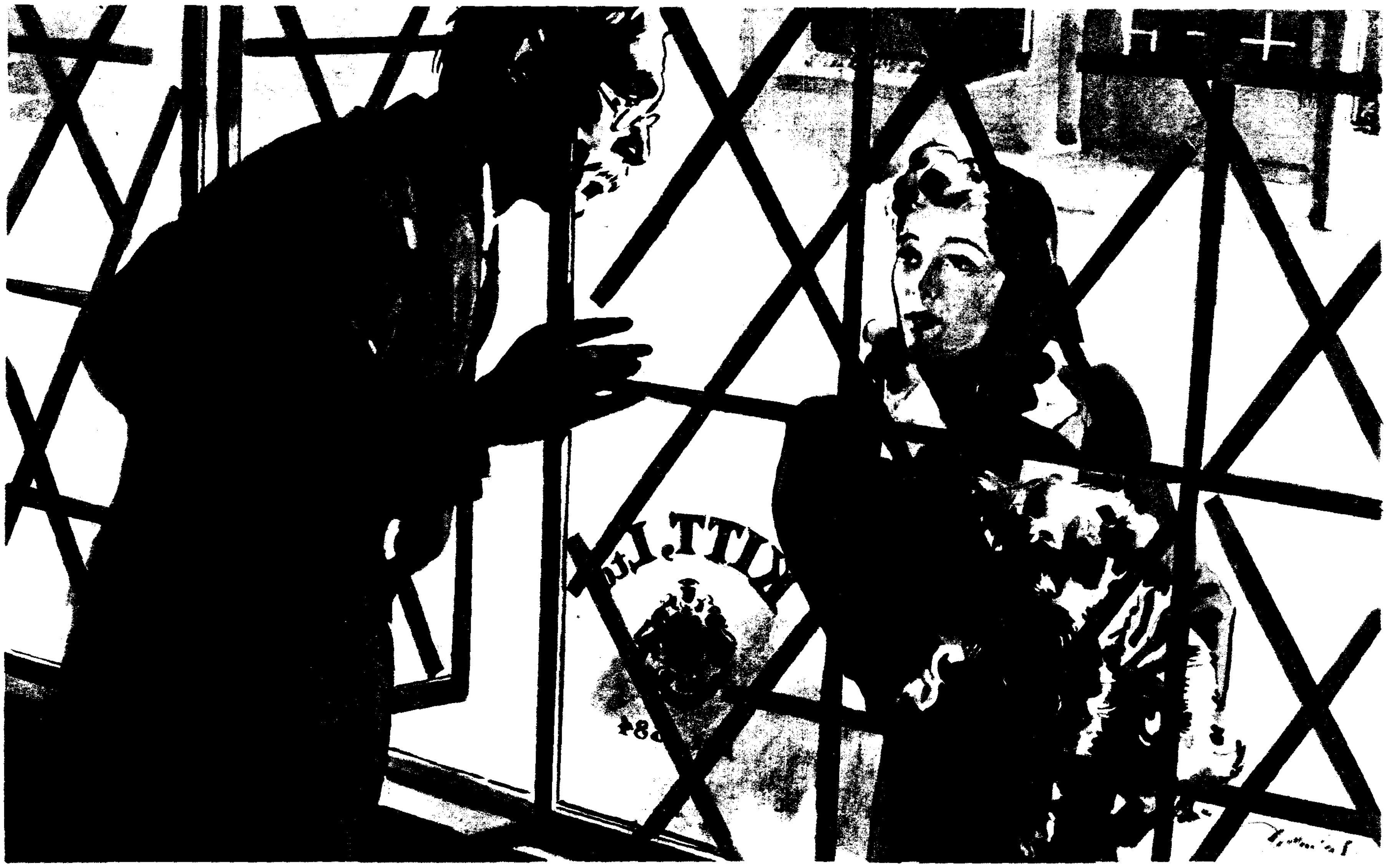
"He is shot," Blasco said. "I'm sure he is!"

"I didn't hear any shot," Juan Pelayo said.

At that moment an incisive voice cut through the meaningless cacophony of sound in the amplifiers: "*Attention! Private Police report here at once! Attention! Private Police report here at once!*"

"See? Come on." Blasco said, and began beating and clubbing his way through the mob. Juan Pelayo drew his own pistol and followed. At the corner he dropped the screw driver down the gutter grille.

The executive bedrooms, to which Juan Pelayo had been assigned, were quiet, save for the little clinking sounds of bottles and medical instruments and the strained, whistling breath of the unconscious dictator. No grief could be *(Continued on page 66)*



Mr. Kitt opened the window and shouted: "Something you wanted, Miss?" She looked up in surprise

No Time to Quit

By Pat Frank

MR. KITT, of the firm of Kitt, Ltd., had been trying to get out of the city all day long. In the morning, the instant complete evacuation had been ordered, he had packed off Mrs. Kitt and his daughters and his grandson to the country place near Andover. Roger, the chauffeur, was in the Territorials and had been called, so Ellen, his oldest daughter, did the driving.

It wasn't until they were all ready that Mr. Kitt had told them he wasn't going with them.

"I'll be along," he had assured Mrs. Kitt, "just as soon as I've closed up the store. I'll drive down in the small car in an hour or two."

"You will please hurry, now won't you, Henry?" she had said.

"Certainly," he'd replied lightly. "Don't think I want to stay here, do you, and be blasted to bits?" Then Mrs. Kitt had wept, and had insisted on kissing him goodby, a most unnecessary procedure, for he'd see her in a few hours, and this last had made him nervous.

When Mr. Kitt arrived at Kitt, Ltd., he found there a great deal more to clean up than he had expected. Some of his older employees had reported for work as usual, and he had told them, quite sternly, to be off, as the evacuation order required. But by noon the store was in order, and the signs prepared: "Closed Until Further Notice."

"I'll hang them myself," Mr. Kitt told Mr. Grimm, the senior bookkeeper. "You'd better run along now."

"Aren't you going, Mr. Kitt?" Grimm asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes. They won't catch me here. Just a few more things to do. Of course, we'll all be back soon."

"Certainly, sir," said Grimm, and Mr. Kitt wanted to shake hands with him, for they had known each other a long time, but he thought he'd best not, for it might embarrass Mr. Grimm.

AFTER Mr. Grimm had gone he sat alone in his office, a wispy little man whose heels scarcely touched the floor as he leaned back in the big chair. For twenty years he had considered installing a more comfortable chair, but this he never did. His father had sat in this chair, and his grandfather, and they had been larger men.

His eyes rested on his desk, and he saw that everything was in its proper place and for the life of him, Mr. Kitt didn't know what else there was to do.

Then he remembered the ARP manual, and skimmed through it. "Strips of adhesive tape," one sentence read, "should be placed across all windows as an aid in preventing casualties from shattered glass." He looked at his windows, and the tape was already there. It had been there, he knew, for several days.

He walked to the window and looked into the street. It was rather like a Sunday, he thought, in its emptiness. There was a young girl standing in the street. She had a dog in her arms. She seemed uncertain as to where she was going. Finally she turned toward the door of Kitt, Ltd., found it locked and rattled it in exasperation. Mr. Kitt opened the window and asked: "Something you wanted, Miss?"

She looked up in surprise and said, "Oh, you're still open? Do you have masks for dogs?"

"No, I'm terribly sorry," he said. "We haven't handled them. You might try at Bowden's, farther down the street."

"They're closed," the girl said, and hurried away.

There wasn't anything else to keep him now, except to hang the signs. He didn't like the words: "Closed Until Further Notice."

There wasn't any reason why he himself couldn't make a new sign: "Closed for a Short While." It would only take a few minutes, and he had plenty of time.

Mr. Kitt went to the basement and found the paint and fresh cardboard. He was very careful, and very slow, and very methodical in his work, so it was almost dusk when he heard the sound of footsteps on the first floor.

He came up the steps in a hurry, and saw that it was Potts, the night watchman. Potts had been ordered to leave like all the rest. Potts should not have turned up this evening.

But before Mr. Kitt could say anything, Potts asked sharply: "What are you doing here, Mr. Kitt? You ought to be in Andover."

"Why are you here?" Mr. Kitt demanded. "You knew my orders were that everyone should leave."

"Just checking up," said Potts uneasily.

"So was I," said Mr. Kitt.

THEN they both stopped, for they heard the wail of the sirens outside, and knew that, indeed, it had come. From far off came the flat sounds they recognized as the antiaircraft guns, followed by a series of explosions.

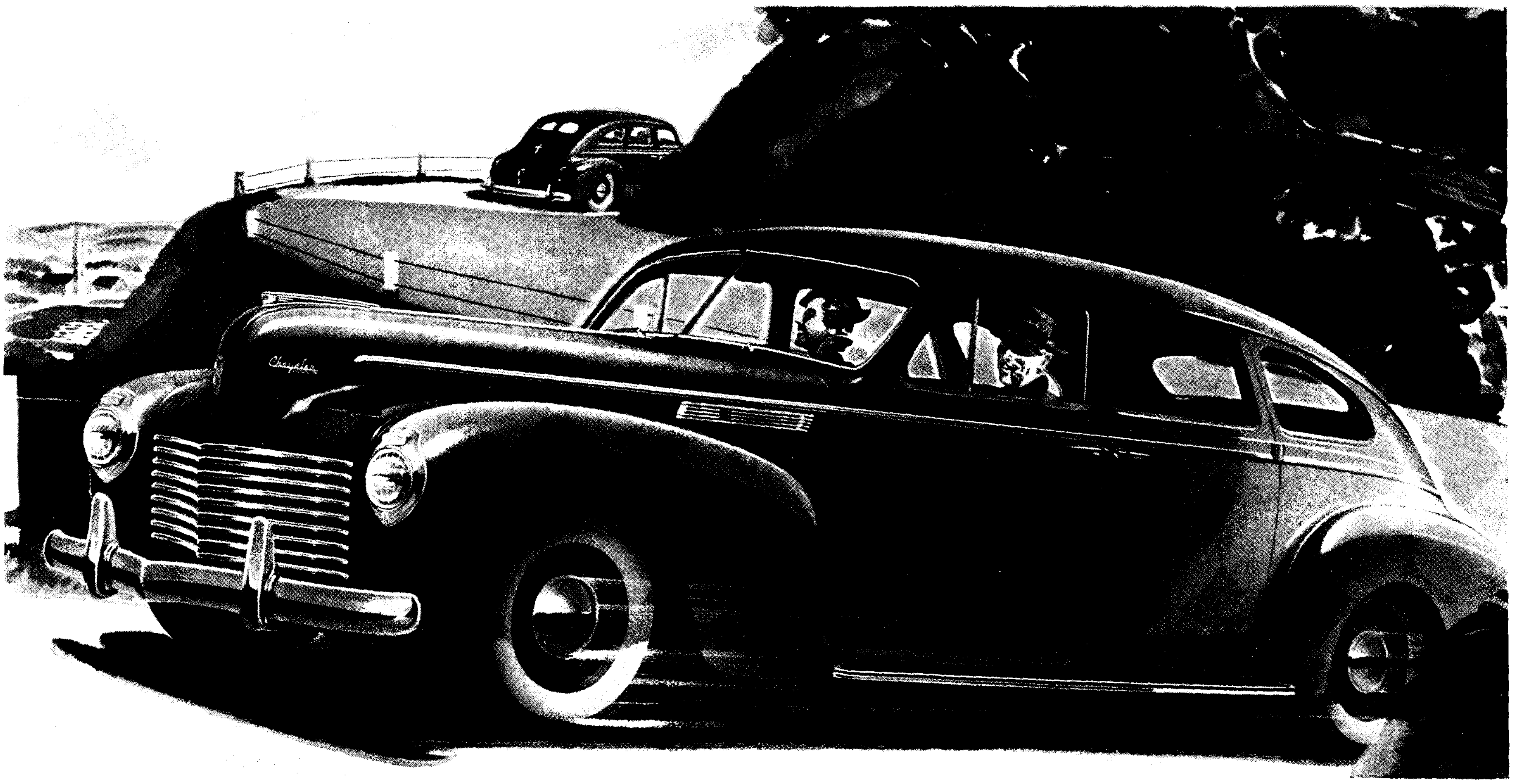
Potts bristled to the sound of the guns, and fingered the sleeve that the last war had emptied. "I'll tell you, Mr. Kitt," he said, "I don't like the idea of running away."

Mr. Kitt smiled then, and his eyes wandered to the front showcase, and picked out the gilt sign, in the old-fashioned lettering, on the pane. The sign said, "Kitt, Ltd. Established 1684."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Kitt as the floor quivered to a hit near by, "that it's a little late for me to leave now."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Over the Hills and Far Away...
Five Hundred *Easy* Miles a Day!



THE BEAUTIFUL CHRYSLER!

Two amazing new engineering triumphs! New high-torque engines provide a new Chrysler peak in flashing pickup and effortless cruising speeds. Scientific weight distribution gives marvelous new Floating Ride!

FIVE hundred miles a day is child's play for the Beautiful Chrysler! Fatigue-making factors have been engineered right out of the car!

Imagine an engine with working parts superfinished to smoothness as fine as a millionth of an inch! Can you picture how silently and silkily that engine would run?

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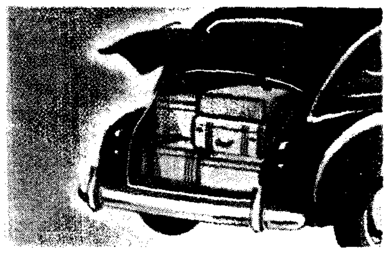

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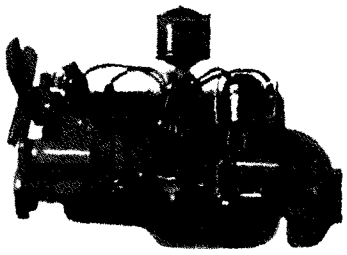
A long glide up . . . a long glide down . . . that's the way the Beautiful Chrysler rides on any old road at all! Spring action is held to 90-100 cycles per minute . . . the same easy rhythm of your normal walk . . . the pace of the blood through the brain . . . the motion that's scientifically soothing to human nerves! Scientific weight distribution makes this possible . . . correct balancing of weights . . . back seat forward of the rear axle . . . all passengers cradled near the center of balance . . . away from the bouncing axles. The result is a marvel . . . you must try it yourself to appreciate it!



New high-torque engines . . . instantly responsive, silent, effortless

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A century has come and gone since Peter Ballantine built his brewery. He established certain standards to which the experience and skill of 100 years have been added. You'll find all this in every glass of Ballantine's Ale you drink today.

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AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE

These distinguished containers bring you "America's finest since 1840"—the ale that outsells all others. In 12-oz. and full-quart bottles—in 12-oz. and full-quart copper-colored cans.

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Order BALLANTINE'S ALE the Handy way

Wild Geese Flying

Continued from page 15

read what he meant in his deep, glowing eyes that seemed to set so far back in his bony face. It was a different face from that in the picture I had at home. That picture had been Mother's, and had been taken perhaps ten years before. In it, Father had an almost round face and thick dark hair and laughing eyes and a mouth all ready to talk. The mouth had changed least; the hair was gray now; the eyes were deep and glittery; but the mouth held a constant promise of amused comment.

HE GLANCED out the window. "Well," he said, "maybe we'd better go over to the hotel and wash up for supper. But come here a minute first." He went to a closet where shelves were lined with bottles, his private pharmacy, and from one corner he lifted a shotgun and handed it to me. I had handled few guns, but when I lifted it to my shoulder I sensed its fine balance.

Father glowed approvingly. "Like it? It's yours. I had it built specially, fifteen years ago—when I had money. I want you to have it. . . . Oh, I've got another one for myself."

I was fondling its plain, sleek lines when there came a sudden crackling series of explosions outside, down the street. Like firecrackers. Father stiffened and glanced around. Then there was silence, and he turned to me and said, "You'll use it tomorrow. We're going down to the lakes, with a team and spring wagon. It's a thirty-mile drive. We'll camp out, down there. It's in below the Oliver boys' sheep ranch."

I wondered why he was talking on and on when he had said we were going over to the hotel.

"Did you ever camp out, Malcolm? Sleep under the stars and hear the coyotes? Well, you will tomorrow night. You'll—"

Somebody came running up the board sidewalk, and I knew Father had been expecting him. A short, dark-faced man in jeans, boots and low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat jerked open the office door. I saw the black grip of the revolver at his hip before I saw his blue eyes.

"Doc! They've shot Luke! He's dying! Come on!" The words exploded from his mouth.

"Where is Luke?" Father asked, and his voice was calm.

"Down at Doc Allen's office!"

"Then why come after me?"

I was still holding the shotgun. The stranger saw me, and it, for the first time. His hand jerked to his hip.

"Put that gun away!" Father exclaimed, and his words crackled. "The boy's gun is empty." Father reached out and caught the shotgun by the barrel, took it from my hands. He turned his back and laid the weapon on his desk, then said, "You're a fool, Andy, with that revolver of yours. I know you're afraid to shoot me, but you might shoot my son, brave man that you are."

Even I winced at the scorn, and Andy flushed, holstered his weapon. "Doc Allen's drunk," he said. "And Luke's bad hurt. You saved Ben King—"

Father picked up his instrument case, handed me my hat.

Dr. Allen's office was a block down the dusty street. The knot of men standing at the doorway stepped aside to let us in. Father stripped back the blood-damp shirt from the man who lay groaning on a dirty horsehair couch. Two oozing wounds were low on the abdomen. Father shook his head, made a quick examination.

"If you let him die," Andy exclaimed, "I'll shoot that one good lung clean out of you!"

"He's dying now," Father said, loading a hypodermic needle.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to ease his death." Father caught a fold of the wounded man's arm muscle between his fingers. Andy grabbed at the needle. Father twisted his wrist, shot a white spurt from the needle into Andy's face. Andy stumbled back and Father injected the sedative. Calmly he replaced the needle in its case, snapped his bag shut and turned toward the doorway. The men stepped aside, even Andy, whose eyes were fiery, and we walked out.

FATHER said nothing until we reached the door of his own office. There he halted and pointed toward the west. The lowering sun showed a low ridge on the horizon, like hills.

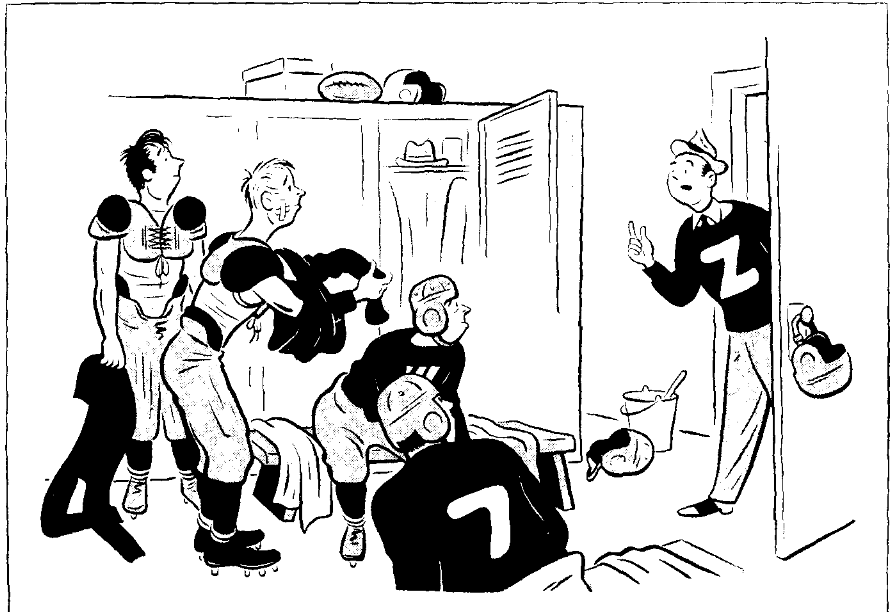
"Those," he said, gesturing, "are the Rocky Mountains."

But I wasn't thinking of mountains.

"Is he going to die?" I asked.

Father looked at me with an odd smile. "He'll be dead before dark," he said. Then he added, "Luke Oliver was a coward just the same as his brother Andy. . . . There are a lot of cowards in this world, son. . . . Cowards."

I remembered the way Uncle Toland



"We have to play it over for the West Coast broadcast!"

SO THE HARDER A WIFE WORKS, THE CUTER SHE LOOKS!

1. GOSH, HONEY, YOU SEEM TO THRIVE ON COOKING, CLEANING AND DUSTING—AND I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT BY CLOSING TIME. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

VITAMINS, DARLING! I ALWAYS GET MY VITAMINS

2. REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU—YOU CAN'T HAVE PEP WITHOUT VITAMINS? WELL I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING—A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP, THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. AND I'VE ALREADY LAID IN A SUPPLY FOR OUR BREAKFASTS

3. HONEY, IF VITAMINS CAN GIVE ME EVEN A LITTLE OF YOUR ZIP AND SPARKLE, YOU'VE MADE THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU. AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST. IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

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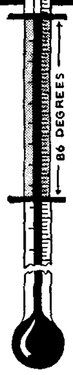
GIVE ME COOL SMOKING FIRST AND LAST IN A TOBACCO. ANY EXPERIENCED PIPE-SMOKER WILL SAY THE SAME!
EXCESS HEAT SPOILS THE FUN OF PIPE-SMOKING. PRINCE ALBERT'S COOL-SMOKING CRIMP CUT GIVES REAL PIPE-JOY!



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86 DEGREES COOLER

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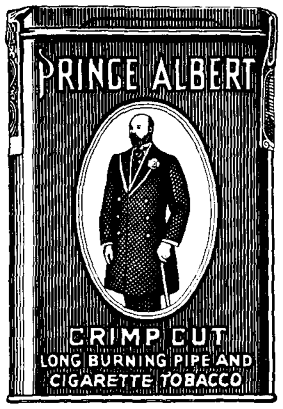
CONSIDERATION No. 1 in pipe-smoking is COMFORT! You can't enjoy an over-hot smoke no matter how much you pay for the tobacco. Excess heat ruins flavor and aroma, steps up "bite." There is REAL COMFORT, TRUE MILDNESS in *COOL-SMOKING* Prince Albert...no excess heat to blur the rich taste and fine fragrance of those choice tobaccos. Cool, easy-drawing because it's "crimp cut." Mild, fragrant, thanks to the P. A. "no-bite" treatment.

It's easy just to *say*, "mild, mellow smoking," but Prince Albert gives you *proof of this statement before you buy*. Prince Albert will give you *the smoke of your life!* There's no other tobacco like it.

(Try P.A. in "makin's" smokes too.)



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

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Prince Albert THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

had mouthed that same word. Uncle Toland had been talking about Father.

We were driving south, in the midmorning sunlight, the team of bays kicking up dust from the rutted trail. The horizon was far away, treeless on every side, and puffball clouds of white and amazing purple drifted in a sky unbelievably blue. The town was a faint cluster of specks behind us.

Except to point out an occasional jack rabbit, Father had said little since we left town. Now he looked at me and said, "Malcolm, do you remember when we all lived in Philadelphia? . . . You were only four, when we left."

"I think I remember," I said. "I remember a big house, and a nurse."

"It wasn't a big house," he said. "Not as big as Toland thought we should have."

"I remember my nurse, and Mother. And I remember once when you came home and talked about the nurse at the hospital, and I thought you meant my nurse. I insisted Nurse couldn't be at the hospital, because she had been at home all day."

Father smiled. "Do you remember anything else?"

"I remember one night. There was a party. A dinner party, I guess. I was supposed to stay upstairs, but I could hear it downstairs. I remember it only in patches. Probably I was asleep part of the time. I heard someone come upstairs, and I called and you came in and kissed me. Then Mother came up and you said, 'I have to go. They need me down at the hospital.' Then Uncle Toland came up. He was all excited."

FATHER stared at me. "You remember all that?"

"Yes. And I remember Uncle Toland said Mrs. Somebody was sick. I think he said it was appendicitis."

"Appendicitis," Father agreed. "It was Mrs. George Collins."

"You said you couldn't go because they needed you at the hospital. Uncle Toland called you a fool, and Mother cried. I remember that very clearly, her crying and Uncle Toland very angry. . . . That's all I remember until we were on the train, going to Ohio, it must have been."

Father was staring at the horses. "Did you ever know why Toland was so angry that night? . . . He wanted to make a society surgeon out of me. Thought you could sell surgery like you sell bonds. George Collins was one of his wealthy friends. My friends were all poor folks in South Philadelphia. Charity patients who couldn't afford to pay for operations."

He urged the horses to a dusty trot.

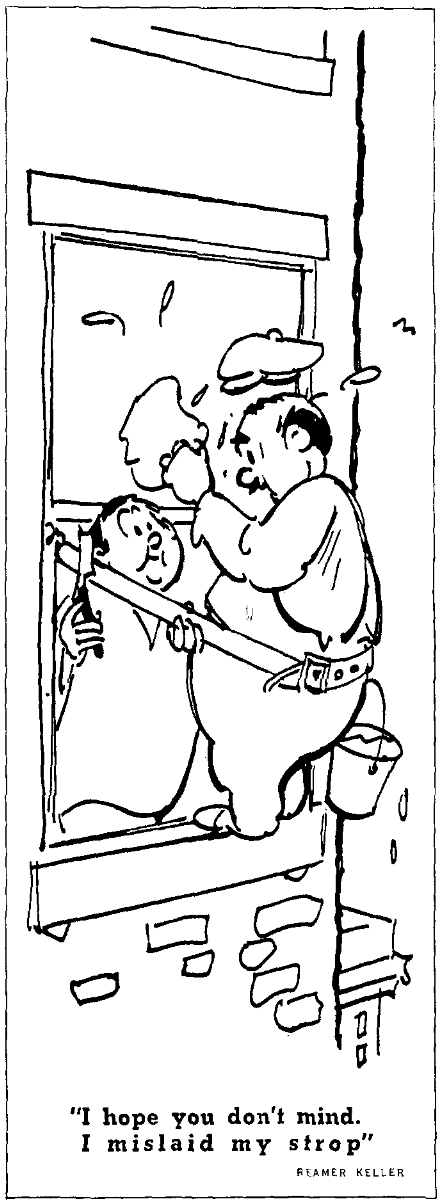
"Mrs. Collins got well. Deaver, I believe it was, operated on her. But something happened when I operated that night. I had to do an appendectomy, too. An old man who couldn't even speak English. His appendix burst when I went after it. I don't know to this day whether I nicked it or not. He died. Toland never forgot. I didn't either. I went to Ohio and took up country practice." He sighed and gave my hand an affectionate squeeze. "It was in Ohio that my lungs went bad. You knew that's why I came out here, didn't you? Because of my lungs."

IN MIDAFTERNOON we passed the Oliver ranch, in a hollow half a mile to the east. A low, rambling sod house, a cluttering of outbuildings and pens, a windmill and a grove of cottonwood trees. I saw a glimmer of water, which Father explained was an outcropping of the river, which flowed underground most of its course along here.

Two hours later we saw a sheepherder's wagon, a canvas-topped house on wheels with a tin chimney. Near by was a big flock of sheep, perhaps two thousand of them, and a herder on horseback was watching them, with two black-and-brown dogs. The herder hailed us and rode over to the trail. He was a Mexican with bad teeth, an old man who greeted Father with special pleasure and who interrupted his poor English with repeated exclamations. Father told him where we were going, and why, and at last we drove on.

"Manuel Otrono," Father said his name was. "Been herding sheep around here for years. He thinks I'm a miracle man. I saved his arm once when a rattlesnake bit him."

JUST before sundown we got to the lakes. There were three of them, interlinked, shallow and deeply fringed with cattails and reeds. Father chose a camping place, and that evening he talked until I fell asleep, telling of other times he had come down here, and of duck hunts he had made in Ohio. I slept so soundly I didn't even hear the coyotes.


"I hope you don't mind. I mislaid my strop"
REAMER KELLER

Dawn was just beginning to lighten the east when he roused me and we went half a mile on foot, to a high point of land that extended out into the lake. We lay in the tall grass nearly an hour, scarcely saying a word. Then a flock of perhaps twenty geese swam in close, their dark heads and white throat-patches plainly visible. The sun was just lifting above the horizon. Father gave the signal and we both stood up, and the geese rose from the water with a roar and a splashing of wings. I fired both barrels of my gun, and Father's gun bellowed twice. Two geese fell about thirty yards out, and I waded out in the shallow water and got them.

I was so excited over the geese I scarcely noticed Father as we started back to the wagon. He lagged behind,

Replace with a DELCO BATTERY

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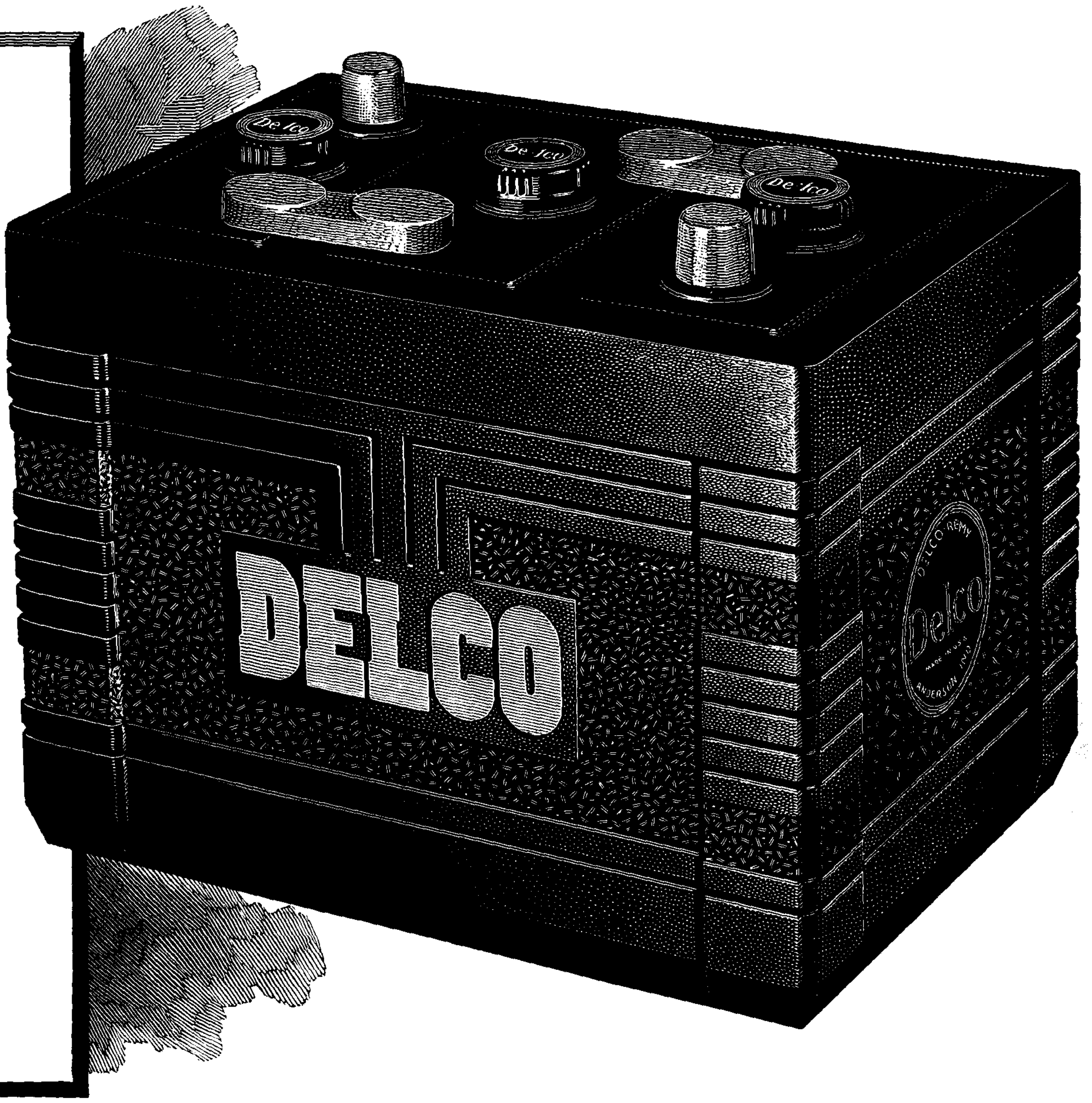

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STIFF BEARDS go quickly limp in Ingram's active lather. And while your razor breezes through your beard, you keep feeling that bracing, fresh-as-rain Ingram's KICK. But, Ingram's real four-star feature is its comforting after-effect. It helps relieve shaving stings, smarts and irritations. Long after you've finished shaving, your skin feels superbly soothed... superbly COOL.

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A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

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Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

and when I looked back he was leaning on his gun, coughing. He leaned there a long time. I put the birds down and started back to him, but he waved me away and came on. At the wagon he sat down carefully, choked back a cough and lay down, one arm over his face.

"I'll rest a while," he said. "That last shot of mine—I didn't have the gun clear up to my shoulder. It kicked me, in the ribs. . . . I'll be all right pretty soon." His face was deeply flushed.

But he wasn't all right. I made a pallet of the blankets in the shade of the wagon and helped him onto it. He asked for his medicine kit and chose drugs from the phials which he mixed in a tin cup of water I brought.

TOWARD sunset I asked him if I mightn't hitch the team and help him into the wagon and drive back to town. He said: "No. I'm feeling better. I'll be all right tomorrow."

I ate fried goose breast and drank coffee, and darkness came. I sat beside Father and watched the stars and listened to the horses grazing. I had never been so completely alone. Father put out a hand and I felt its fever.

"Malcolm," he said, "do you remember when you were afraid of the night? A reasonable fear, after all, because night is the end of day, and small children don't take things for granted—they don't *know* that day follows night, because they've never stayed up all night to see. So we stayed up all night, just you and I; and after that you weren't afraid. Remember?"

I remembered.

"Death," he went on, "is a good deal like night. It's the time when a weary body goes to sleep. A body that's done it's work."

He was silent a long time. I had a big lump in my throat. I was afraid, and I didn't know what I was afraid of.

"Some day," Father said more softly, "I'm going to die. We all die, eventually. But that doesn't mean I'm going to leave you. Not really, Malcolm. You just won't get any more letters from me every other week. You won't see me every fall, as you've been doing. But you'll remember, and maybe just remembering will help, sometimes. Help you to be true to yourself, regardless of what anyone says or thinks. That's the important thing, son."

"Yes, Father."

He squeezed my hand. After that I thought he had gone to sleep. I sat there, waiting, thinking, wondering. Now I knew what I had been afraid of. Death is a terrifying presence for a boy. Like the childhood night, it is the unknown. I wanted to hug myself to Father and have him tell me in his calm, confident voice that he wasn't going to die. I tightened up until my very breath hurt my throat. And then—I may have imagined it—I felt his hand tighten on mine. And again the night was full of stars. My breath came easily. . . . It was later, how much later I don't know because I had dozed off, when they awakened me with their high-pitched, wavering cries. I was instantly awake. And they were close at hand, and seemingly without number. *Echoing*, wailing cries.

I was terrified. I clutched the hot hand still there in mine; I could not even speak. But Father's voice sounded as though he had been awake all the time. "Coyotes, Malcolm," he said. "Just cowardly coyotes. Most cowards make a lot of noise."

His fever was lower the next morning, but still he remained there on the pallet.

He was cheerful that evening. He talked about his father, whom I had never known. His father was a farmer, with a farm that bordered on the Susquehanna River. "I wish you had known him," Father said. "He swam the Susquehanna once, in flood, to save a darky boy. Folks said he was a fool to do it, but he saved the boy's life."

We were still talking, and it was perhaps nine o'clock, when the sound of a galloping horse silenced us both. There was a halloo and the Mexican sheepherder rode up. He shouted his message at the top of his voice. The boss was sick at the big ranch house. He was going to die.

"You mean Andy Oliver?" Father asked.

"*Sí!* Señor Andy. He's going to die!"

Father told the Mexican to dismount and show him where the pain was. Then Father turned to me and said, "Get the team hitched up, Malcolm. It's appendicitis."

The Mexican and I put the blankets in the wagon and helped Father in. He lay in the back and I drove, following the herder. Father kept urging me to drive faster, but the road was rough. Finally we turned in at the ranch house we had seen on the way to the lakes, and I helped Father out of the wagon. He leaned on me until we got to the door, then walked alone. Only when I got in the house did I realize that the man we had come to help was the one who had threatened to kill Father three days before.

Andy lay choking with pain in a dirty tangle of blankets on an iron bed. Father probed his side, and took his pulse. Then he said to me, "I'm afraid it has already burst. We'll have to operate."

There were only two herders, both Mexicans, to help. Father told them to clear the big kitchen table and bring it into the living room, then to set water to boil on the kitchen stove. He sent them for blankets and pillowcases—there wasn't a sheet in the house. Father put his instruments in the water to boil sterile. He set a can of ether on the table and turned to me with an appraising look. Then he ripped the pillowcases into squares and rolled them up for sponges, and he made an ether cone out of one square.

HE SENT the Mexicans for all the lamps in the house, and tables or boxes to set them on, and he mixed antiseptic and scrubbed his hands, watching me and saying he should have rubber gloves. He made me scrub my hands, as he had done, and told the Mexicans to strip the clothes off the stricken Andy. Andy screamed with pain and anger. Father said to me, "You're going to be my anesthetist. Get that chair over there and put it at the end of the table. . . . Now scrub your hands again."

He brought the boiling pot of instruments into the room, unrolled sterile gauze and laid them out on it. He motioned for Andy to be brought to the blanket-covered table and the blanket drawn up over his legs. Then he scrubbed the belly with alcohol and painted it with iodine. Andy opened his eyes and saw Father standing over him. He cursed wildly, tried to roll off the table, then writhed in pain again.

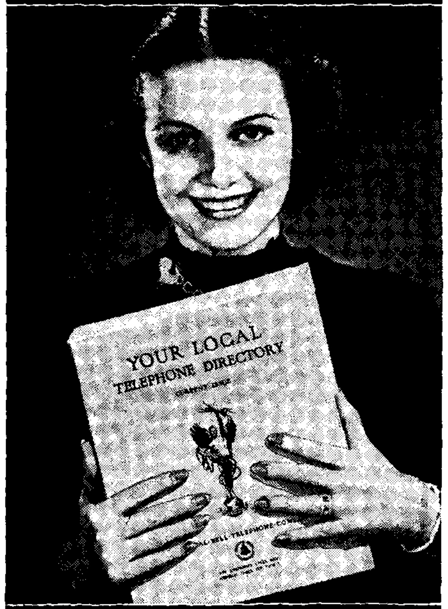
"Hold his arms," Father ordered the two herders. Wide-eyed, they obeyed. Andy caught his breath again and screamed, "You killed Luke! You let him die! Damn you, I'll—"

"Hold him," Father said, calmly; and Andy sank back, weak with pain. Father told me how to arrange the makeshift ether cone.

"Malcolm," he said, "this is a man's job. You can do it. I know you can. There's not a thing to be afraid of. You'll just tip the can and drip the ether, as I tell you. Watch my finger. When we're ready, I'll go to work. Remember, it's work. Just work. We're going to save a life. That's a surgeon's job—to save lives. . . . Start dripping the ether."

I looked at his face. Father was

"I GUESS
I can find it"



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flushed. His eyes were glittery. I began dripping the ether. Father tolled off the drops with his forefinger, lifting his hand, letting it fall, lifting it. Andy gagged beneath the cone and struggled, but the Mexicans held his arms firmly. The ether odor made me feel sick, but I watched Father's eyes and they lifted me out of it. I couldn't fail him.

Again he scrubbed his hands. At his order, I pulled back one of Andy's eyelids, and Father looked at the eyeball. He nodded approvingly and tolled the drops again. Then Andy relaxed and his breathing came slowly and easily. Father picked up his knife and smiled at me approvingly. He pulled the skin taut with his left hand and made the first cut. The flesh did not even flinch.

If I had not known then, I would know now what a masterly job he did. His hands were swift, precise. When he was finished, ready to close the incision, he motioned for me to take away the cone and close the ether. "You can get a breath of air, if you want to," he said. "We're nearly through, now."

I wanted desperately to go, but I shook my head. It was *our* job, he had said.

Fifteen minutes later Andy was back on the bed, swathed in blankets, the packs and gauze drains arranged around the wound. Father straightened up and looked at me, and his face was as gray as his hair. I realized that only six hours before he had been too ill to stand on his own feet. He put his hand on my shoulder and led me to the door. We stepped outside and the cool night almost made me gasp.

"We did a good job, Malcolm," Father said. "A good job. I'm proud of you." He hugged me, and I sobbed.

We stayed until Andy came out of the ether. He was very sick. Father directed Manuel and the other herder in caring for him. That done, he turned to me and said, "Get the team." I saw in his eyes that he must get to town quickly. I got the rig and helped him into the blankets in the back. "Drive fast," he said. It was almost dawn.

THE men at the hotel carried him to his room. For two days he lay there. But he didn't die. He was sitting up again on the fourth day, and by the end of the week he said he was well. I didn't know that he was living on his nerve.

We went over to his office again, and he sat in his desk chair and told me I must go back to Philadelphia, back to school. "Maybe next year," he said, "you can come out again. And then we'll really do something worth remembering. It was great having you this time. Don't know what I'd ever have done without you."

I felt, even then, that he was hurrying me away. . . .

We were on the station platform, and the train was in sight. Father took my hand in his, and again he looked at my fingers. "You're a man, Malcolm. A man. I'm proud of you. I wish I could—" He didn't finish the wish. "I'm glad you could come—now." His eyes were moist. Then he kissed me on the forehead, and I still remembered the feverish lips as the train pulled out. I saw him wave his handkerchief, then hold it to his mouth as a cough wracked him.

TWO weeks later I got a letter from him. A brief, gay letter, brighter than usual. Andy Oliver was up and around. Too tough for even a crude bunkhouse operation to kill. It was the anesthetist who did it. Father was feeling fine. Going to Denver in a day or two. . . . He was dead when I read his words. He died in Denver. Uncle Toland sent his chauffeur to get me at school. I sensed that it was something serious, but Crandall, the chauffeur, couldn't tell me. He took me directly to the bank and to Toland's office. Toland looked up from a letter he was dictating and dismissed his secretary. When we were alone he said, "I have bad news for you, Malcolm. Your father is dead." He handed me the telegram. When I had read it he said, "You may go home for the remainder of the day. Crandall will take you." Then he pushed the buzzer for his secretary.

We said no more about it, that evening or the next morning. It was as though nothing had happened, as far as Uncle Toland was concerned. He distrusted emotions, didn't know how to deal with them, so he avoided all emotional displays.

A WEEK later he called me into the library in the evening. He was a tall, gaunt man; and he knew only one way of speaking—directly, bluntly. He sat in his deep leather chair now, fingering his nose glasses. As he looked up at me I saw, for the first time, an almost appealing look in his eyes. Then it hardened into a glare. And I knew he did not hate me at all; he was simply baffled by a boy who was only half a Sanford.

"Malcolm," he said, "it is always painful when a person dies and leaves no estate. I have today received—"

He was using the same tone of voice he used in dictating letters to his secretary.

"I have today received from Colorado a package containing your father's effects. He left no cash, no other negotiable assets. He died virtually a pauper. Perhaps now you will understand why I have spoken of him as a foolish man who lacked the courage to make a success of his life." He leaned over and picked up from the floor, where I had not seen them, two shotguns and a worn medicine kit. He awkwardly stood the guns against the couch. He set the case on the table in front of him. "Your father's estate," he said, and he pursed his lips and sighed.

I picked up the nearest gun. It was the one I had used. Uncle Toland shrank back. "Put it down!" he exclaimed. He had probably never handled a gun in his life. I set it against the table and opened the bag, looked at the rack of phials, several of them half emptied; I recognized those phials. A faint odor of ether came to my nostrils, ether and iodine. Uncle Toland was talking again.

"What money you have," he said, "your mother left you. I have conserved it carefully. It will suffice for your education. When you are ready, I shall see that there is a place for you in the bank. You need not be a fool, and I hope you aren't a coward."

I was looking down at my hands, and I was seeing other hands with long, strong fingers—seeing those hands at work.

"Uncle Toland," I said, "I am not going to be a banker."

He sat there a moment, not comprehending. Then he cried in a high, angry voice, "You are *what?*"

"I'm not going to be a banker," I repeated. "I am going to be a surgeon." My hand was feeling in the bag, seeking the scalpel he had used that night. But I was watching Uncle Toland's eyes.

Bewilderment and confused anger dulled those eyes. They seemed to be darting about the room; yet they were fixed on me. And I knew that Father had been wrong, for Toland Sanford was not an ass; he was a man afraid of that which he could not understand, and he had no understanding of men who chose to walk by themselves.

But I also knew that Father had been right. I was a man. I should never again have to defer to Toland Sanford's wishes. . . . I had found the scalpel. It seemed to fit my fingers. It belonged there.

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"Seems like everybody's swinging to the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS. Can it be because the flavor is so super-wonderful? Just try 'em!"

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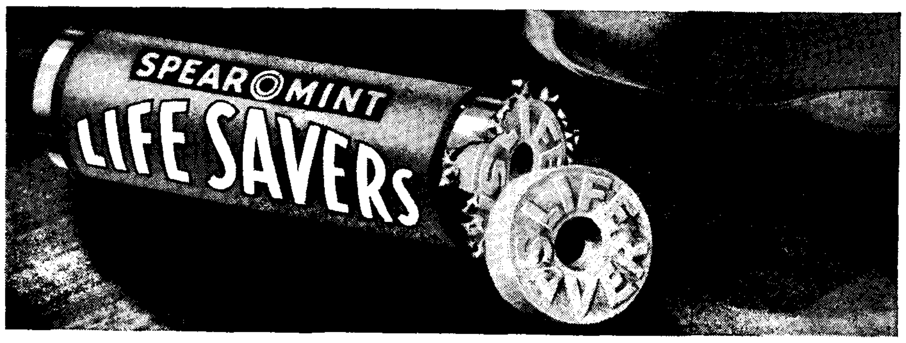

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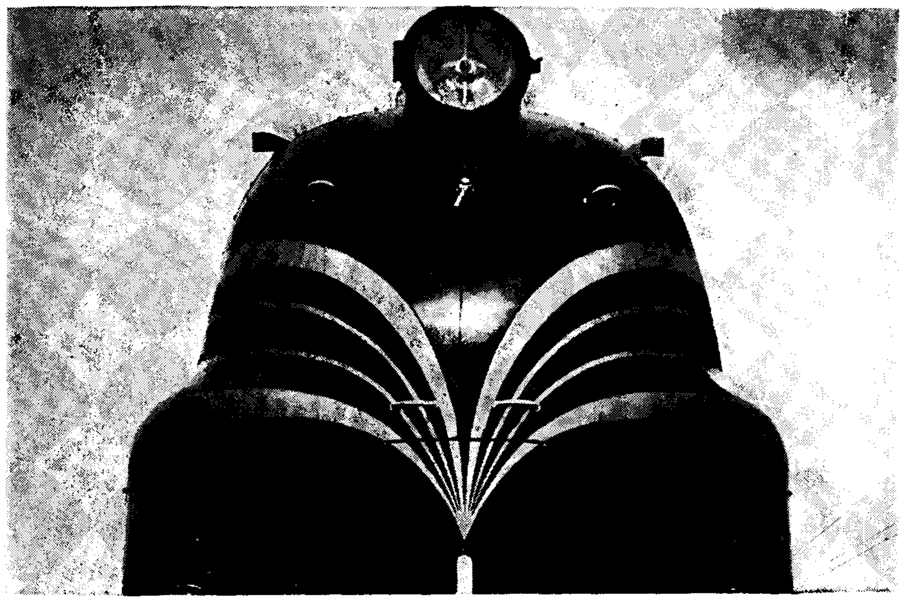

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Mexico Cuts Off Her Nose

Continued from page 17

country has lived on borrowed money and stolen wealth. But for foreign capital and enterprise she still would be living in the dark ages of the Toltecs and Aztecs—and perhaps her people would be happier that way.

The fact remains, however, that mines, ranches, farms, railroads, sisal plantations, ports and transportation systems, all were developed by foreigners, to the great financial benefit of the Mexican people as a whole. Sometimes the foreigners took too big a profit and often the development was accompanied by bribery and brutality, but in the long run living standards were raised for millions of Mexicans.

The Mexican always suffered—and still does—more from the plundering and botching of his own dictators, war lords and politicians than from exploitation by foreign enterprisers.

Vagabond Among Nations

It is a matter of record, for example, that when bandits some years ago demanded bribes to leave American oil property alone, the Mexican government and our own State Department advised oil men to pay. The average Mexican politician, according to the Mexicans themselves, goes through life with both hands out. With him, enlarged paws has become an occupational disease.

Modern Mexico is the result of foreign brains, capital and hard work. Mexican politicians—and some American sentimentalists—are always weeping about the "huge profits drained out of the country by foreign exploiters." The fact is that over a long period of years foreigners have kept for themselves less than six per cent of all the new wealth they have created in Mexico. In many cases, through revolution, confiscation or destruction, they have lost the things they created.

For years, until other nations lost confidence, Mexico borrowed to the hilt, and then thumbed her nose at her creditors. She sat by, taking the high wages the foreigners paid, taxing heavily the new wealth they created, putting every obstacle she could think of in the way of reasonable rewards—only to turn around when something useful had been built—a farm, a ranch, a railroad, an oil field—and seize it on some pretext or other.

That is Mexican history in a few frank phrases.

How much the "expropriated" American oil properties were worth—*were*, not *are*—is a matter of dispute. Mexican accountants figure it down around $200,000,000. American estimates run up to half a billion. Under Mexican labor administration and management the value is steadily dropping.

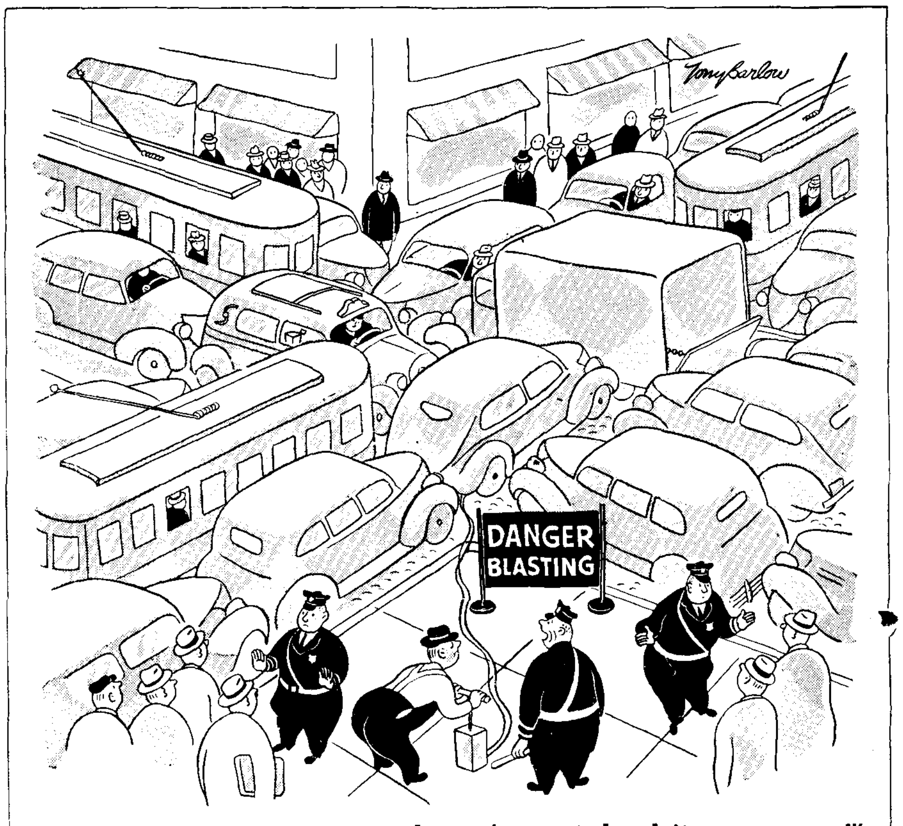
"Settlements" of the controversy are announced from time to time—one as late as September 28th of this year. But nothing ever happens and oil men, both in Mexico and in home offices, are pessimistic.

"I'll believe the thing's settled," a leading oil figure still in Mexico City told Collier's, "either when we have Mexico's check cashed and the money in the bank, or when we get our properties back. Not before."

President Cardenas has not said in so many words that his country will pay. What he has said is that "Mexico knows how to honor her obligations."

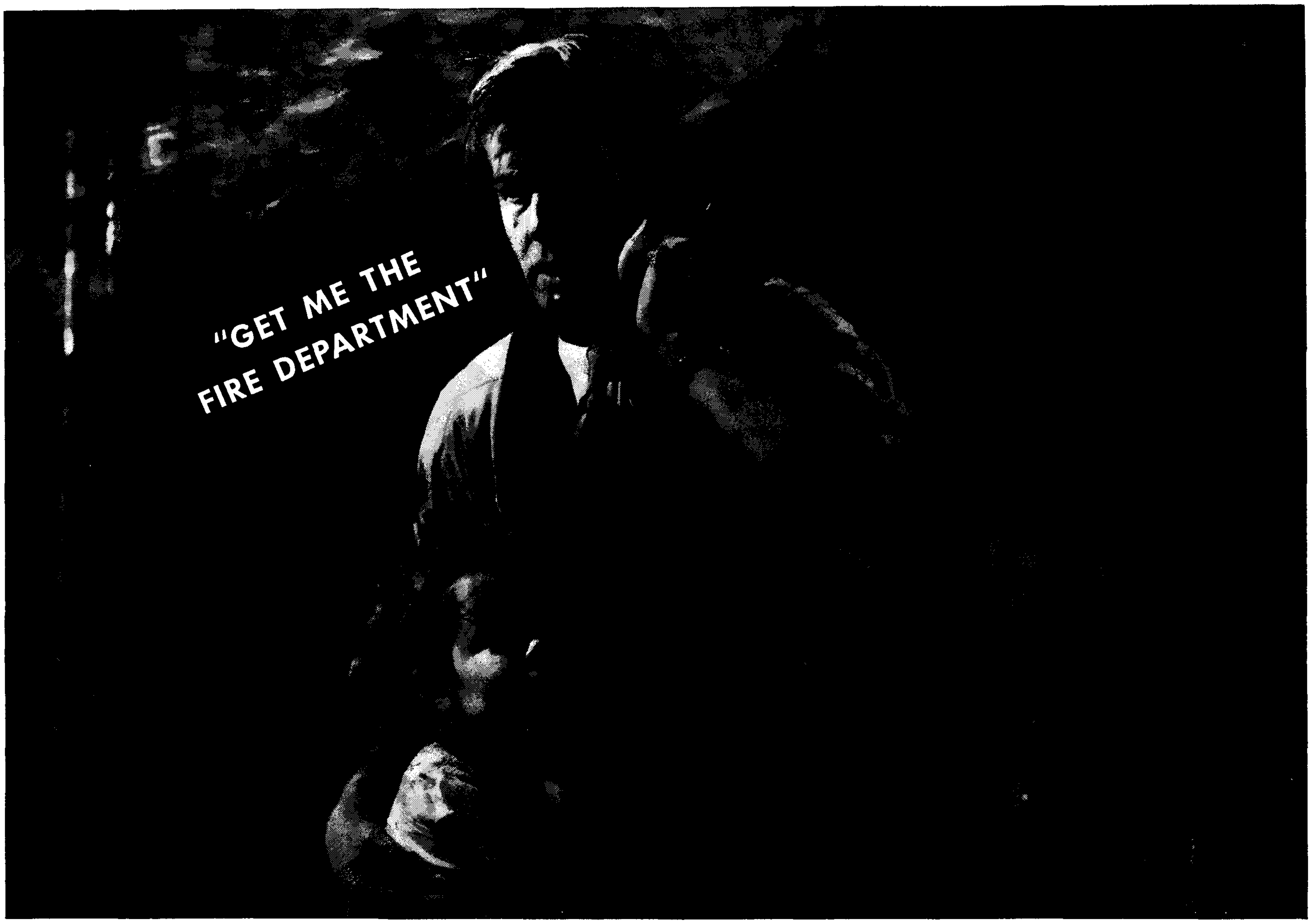
You may get an idea how Mexico honors her obligations by a glance at her financial position. Her defaulted internal and external debt totals 2,700,000,000 pesos, plus about fifty per cent in unpaid interest. If you are foolish enough, you can buy yourself a $1,000 Mexican bond in New York for a dollar or two.

But no matter what Mexico finally decides to do—outside of doing nothing—she will find herself in a Grade A quandary. Figure the value of the seized properties at $300,000,000, for the sake of argument. Mexico's population is one sixth of ours and her per capita wealth far lower. Asking the Mexican people, already debt-burdened, to raise $300,000,000 would be like asking



"It's going to make a nasty mess—but we've got to break it up some way!"

TONY BARLOW



Count on your telephone *in a pinch*

A smell of smoke, a burst of flame—and instinctively you rush to your telephone for help.

Bell Telephone service is reliable for two reasons. The people who provide it are capable. The equipment is well made. This is Western Electric's responsibility.

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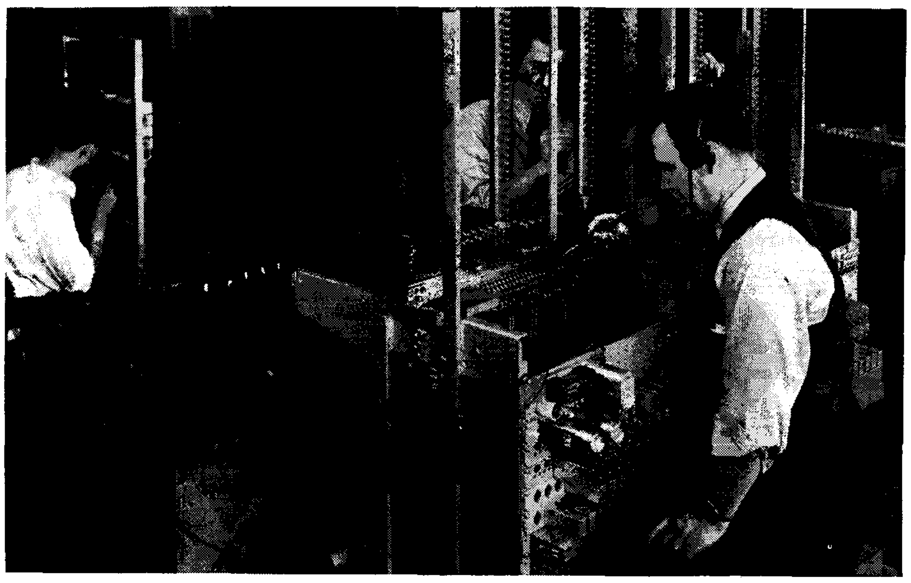


Count on a Bell Telephone switchboard too, and all the rest of the complex apparatus. Here is shown one of hundreds of inspections which Western Electric makes.

Western Electric *. . . made your* **BELL TELEPHONE**

Americans to hand over around four billion dollars.

Mexico just couldn't do it; and if her government tried, there would be another revolution. She can't borrow the money anywhere. She can't sell oil for cash, she is restricted to perilous barter deals with a few countries. There remains the course of giving back the depreciated and broken-down properties. No Mexican government could do that and exist. It just couldn't find any face-saving formula to fit the case.

There is one possibility: Oil companies could, and probably would, be able to better wages and working conditions imposed by the Cardenas government; and by efficient operation once more increase production and so boost employment. Living costs are rising fast in Mexico—and if the economic pressure gets heavy enough, labor might decide that the substance of higher wages is preferable to the shadow of a political ideal.

Not Too Hopeful

Mexico's barter deals haven't been altogether successful. She had three: With Japan for foodstuffs; with Germany for trucks and machinery; with Italy for tankers and perhaps rayon. Japan took a few tanker loads of oil, found she could get better oil cheaper *on the American west coast, and quietly* faded from the picture.

The German deal was far enough along when war started that Germany had some oil and Mexico had 19,000,000 marks' worth of goods coming. She *still* has them coming—if Germany happens to remember it and if there is a Germany after the war.

The Italian deal is an exchange of 3,000,000 barrels of crude for three 10,500-ton tankers, to be built at Trieste. The first tanker is to be delivered in January, 1940—if Italy doesn't get into war. Mexico is selling the oil at eighty-three cents a barrel and probably taking a loss. Oil men say she'd have to get around $1.05 to break even. Some sort of rayon deal also is on the fire; a similar one with Japan broke down.

So the future doesn't look hopeful. The German market is dead for some time. When Mexico gets her three tankers no one knows what she can do with them, most nations preferring to ship in their own bottoms. An attempt is being made to find a new market in Brazil, but this will take time to develop, because refineries will have to be built there to handle the crude.

It's worth while having a look at the Mexican setup. There are two legends about the country: that it is potentially very rich, and that since the last revolution all the big haciendas have been taken away from their owners, split up and given to the peasants. Neither of these legends is true.

Mexico is mainly mountains, deserts and jungles. It has, for centuries, produced metals in large quantities, but it is not rich agriculturally—and its people are agriculturists and not industrialists.

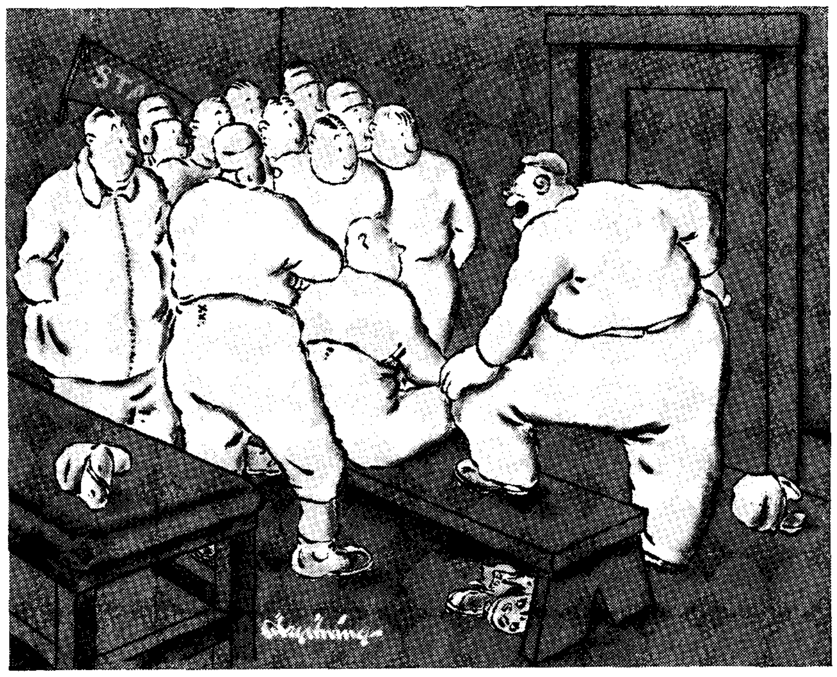
When the great haciendas were broken up some of the Indian peons got land, but not many. By far the greater majority got merely the right to work, communally, as much land as they needed to support themselves.

The Indian lives from day to day and grows just what food he needs and no more. When he worked for a landlord, the landlord saw that the land produced a surplus and so urban Mexico ate Mexican-produced food. Today, the land produces merely enough food for the peasants and so huge tonnages of beans and flour must be imported. Since imports are expensive, urban workers must be kept quiet by government subsidies to keep prices down. Despite this, the *all-powerful unions complain bitterly* about high food costs and, through their political leaders, run continuous campaigns exhorting the peasants to produce more.

The peasant yawns and sits motionless in the hot shade. The habit of centuries is too strong to change.

There are two main labor bodies in Mexico: The CTM—Confederacion de Trabajadores de Mexico; and the CROM—Confederacion Regional Obreras Mexicana. *Trabajador* and *obrera* mean the same thing—workman. The CTM is radical and frequently booned by the smiles of Mr. John L. Lewis. The CROM gets the nod from Mr. William Green; it is affiliated with the AFL. Both unions are full of internal dissension. Most of the oil workers are lined up with the CTM, which is frankly Communist.

The unions in turn control the PRM—Partido Revolucion Mexicana—which is the official and almost only political party. Party candidates usually have things their own way, because the party



"Y'unnerstand, of course, genn'lmen, we gotta guard against concentratin' too intensively on football t' th' exclusion o' th' scholastic aspec's of th' univoisity's c'riculum. . . ."

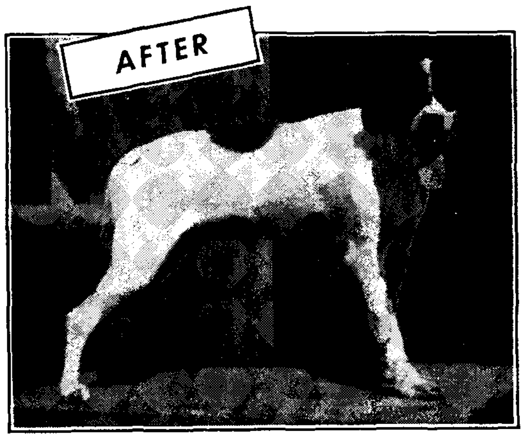
JAY IRVING

"Savior of 100,000 Dogs a Year"*

DR. J. W. PATTON, B. S. A., M. Sc., D. V. M., EXPLAINS VITAL NEED OF VITAMIN B₁ IN DOG DIET

DR. J. W. PATTON

Advanced symptoms due to vitamin B₁ deficiency as shown in dog No. 61 above are: nervousness, fear, extreme timidity, desire to hide or crawl under things, abnormal appetite, desire to chew or eat foreign matter, nervous barking and even convulsive howling and running. Below, dog No. 61 in normal health 48 hours after getting 500 units of pure vitamin B₁. Photos courtesy Dr. J. W. Patton.



WHY must over 100,000 nervously malnourished dogs die annually—often in convulsions? For years this problem puzzled veterinarians. Now Dr. Patton is being acclaimed the world over for finding the way to save these pets. In his work with hundreds of dogs he found the same nervous conditions inevitably followed when dogs' food lacked vitamin B₁. And in experiment after experiment he was able to restore animals in pathetic condition with doses of pure vitamin B₁ only. Recovery was amazingly speedy—often in 48 hours. Dog No. 61 in top picture shows what happened when vitamin B₁ was lacking in diet—and the picture below shows the recovery obtained by Dr. Patton in less than two days when vitamin B₁ was given. And this recovery was later maintained when the dog was switched to a food adequate in vitamin B₁.

ACTUAL TESTS PROVE YOUR DOG GETS VITAMIN B₁ BONUS IN SUPER KEN-L-RATION

DON'T worry about your dog getting sick or run-down from vitamin B₁ deficiency. Feed the food that has an *extra* safeguard against such conditions. Super Ken-L-Ration. In recent scientific tests it was conclusively proved that Ken-L-Ration gives dogs a *surplus* of this vitamin—beyond normal requirements. Thus, with Ken-L-Ration you're on the safe side!

Besides this extra B₁ value, super Ken-L-Ration is truly a complete food. Hundreds of dogs were maintained in highest health, *month after month*, on Ken-L-Ration alone. It supplies all six vitamins dogs need—far above average in good, lean meat (not scraps and wastes), plus vegetables and cereals.

If you are in doubt about your dog's health have your veterinarian check up. And keep your dog in sound health yourself by seeing that he gets super Ken-L-Ration daily—the food that guarantees a *bonus* of important vitamin B₁. You'll feel so much safer—and your dog will thrive so wonderfully. Yet Ken-L-Ration costs no more. Get it at your grocer's today.

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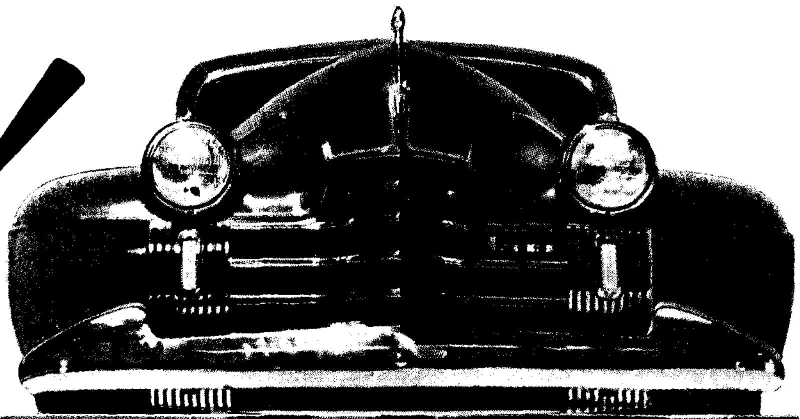
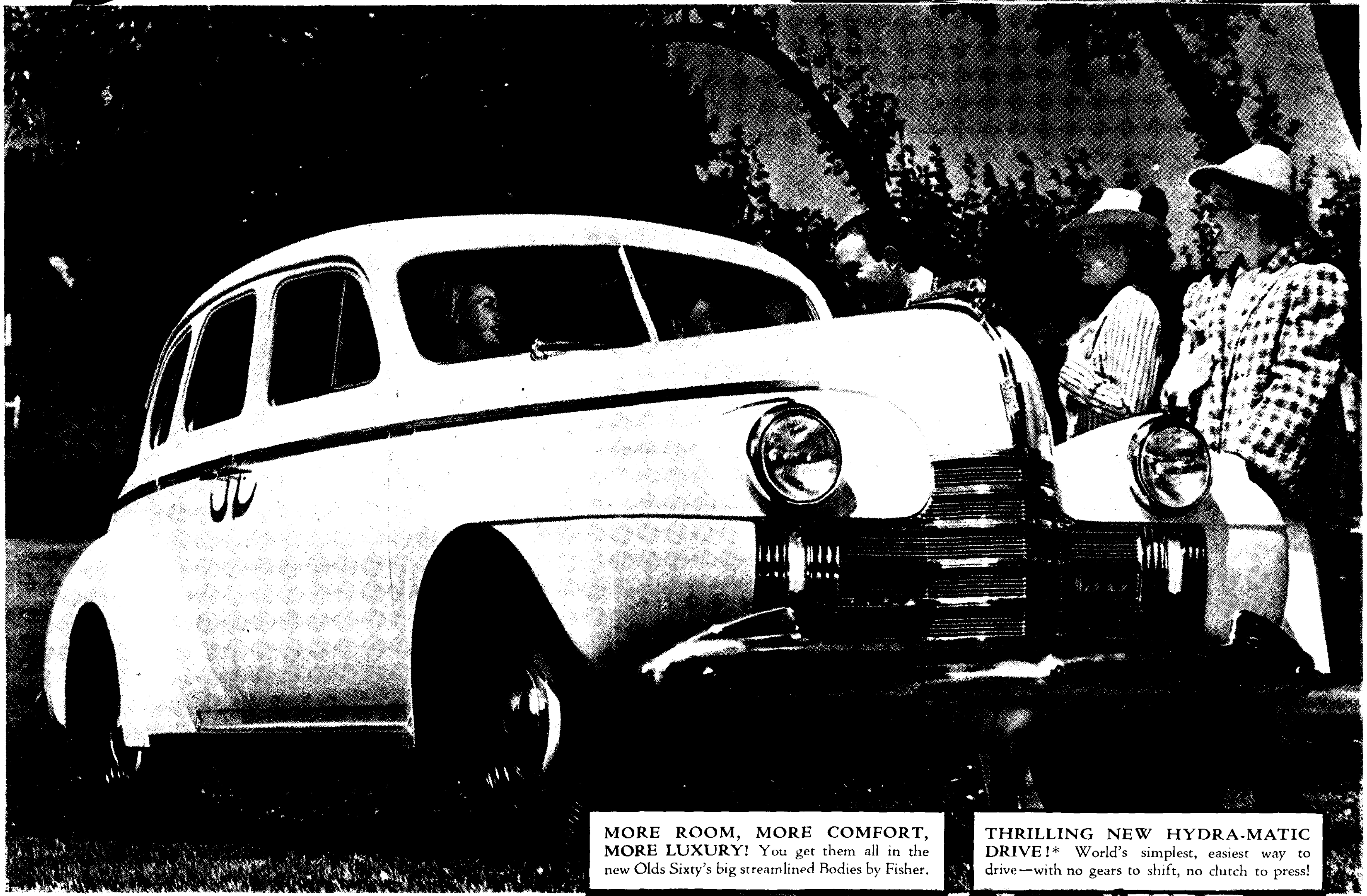
The Balanced Dog Food

*See TIME *Magazine, June 5*

BIGGER AND BETTER IN *Everything!*





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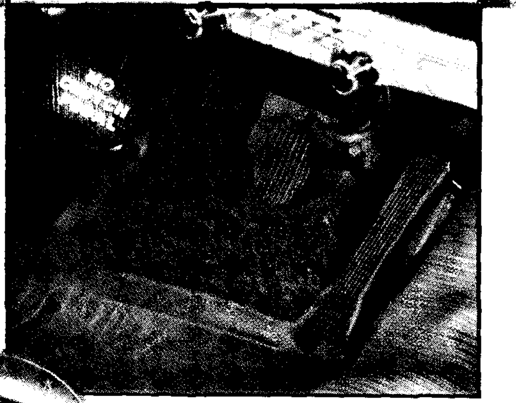

BIGGER in size, roominess, power better in looks, comfort, economy—that's a nutshell description of the brilliant new Olds Sixty that's taking America by storm. And the Sixty is but one of the bigger and better Oldsmobiles for 1940! The popular Olds Seventy, in its impressive new edition, is longer, smarter and finer than ever. While in the eight-cylinder field, Oldsmobile introduces the great new Custom "8" Cruiser—a longer, lower, wider car that's de luxe from bumper to bumper. See and try these stunning new Oldsmobiles. They're bigger and better in *everything*—and priced for *everybody!*

*Optional at extra cost on all 1940 models.

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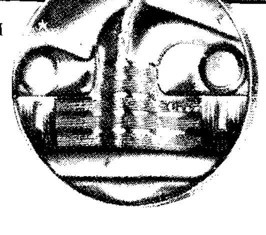

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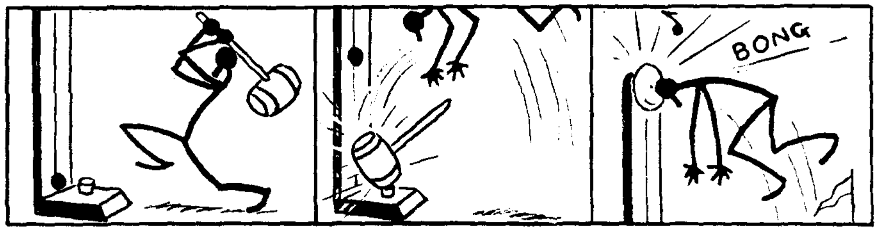
controls the election machinery. In theory, the workers and peasants control the unions; actually they are led around pretty much by their bosses and political leaders.

Meeting on November 15th in Mexico City the PRM nominated General Manuel Avila-Camacho as its candidate, practically on orders from President Cardenas. Betting in Mexico City foreign circles is that Avila-Camacho can't lose—but a great many Mexicans are outspoken against him, often on the ground they don't want any hand-picked candidate. After the party nominations, several independent candidates were to be named by small, temporary parties, but their strength will be split, while the general's will be solid. The election takes place in July, 1940, and the new president takes office near the end of the year. A Mexican president serves one six-year term and can't run again—until he's been out six years.

There is nothing much in common between Cardenas and Avila-Camacho, except perhaps ideas. Cardenas comes from the little village of Ixmilquilpan in Michoacán State—Michigan to all the tourists. He is a Tarascan Indian, the Tarascans being the one tribe that held out against the benign cultural methods of Cortez. His father was a butcher and meat dealer and young Cardenas got his start selling fried meat, peppers and vegetables, wrapped in soggy tortillas, on the village street. Local legend is that his generous nature filled the tortillas so full that the lad amassed a small fortune and corralled the fried meat trade of the place.

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

So he went onward and upward, through the army, to become a general and governor of the state. He still has a magnificent home facing the lake near Patzcuaro. Since he became president he has acquired another fine estate on a hillside near Cuernavaca.

Everything to Impress Voters

Cardenas lives rather simply with his second wife and their small son, named Cuautemoc, after the Aztec hero. He is driven around in a '36 car, obeys all the traffic laws and ambles along without benefit of sirens or motorcycle cops. His whole life is slanted to impress the voters with his simplicity and oneness with the lowly.

Everywhere in Mexico—including boxcars—you see the name plastered in paint—Avila-Camacho. Vivé Avila-Camacho! He is a rather flamboyant sort of person—a Spanish *criollo*—or, as we say, creole. His people were wealthy landowners in the state of Puebla, of which he was governor. He, too, was an army general and resigned from the job of war secretary to become the Cardenas candidate. He says a great many words that may be interpreted in a great many ways.

It seems a fair estimate that Avila-Camacho senses the ground swell of rebellion in labor ranks and wants to keep himself in a position to jump either way, according to developments. Like Cardenas, he maintains the position that what happens to foreign concerns in Mexico is of no concern to any nation but the Mexican.

This situation stems from the so-called Calvo Clause, which appears on the stock certificates of all Mexican companies—and most American and British oil concerns are Mexican corporations. The clause, stripped of legal wordage, says that the stockholder, in accepting the stock, agrees not to appeal to any foreign government for redress of any wrongs committed against the concern. This, both Cardenas and Avila-Camacho assert, blocks the oil companies from any appeal to London or Washington.

It seems a settled rule of international law, however, that the clause is meaningless and that no stockholder has any right to sign away his right to appeal to his home government. But since Mexico won't accept this view, the row goes on.

And it's still going on. . . . In 1934 an American oil concern, at the request of Cardenas, lent the Mexican government $3,000,000. It was to be repaid in monthly installments of $75,000, in the form of certificates to be applied against taxes. But this fall the government decided not to accept certificates and demanded cash. If the cash isn't paid, the government threatens to "expropriate" the private property of the few employees the concern still has in Mexico City.

Ambassador Josephus B. Daniels is a trifle handicapped in his negotiations with the Cardenas government because of his lack of knowledge of Spanish. He sometimes attends meetings at which the Colossus of the North is roundly bawled out in thrilling Castilian. Mr. Daniels, being polite, always applauds these passages with great vigor.

As you drive back up Highway 1 toward Laredo, the stolen gas and oil working not so well, you get to figuring that maybe the oil grab isn't just an isolated incident, but part of something a lot bigger. You remember that two years before Mexico "expropriated" the oil properties Bolivia did the same thing to one great American concern—and got away with it. We didn't even make a protest for two years.

Danger of the present situation is that, if Mexico gets away with her steal, other Latin-American nations may be tempted to follow suit. There are radical and communistic factions in all countries south of the Rio Grande, only too ready to seize foreign properties the minute they realize the United States will not insist firmly on restitution or indemnity.

So you see, it's quite a big thing, really, this Mexican oil grab. It's going to set a precedent, one way or the other.

And so you roll up to the border and check your car across through immigration and customs, telling the men no, you haven't any Mexican plants or seeds and whistling My Country, 'Tis of Thee! And you say to the lanky customs man: "What d'you think's going to happen, down there?"

And he says: "Well, mister, about Mexico, I'll tell you how I figure it out: You just put down all the facts you know and then you study out logically what ought to happen. . . .

"And then, you just bet a thousand to one it won't happen that way."

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KODAK SUPER-XX PANCHROMATIC FILM
KODAK SUPER-XX PANCHROMATIC HIGH SPEED FILM

It So Happens

Continued from page 14

"I got an order today to draw teeth," Melinda said, taking the plates. "I feel like a dentist. I'm to do two pictures, one of decay, one of perfection, with a scarlet line of danger near the gums. It's fascinating."

Hugh tasted the gumbo with a lack-luster tongue while Melinda talked and ate with customary enthusiasm.

"You look so drab, my sweet," she said suddenly. "Are you anemic?"

Anemic. It was the *mot juste* for his life, and Hugh put down his spoon. All that he had been thinking the night before crowded into his throat. Ten days ago had been the Windlasses' party, and then, for five hours, he had held beauty and love in the palm of his hand; he had only to seize them. But the long habits of lack of courage and no initiative had cheated him of them. The same pin-striped pattern of the store, Melinda's dinners, his own unmemorable misery, continued to overlay all that might be, that now had been glimpsed in the golden vision of Honey. He wanted to say all this to Melinda, and his thoughts searched for expression.

"I don't know," he said. "Life stinks."

Melinda rested her chin on one hand and gazed at him. "Poor darling," she said, "you agonize so. I'll get the salad."

The word "agony" recurred to Hugh, a little detestably but with such force, during the remainder of dinner and the silence that followed it, that finally, unable to bear it, he said:

"Oh, dear God!"

Melinda was curled up on the couch in a cotton dirndl. She looked like a child.

"Hugh, for crying out loud," she said, "do relax." She pointed her cigarette at him. "The trouble with you is that you agonize *too* much. Life seems to be made up of the agonists and the protagonists. . . ." She began to laugh. "I forgot the antagonists."

"The perfect one," said Hugh, "begins a remark, 'The trouble with you is' . . ."

It was unbearable. He strode into the kitchenette. There, staring at the dishes left from dinner, his distraught heart began to pump hard. Suddenly he struck his thigh.

"The hell with it," he said aloud.

He went back into the living room. Melinda smiled.

"That off-to-the-dentist walk," she said.

"I'm going to South America," Hugh said. "Saturday, probably. I'll have some fun, and Dlott can look after the store. I'm going nuts around here; what's the use? I need a change."

Melinda stared up at him with her clear, questioning eyes.

"You need a change," she said, like an echo. She disentangled her legs and walked to the window. She opened it, and rested her forehead against the glass. She didn't say anything.

"Have you got a headache?" Hugh asked shortly.

Melinda turned around. She nodded.

"Suddenly," she said. "But it's swell you're going to South America. I hope you have a beautiful time, darling."

IN BUENOS AIRES, the man behind the counter of the United Bank office waited patiently, his eyes on Honey, while Honey and Ramon Enchilada argued.

"But it would be *so* divine if your friend Cesar could come with us," Honey said, looking over her mail.

"It isn't Cesar, it's Guillaume, and he wants to go to Montevideo," Ramon Enchilada said, scowling blackly, and thumping the counter. "Oh, what difference does it make! We'll go to Montevideo, we'll have a beastly excursion with masses of people, anything at all to get out of this accursed city!"

"Darling, you can try a *second* ballet," Honey dropped her hand on his. He snatched his hand away and turned his back. Honey smiled at the man behind the counter.

"Make out tickets for Montevideo," she said. Then: "Oh, I've got a cable!"

Ramon Enchilada raised his eyebrows sourly as she read the cable aloud: "On my way all my love Hugh."

"Who is Hugh?" he asked.

Honey squeezed her eyes shut with the effort.

"If I could just remember . . ."

"Well, let's get going," Ramon Enchilada said briskly, still scowling. "I've got the tickets. You'd better leave some address."

"And have Uncle Vanya find out where I am? Never. He's been such a perfect heel," Honey said. "When I think of that boatful of *women!*" She crumpled the cable up and handed it to the man behind the counter. "Will you throw that away for me?" Her hand touched his as she smiled. "Thank you so much for everything. You've been divine."

The man behind the counter stood with the crumpled paper in his hand, his eyes on her, until the door closed behind them. Then, sighing, he tossed the paper ball into the wastebasket.

THE vibration on D deck was terrific, but Hugh enjoyed it because it meant that the big ship was driving furiously ahead. He leaned against the rail and stared out at the sharp-edged swells in the midday sunshine. His heart felt large and warm within him. My life is about to come true, he thought, and his stomach rose and sank with a qualm that was not seasickness but rapture.

At that moment Honey was raising a brandy-and-soda to her lips in the bar of a River Plate steamer, her eyes on Guillaume. Above, on deck, Ramon Enchilada was limply spread over a deck chair.

"Poor Ramon's poor stomach," Honey said softly, "but this is so marvelous. . . ."

Guillaume was the wonderful man who had taken her to the opening of Ramon Enchilada's ballet when the author had been too upset to go. That had been, after interminable days on the Verinthia and its female freight, Honey's first night in Buenos Aires. She had had a really *divine* time with Guillaume.

Her eyelashes fluttered and she looked away.

"Oh, but I'm afraid," she breathed, almost to herself.

"You need never be afraid with me, Honey," Guillaume whispered, "please don't be."

"But that's just it . . . with you," she touched the back of his hand with her finger tips and quickly withdrew them. Her thick lashes swept up. Her lips parted. "It's . . . oh, Guillaume . . . it's falling in love again . . . that frightens me. . . ."

Hugh stood at the counter of the United Bank office.

"If she's not in Buenos Aires, she must have left some address," he stated peremptorily to a clerk, and put his wet hat on the counter. "In a place this size there must be *someone* with some idea of where she is. Find him."

He waited twenty minutes while the man Honey had smiled at finished his coffee in the back room, and came forward. He talked to Hugh in a low voice.

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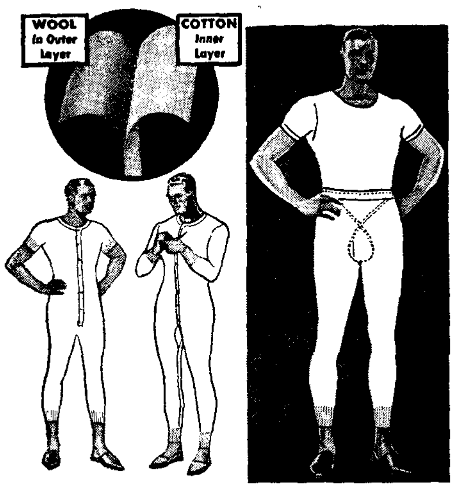

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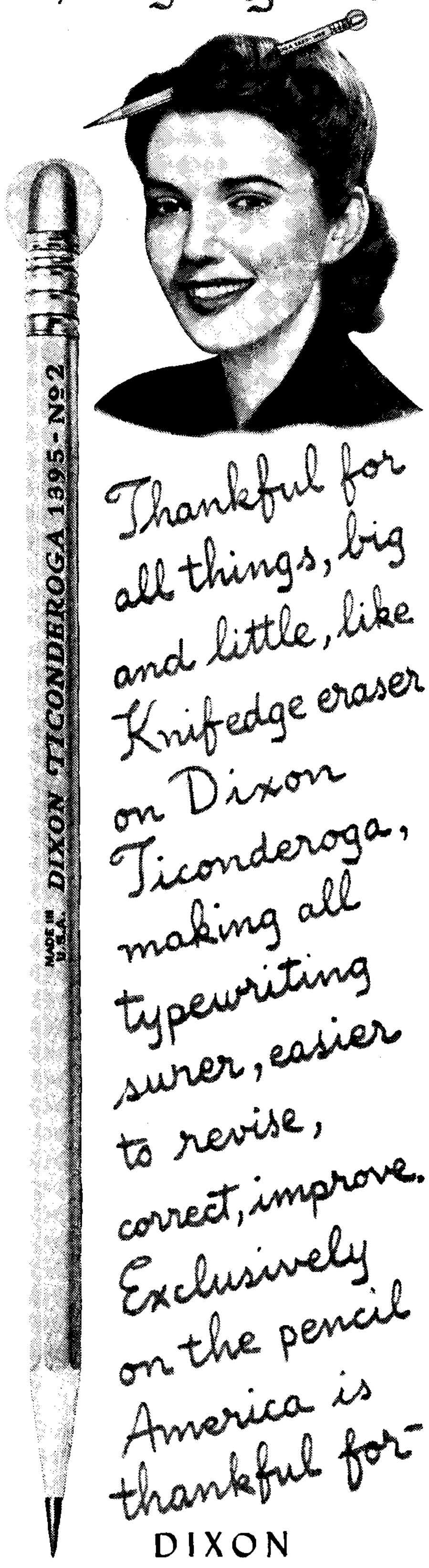

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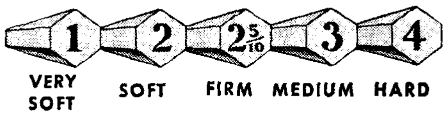

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"I feel it's divulging a confidence," he said, "when she specifically left no address. But the ticket was for Montevideo . . . though I shouldn't imagine she'd be looking for mail, the way she spoke to that gentleman about not wanting it."

Hugh's pipe clattered to the floor, and he bent to retrieve it.

"There was a gentleman with her?"

"That's right. Yes, Montevideo, it was, for I remember his saying he *would* go there. . . ."

"I see," Hugh said. "Could you tell me if she received a cable last Monday?"

The man behind the counter glanced at a calendar and nodded. With the fingers of his left hand he touched his right hand where Honey's hand had touched it.

"Yes, she did," he said dreamily. "She did, right enough. I disposed of it for her."

"Threw it away?"

"Yes, sir. That's right."

"I see." Hugh swallowed. "I see. Well, thank you very much."

HE SPENT five days waiting and it rained every day. His mind refused to face any issues, and his instinct was to bury himself in a bar, but responsibility to his better self took him instead on sodden excursions to points of interest.

For the first time in his life, he felt, he was, definitely, alone. It was not until the evening of the third day that he finally came to grips with what had thinly solaced his solitude, the dream that Honey had gone to Montevideo with relatives, having misunderstood his cable.

He looked up Ramon Enchilada in the telephone book. He called him. He was answered by a manservant who told him that Señor Enchilada had gone to the interior to study folk dances.

The following morning Hugh strode into the United Bank office:

"I want passage at once," he said, "the first boat sailing to New York."

The clerk thumbed a leaflet.

"We can book you tomorrow, if that will . . ."

"Very good," Hugh said crisply. "I'll call first thing in the morning for the ticket."

He had passed a sleepless night, but he felt grimly energized by what had developed in him during it. It was the determination to live his own life, at last. No more would he be a pawn in the lives of others, no more would Melinda summon him to dinners, no more would flirts at parties make him chase vainly to another continent. His life, to date so absurd and miserably dramatized, was now his own, a real thing to do with as he chose. What he chose at the moment was to buy some fine incunabula, a new hat, a good pair of shoes and return at once to his bookstore. Passing a store window, he added to these purchases, impulsively moved at the sight by a memory of her spicy dinners, a large stone crock of potted prawns for Melinda. The crock was heavy, but the contents looked crusted and rather foul, so he thought it would please her.

As he sped about busily that day, his jaw set in a newly aggressive line, he allowed himself occasional exciting respite with thoughts of the return trip. It would be something different—this trip. The first assertion of the new Hugh. There would be a beautiful girl, and dancing, and then outside in the dark, with the lights on the mastheads weaving slowly against the sky, and the sense of vastness binding them together. . . . And if he didn't like the beautiful girl, he would tell her so; and if he did like her . . . Any adventure now was his to seize, and he was free and ready and boldly resolved.

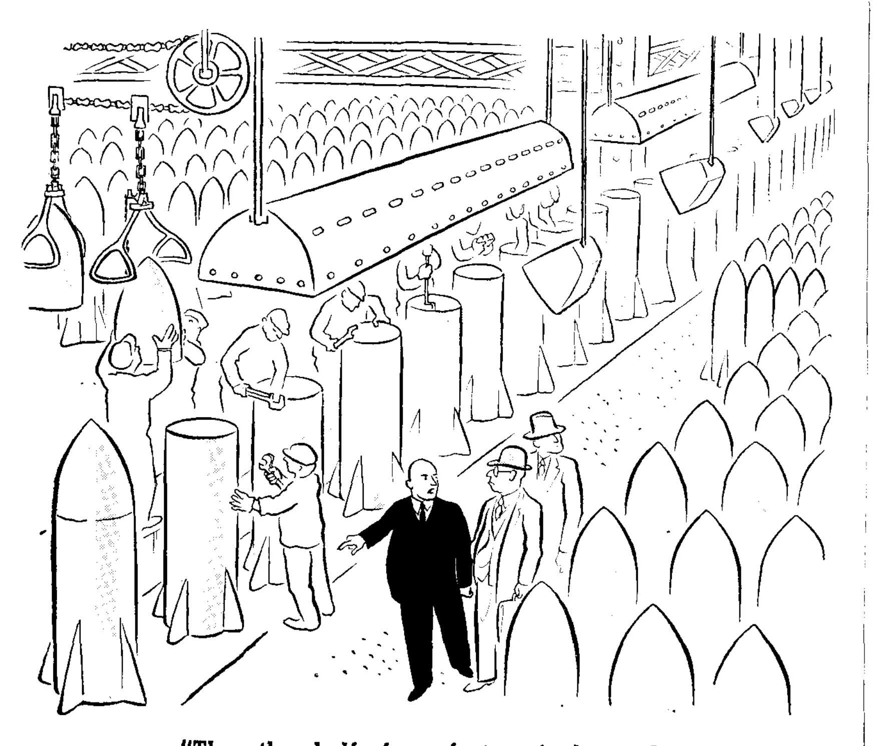
At three the next afternoon the boat sailed. He had three boxes of books, two suitcases, the stone crock, the new hat and his ticket. He spoke briskly to the porter who took his things, and to the man who examined his ticket on the dock. With his eyes alight, and his shoulders swinging spiritedly, he climbed aboard the ship, which was the Verinthia returning to New York with three hundred and forty-eight schoolteachers, two of them having remained to visit a while longer.

"YOU sound like a ghost," Melinda said on the telephone.

"I haven't been talking much lately," Hugh said, clearing his throat.

"Well, you did go away for a change," Melinda said. "But it's fine you're back, and so *soon*. You must have learned to express yourself." He could hear her laughing happily. "Come to dinner tonight, darling."

They didn't get around to eating dinner until half past eight because it took some time to drink the champagne. Hugh, after leaving the Verinthia that



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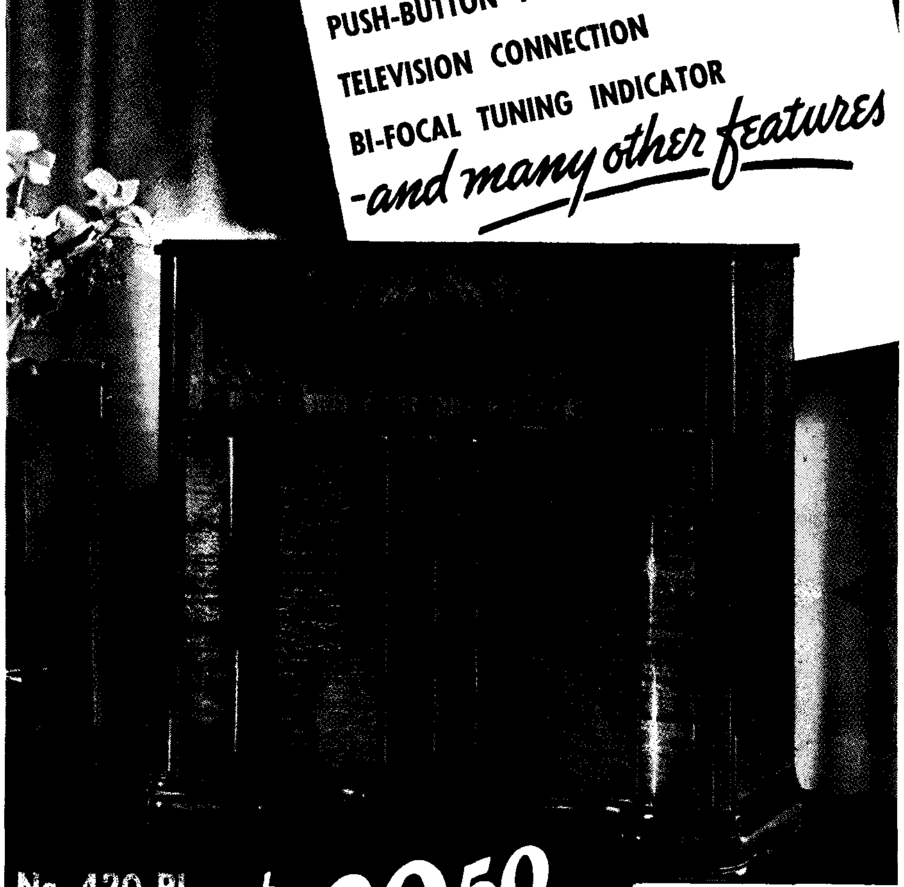

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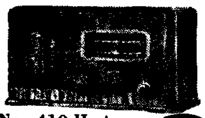

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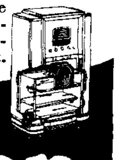

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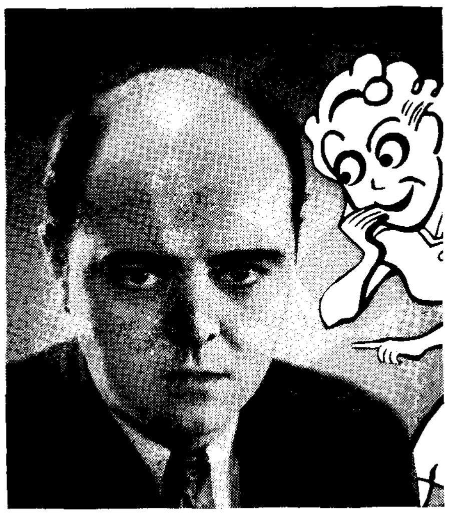

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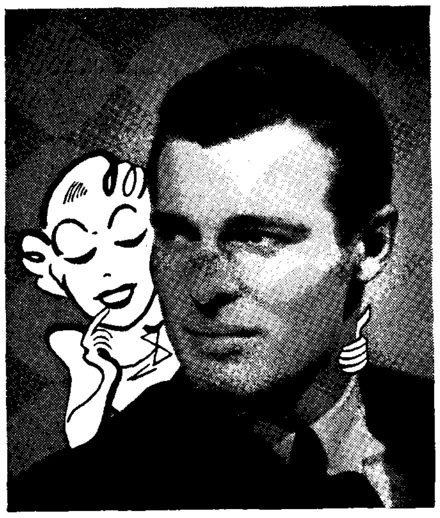

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NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

afternoon, had bought two bottles with an almost hysterical sense of the sky as the limit.

"We'll feel fierce tomorrow," Melinda said, as they raised their glasses, "but who cares? Champagne is the nuts. No *matter how ghastly the next* day is, you *do* have that festive feeling now. You look fat, my sweet."

The memory of his return voyage presented itself.

"All I did on the boat was eat," Hugh said.

"How sensible, and how *superior* to bring prawns."

Melinda looked at him with real approval, and Hugh was suddenly aware that there was something rather distinguished about a taste for exquisite food and *diners intimes*. He nodded, glanced about the living room and then allowed his eyes to return to Melinda. She had on her slacks and the mules, and there was a slightly drooping camellia in her dark hair over one ear. Hugh's eyes, resting on her, felt bewitched.

"Yes, it's me." Melinda waved her hand at him. "I suppose you can't see me for dust. That's the drawback of having no maid."

"You look beautiful," Hugh said.

"Aren't you sweet. Have a cigarette."

He pried his eyes away and picked up the cigarette box. It was empty. He filled it from his own package, feeling deeply protective, and at once resumed his staring at her. She was extraordinarily beautiful. It made him feel strangely confused. He cleared his throat.

"Melinda," he said, "Dlott told me how you dropped into the store so often *to see how things were going. That . . .* that was wonderful."

"Yes and no," Melinda said. "It was a little like looking at a still life. Now I have to put things on the stove. Fix up our drinks, like a lamb."

They were having champagne cocktails, but there was no lump sugar, so Hugh made them with the granulated sugar that Melinda kept in a small Italian honey jar. Keeping sugar in such a thing seemed somehow beautiful. He sprinkled bitters in tenderly.

When Melinda returned from the kitchenette she sat down on the couch beside Hugh. As she curled up her legs, her arm touched his.

"What are you jittering about, darling?" she asked.

That familiar indefinable smile was on her face. Staring at it, Hugh suddenly realized that it was not "superior;" it was infinitely and serenely ironic. To be serenely ironic, in his belief, was to have achieved perfection. He felt stunned, and rubbed the back of his neck with cold fingers.

"It's nice to be back," he said hoarsely.

"When you left," Melinda said, "you seemed to feel that the even tenor of your life had gone falsetto. Now it's gone bass, which is so cute."

She patted his arm and he jumped again.

"We'd better have dinner," she said; she rose, laughing, and looked down at him. "It's a marvelous dinner. Frogs' legs Provençal, and peas and salad, and the rest of the bubbly."

They began eating in a strong haze of garlic.

Sitting across the table from Melinda, it came upon Hugh like a stroke. Everything he had thought and wanted and imagined, all that had made the complex anguish of his life, fused suddenly, from what had stunned him a moment before, into one instantaneous knowledge. He pitched forward across the table with a convulsive cough. Melinda looked up.

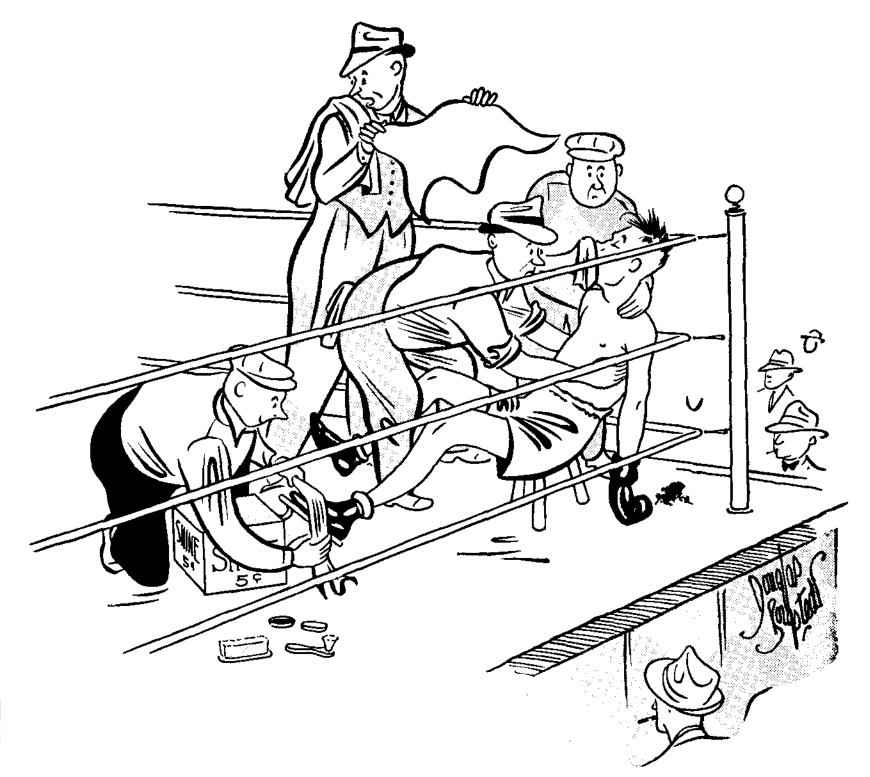
"Well, be *careful*," she said. "These bones are tiny, you could choke to death."

HUGH couldn't speak, choking on what had happened within him. He could only stare across the table at Melinda, his eyes bulging. Here was the beauty and the romance, and he had found it! "None so blind . . ." The phrase occurred to him and he put his hand to his forehead with a slap. This revelation was his own, his first reality, his first assertion. Wild-eyed with discovery, he grasped the table.

"Melinda!" His shout was a choked whisper. "You and I . . . we're going to get married!"

Melinda glanced up from the bone she was picking.

"Oh, well, certainly, that's understood, sweet," she said, licking her fingers and taking up another frog's leg. "But you're not eating these and you ought to. They're simply marvelous."



"For heaven's sake, Donovan, do something useful—!"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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Mobiloil Arctic makes Starting Easy without Sacrificing Engine Safety, Cleanliness, Economy after Warm-up!

IT'S RISKY BUSINESS to depend on winter oil that boasts easy starts alone. And here's the reason why:

Oil light enough for easy starting may not offer full safety after the warm-up. Intense engine heat may reduce it to almost water-thinness.

But you don't take chances with clean, tough Mobiloil Arctic. It's "double-range"—flows fast for easy starts, yet resists dangerous thinning.

That's why it gives Balanced Protection against heat as well as cold; resists wear, carbon, gum, sludge.

Change now to Mobiloil Arctic (SAE 20-20W), or Mobiloil Arctic Special (SAE 10-10W) if sub-zero weather is usual.

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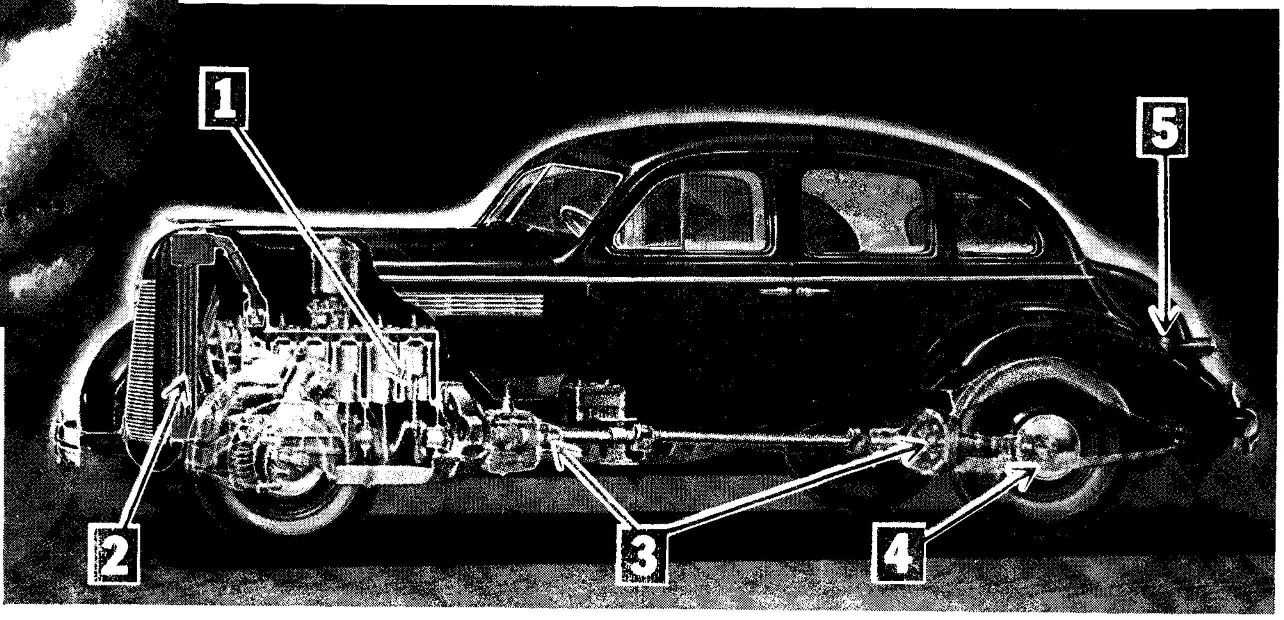

1 **ENGINE FULLY PROTECTED!** Grimy, dirt-thickened summer oil comes out. Crankcase is flushed clean...refilled with pure, "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic. It protects tight-fitting engine parts against *heat* as well as *cold*—resists wear, carbon, gum, sludge.

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3 **GEARS SHIFT EASILY!** Thick summer gear oil removed from transmission and differential—replaced with *exactly* the right grade of Mobiloil Winter Gear Oil for *quick* shifting, *complete* safety, even in sub-zero weather!

4 **45 CHASSIS PARTS PROTECTED** from wear! Winter Mobilgrease resists squeezing, washing out—stays on the job to give bumper-to-bumper protection despite snow and slush.

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FAMOUS MEN *offer ideas for your date with the* TURKEY

Turkey Day Inspirations for the friends of Schlitz . . . described by celebrated Amateur Chefs

MUSHROOM COCKTAIL

—Graham McNamee

Entered Radio as baritone in 1922, quickly became a famous announcer; has been broadcasting ever since.

Wash small mushrooms and remove all but a small portion of the stems. Cover with boiling water and cook gently for 15 minutes, then drain and chill. Arrange small crisp lettuce leaves in each cocktail glass; put in six or seven of the mushrooms and cover with a teaspoon of tomato ketchup. Serve with lemon.

CHEESE PUMPKINS

—Dean Cornwell

One of world's greatest muralists; his latest murals are those in General Motors exhibit at New York World's Fair.

Allow creamy yellow cheese to remain at room temperature until soft enough to mold, adding a little cream if necessary. Put small oysterette crackers in oven until hot and crisp. Shape cheese into balls large enough to cover the crackers; place one ball on each hot cracker and press down slightly to resemble a tiny pumpkin. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives and serve at once, as appetizers.

'ing"...

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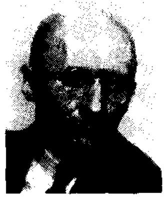
TURTLE GUMBO

—Lawton Mackall

Writer on foods; co-author of "The Restaurateur's Handbook," and the movie, "If I Had a Million."

Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 2 small onions (minced) and ½ green pepper (sliced); fry 3 minutes, then add 2 cups sieved canned tomatoes, 2 cups water, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ lb. of okra (canned or fresh), sliced thin, and heat slowly to boil. Add 2 lb. can of clear green turtle soup and cook slowly 10 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons dry sherry or Madeira just before serving. Serves 8.



OYSTER DRESSING

—Don Herold

Creator of "Hopscotch" cartoons; popular humorist; besides six successful books, recently wrote the new show, "Buggy Ride."

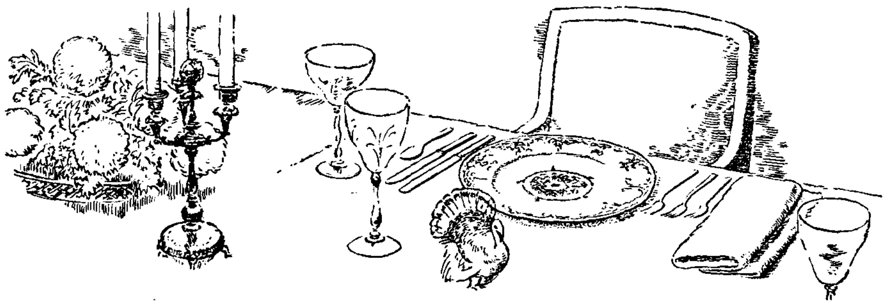
Cut crusts off large loaf of stale bread; soften bread with a little boiling water and crumble very fine. Add ½ lb. melted butter, season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, rosemary, thyme and juice of ½ lemon. Drain the liquor from 1 quart oysters and bring to boil, then skim. Pour this over bread crumbs and crusts broken into small pieces. Add 1 or 2 eggs and mix thoroughly with the hands. When stuffing turkey, first put in a spoonful of dressing, then 3 or 4 oysters, until bird is filled.

STUFFED ONIONS

—Bradshaw Crandell

Noted painter of beautiful girls for "Cosmopolitan" covers; picked by models as New York's "best dressed artist."

Boil large sweet onions 15 minutes. Take centers out carefully leaving onions intact. Mix cubed apple, chopped almonds and sausage meat. Stuff onions with mixture. Place in oven and bake until onions are thoroughly done and sausage mixture is browned. Baste with hot cider and butter.



SWEET POTATOES (LUCILLE)

—Crosby Gaige

"America's amateur gourmet No. 1"; Broadway producer; wrote "New York World's Fair Cook Book."

Boil sweet potatoes in their jackets until about three-quarters cooked. Remove from water and when cool, pare and cut them into uniform slices ½ inch thick. Put one layer of these slices in a well-buttered frying pan, cover them with maple syrup and let cook over a slow fire, being careful not to allow contents to burn. When potatoes have absorbed practically all of the maple syrup, they will be ready to serve.

FRENCH DRESSING

—John Erskine

Author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad" and other sophisticated novels. Former professor.

Mix ½ cup olive oil, ¼ cup vinegar, scant teaspoon of sugar, dash of paprika, ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger, and ½ teaspoon of salt, in a jar, adding teaspoon of chopped mild onion. Shake well, strain out onion and shake again. Use on romaine or lettuce.

FISH DABS

—James Montgomery Flagg

A magazine illustrator of renown; has written poetry and prose; won radio laurels.

One cup salt codfish shredded by hand; 2 cups diced raw potatoes. Do *not* soak codfish beforehand. Do *not* add salt! Boil together until potatoes are soft. Then drain and add 1 beaten egg and butter (size of walnut), melted. Add black pepper, paprika. Beat in bowl until creamy. Form into unmolded dabs about the size of walnuts, and fry in deep fat to light brown color. Drain on brown paper and serve with English mustard.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

—Otto Soglow

Originator of "The Little King" comics; author of "Soglow's Confidential History of Modern England."

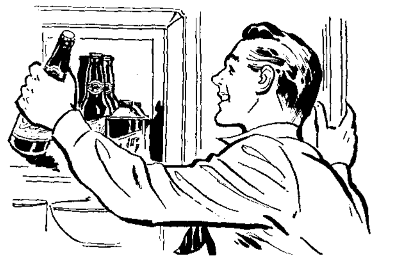
Boil 2 cups sugar, 2 cups boiling water together 5 minutes. Add 1 qt. cranberries; cook without stirring until they are thick and clear. Chill before using. If strained sauce is desired, cook the cranberries and water together, then rub through a sieve. Return strained portion to the fire, add sugar and simmer 5 or 10 minutes.

RAISIN PIE

—Alex Morrison

Golfing star of vaudeville and Broadway revues; author, "A New Way to Better Golf"; teacher of famous pros.

Into top of double boiler put 1 cup granulated sugar thoroughly mixed with two tablespoons flour, 1 cup cold water, juice of a lemon, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind and 2 teaspoons of minced lemon rind that has been simmered in a little water until tender (drain off this water before adding). Mix thoroughly and add 1 cup seedless raisins. Pour in pie tin lined with good pastry, cover with strips of pastry lattice-wise and bake slowly and thoroughly. The mixture will look watery but thickens in baking.



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Sad Cypress

Continued from page 10

In all probability she's divided it between us, but if that isn't so, if she's left all of it or most of it to you as her own flesh and blood, why then, darling, I shall still share in it because *I'm* going to marry you—and if the old pet thinks the majority should go to me as the male representative of the Welmans, that's still all right, because *you're* marrying *me*."

He grinned at her affectionately. He said: "Lucky we happen to love each other. You do love me, don't you, Elinor?"

"Yes."

She said it coldly, almost primly.

He went on: "You know, I think ours will be the perfect marriage.... We both love each other enough and not too much. We're good friends. We've got a lot of tastes in common. We know each other through and through. We've all the advantages of cousinship without the disadvantages of blood relationship. I shall never get tired of you, because you're such an elusive creature. *You* may get tired of *me*, though. I'm such an ordinary sort of chap—"

Elinor shook her head. She said: "I shan't get tired of you, Roddy. Never."

"My sweet!"

He kissed her.

He said: "Aunt Laura has a pretty shrewd idea of how it is with us, I think, although we haven't been down since we finally fixed it up. It rather gives us an excuse, doesn't it, for going down?"

"Yes. I was thinking the other day—"

"So that filthy letter has done some good, after all! We'll go down to protect our interests *and* because we're fond of the old dear!"

He took the letter from Elinor's hand, lit a match and set fire to it.

"Wonder who wrote it," he said. "Not that it matters.... Someone who was 'on our side' as we used to say when we were kids. Perhaps they've done us a good turn, too. Jim Partington's mother went out to the Riviera to live, had a handsome young Italian doctor to attend her, became quite crazy about him and left him every penny she had. Jim and his sisters tried to upset the will but couldn't."

Elinor said: "Aunt Laura likes the new doctor who's taken over Dr. Ransome's practice—but not to that extent! Anyway that horrid letter mentioned a girl. It must be Mary."

Roddy said: "We'll go down and see for ourselves...."

NURSE O'BRIEN rustled out of Mrs. Welman's bedroom and into the bathroom. She said over her shoulder, "I'll just pop the kettle on. You could do with a cup of tea before you go, I'm sure, Nurse."

Nurse Hopkins said comfortably: "Well, dear, I can *always* do with a cup of tea. I always say there's nothing like a nice cup of tea—a strong cup!"

Nurse O'Brien said as she filled the kettle and lit the gas ring, "I've got everything here in this cupboard—teapot and cups and sugar and Edna brings me up fresh milk twice a day. No need to be forever ringing bells. 'Tis a fine gas ring, this, boils a kettle in a flash."

Nurse O'Brien was a tall, red-haired woman of thirty with flashing white teeth, a freckled face and an engaging smile. Her cheerfulness and vitality made her a favorite with her patients. Nurse Hopkins, the district nurse who came every morning to assist with the bedmaking and toilet of the heavy old lady, was a homely-looking, middle-aged woman with a capable air and a brisk manner.

She said now approvingly: "Everything's very well done in this house."

The other nodded.

"Yes, old-fashioned, some of it. But it has central heating and all the maids are very obliging girls, and Mrs. Bishop looks after them well."

Nurse Hopkins said: "These girls nowadays—I've no patience with 'em—don't know what they want, most of them—and can't do a decent day's work."

"Mary Gerrard's a nice girl," said Nurse O'Brien. "I really don't know what Mrs. Welman would do without her. You saw how she asked for her now? Ah, well, she's a lovely creature, I will say, and she's got a way with her."

Nurse Hopkins said: "I'm sorry for Mary. That old father of hers does his best to spite the girl."

"Not a civil word in his head, the old curmudgeon," said Nurse O'Brien. "There, the kettle's singing. I'll wet the tea as soon as it comes to the boil."

THE tea was made and poured, hot and strong. The two nurses sat with it in Nurse O'Brien's room next door to Mrs. Welman's bedroom.

"Mr. Welman and Miss Carlisle are coming down," said Nurse O'Brien. "There was a telegram came this morning."

"There now, dear," said Nurse Hopkins. "I thought the old lady was looking excited about something. It's some time since they've been down, isn't it?"

"It must be two months and over. Such a nice young gentleman, Mr. Welman. But very proud-looking. Do you think she's really good-looking, Nurse?"

Nurse Hopkins said: "Difficult to tell what these girls really look like under their make-up! In my opinion she hasn't got anything like the looks Mary Gerrard has!"

Over their steaming cups the women drew a little closer together.

Nurse O'Brien said: "An odd thing happened last night. I went in at two o'clock to settle my dear comfortably as I always do and she was lying there awake. But she must have been dreaming—for as soon as I got into the room she said, 'The photograph—I must have the photograph.' So I said, 'Why, of course, Mrs. Welman, but wouldn't you rather wait till morning?' And she said, 'No. I want to look at it now.' So I said, 'Well, where *is* this photograph? Is it the one of Mr. Roderick you're meaning?' And she said, 'Roderick? No. *Lewis*.' And she began to struggle and I went to lift her and she got out her keys from the little box beside her bed and told me to unlock the second drawer of the tallboy and there, sure enough, was a big photograph in a silver frame. *Such* a handsome man. And '*Lewis*' written across the corner. Old-fashioned, of course, must have been taken many years ago.

"I took it to her and she held it there staring at it a long time. And she just murmured, '*Lewis—Lewis*.' Then she sighed, and gave it to me, and told me to put it back. And—would you believe it?—when I turned around again she'd gone off as sweetly as a child."

Nurse Hopkins said: "Was it her husband, do you think?"

Nurse O'Brien said: "It was not! For this morning I asked Mrs. Bishop careless like, what was the late Mr. Welman's first name, and it was Henry she told me!"

The two women exchanged glances. Nurse Hopkins had a long nose and the end of it quivered a little with pleasurable emotion. She said thoughtfully: "Lewis—Lewis—I wonder now. I don't recall the name anywhere around these parts."

"It would be many years ago, dear," the other reminded her.

"Yes, and of course I've only been here a couple years. I wonder now—"

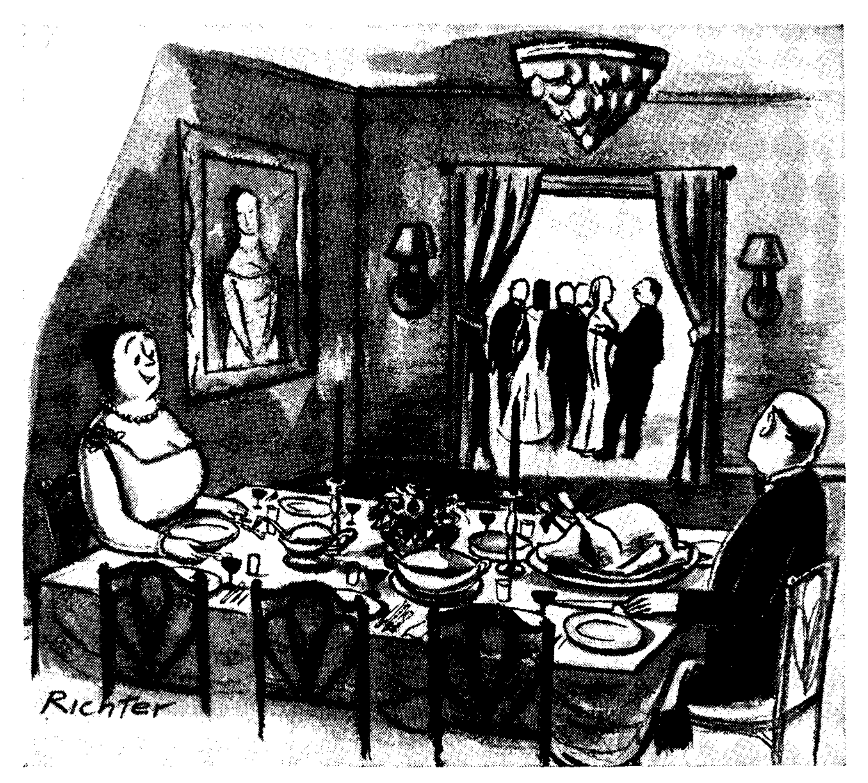
Nurse O'Brien said: "A *very* handsome man. Looked as though he might be a cavalry officer!"

WHEN Nurse Hopkins, pleasantly stimulated by tea and romantic speculation, finally left the house, Mary Gerrard ran out of the door to overtake her.

"Oh, Nurse, may I walk down to the village with you?"

"Of course you can, Mary, my dear."

Mary Gerrard said breathlessly: "I



"The rest of them are being thankful next week" RICHTER

He's A L

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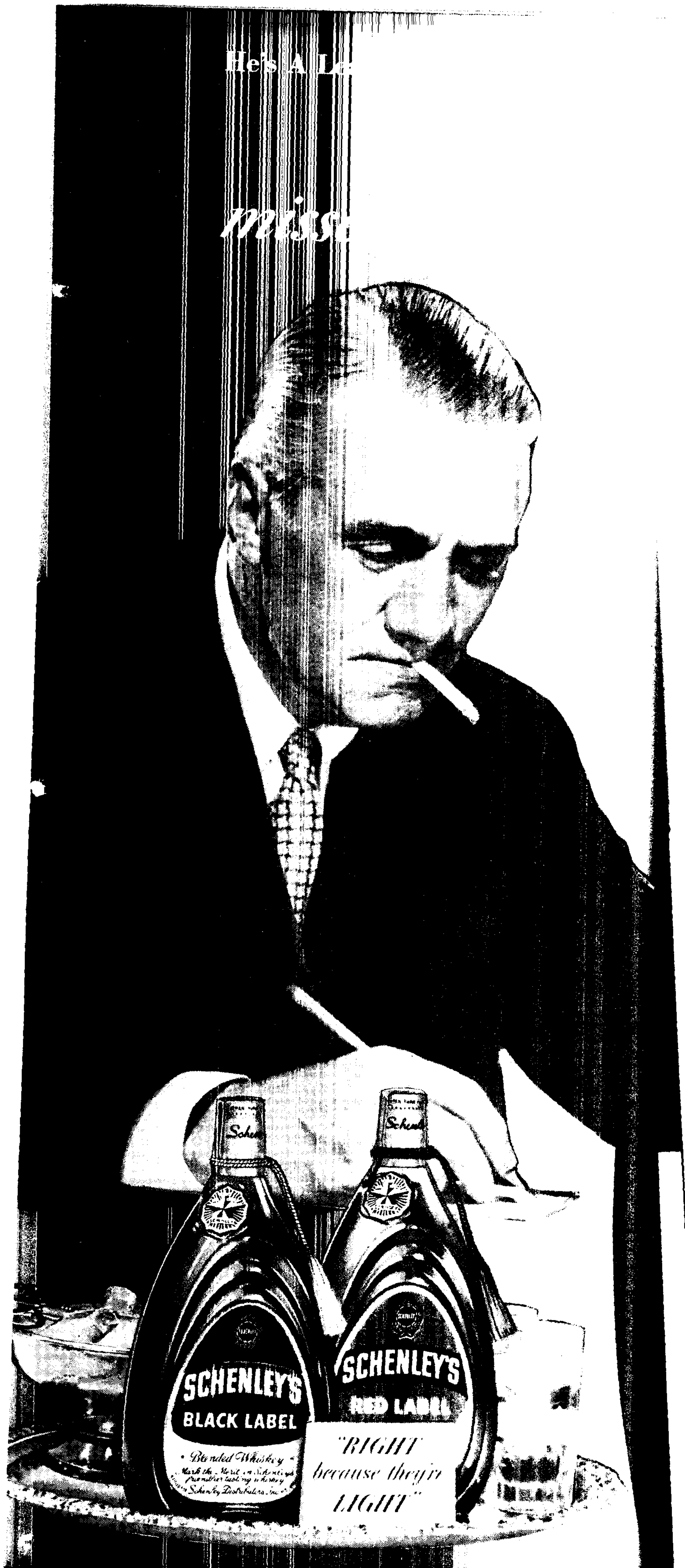
Schenley Exam!



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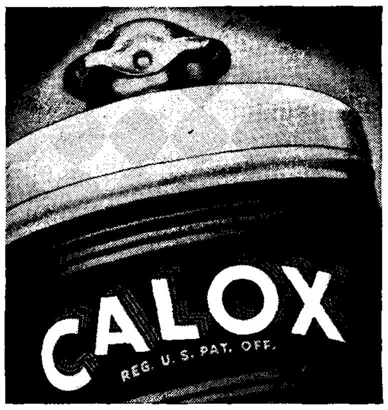

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must talk to you. I'm so worried about everything."

The older woman looked at her kindly.

At twenty-one, Mary Gerrard was a lovely creature with a kind of wild rose unreality about her—a long, delicate neck—pale golden hair lying close to her exquisitely shaped head in soft, natural waves—and eyes of a deep vivid blue.

Nurse Hopkins said: "What's the trouble?"

"The trouble is that the time is going on and on and I'm not *doing* anything!"

Nurse Hopkins said dryly: "Time enough for that."

"No, but it is so—so unsettling. Mrs. Welman has been wonderfully kind, giving me all that expensive schooling. I do feel now that I ought to be starting to earn my own living. I ought to be training for something."

NURSE HOPKINS nodded sympathetically.

"It's such a waste of everything if I don't. I've tried to—to—explain what I *feel to* Mrs. Welman, but—it's difficult—she doesn't seem to understand. She keeps saying there's plenty of time."

Nurse Hopkins said: "She's a sick woman, remember."

Mary flushed, a contrite flush.

"Oh, I know. I suppose I oughtn't to bother her. But it *is* worrying—and Father's so—so *beastly* about it! Keeps gibing at me for being a fine lady! But indeed *I* don't want to sit about doing nothing!"

"I know you don't."

"The trouble is that training of any kind is nearly always expensive. I know German pretty well now and I might do something with that. But I think, really, I want to be a hospital nurse. I do like nursing and sick people."

Nurse Hopkins said unromantically: "You've got to be as strong as a horse, remember!"

"I am strong! And I really *do* like nursing. Mother's sister, the one in New Zealand, was a nurse. So it's in my blood, you see."

"What about massage?" suggested Nurse Hopkins. "There's good money to be made in massage."

Mary said doubtfully: "It's expensive to train for it, isn't it? I hoped—but of course that's very greedy of me—she's done so much for me already."

"Mrs. Welman, you mean? Nonsense, in my opinion she owes you that. She's given you a slap-up education but not the kind that leads to anything much. You don't want to teach?"

"I'm not clever enough."

Nurse Hopkins said: "There's brains and brains! If you take my advice, Mary, you'll be patient for the present. In my opinion, as I said, Mrs. Welman owes it to you to help you get a start at making your living. And I've no doubt she means to do it. But the truth of the matter is she's got fond of you and she doesn't want to lose you."

Mary said: "Oh!" She drew in her breath with a little gasp. "Do you really think that's it?"

"I haven't the least doubt of it! There she is, poor old lady, more or less helpless, paralyzed on one side and nothing and nobody much to amuse her. It means a lot to her to have a fresh, pretty young thing like you about the house. You've a very nice way with you in a sickroom."

MARY said softly: "If you really think so—that makes me feel better. . . . Dear Mrs. Welman, I'm very, *very* fond of her! She's been so good to me always. I'd do *anything* for her!"

Nurse Hopkins said dryly: "Then the best thing you can do is to stay where you are and stop worrying! It won't be for long."

Mary said: "Do you mean—?"

Her eyes looked wide and frightened.

They were just nearing the big iron gates. On the steps of the lodge an elderly man with a bent back was painfully hobbling down the two steps.

Nurse Hopkins said cheerfully: "Good morning, Mr. Gerrard."

Ephraim Gerrard said crustily: "Ah!"

"Very nice weather," said Nurse Hopkins.

Old Gerrard said crossly: "May be for you. 'Tisn't for me. My lumbago's been at me something cruel."

Nurse Hopkins said cheerfully: "That was the wet spell last week, I expect. *This hot, dry weather will soon clear that* away!"

He said disagreeably: "Nurses—nurses, you're all the same. Full of cheerfulness over other people's troubles. Little *you* care! And there's Mary talks about being a nurse too. Should have thought she'd want to be something better than *that*."

Mary said sharply: "Being a hospital nurse would be quite good enough for me!"

"Yes, and you'd sooner do nothing at all, wouldn't you? Strutting about with your airs and your graces and your fine-lady, do-nothing ways. Laziness, that's what *you* like, my girl!"

Mary protested, tears springing to her eyes: "It isn't true, Dad, you've no right to say that!"

Nurse Hopkins intervened with a heavy, determinedly humorous air: "Just a bit under the weather, aren't we, this morning? You don't really mean what you say, Gerrard. Mary's a good girl and a good daughter to you."

Gerrard looked at his daughter with an air of almost active malevolence. "She's no daughter of mine—nowadays—with her French and her history and her mincing talk. Pah!"

He turned and went into the lodge again.

Mary said, the tears still standing in her eyes: "You do see, Nurse, don't you, how difficult it is? He's so unreasonable. He never really liked me even when I was a little girl. Mum was always standing up for me."

Nurse Hopkins said kindly: "There, there, don't worry. These things are sent to try us! Goodness, I must hurry. Such a round as I've got this morning."

Mary thought disconsolately: "What *shall* I do?"

MRS. WELMAN lay on her carefully built-up pillows. Her breathing was a little heavy but she was not asleep. Her eyes—eyes still deep and blue like those of her niece Elinor, looked up at the ceiling. She was a big, heavy woman, with a handsome, hawklike profile. Pride and determination showed in her face.

The eyes dropped and came to rest on the figure sitting by the window. They rested there tenderly—almost wistfully.

She said at last: "Mary—"

The girl turned quickly. "Oh, you're awake, Mrs. Welman."

Laura Welman said: "Yes, I've been awake some time. . . ."

"Oh, I didn't know. I'd have—"

Mrs. Welman broke in: "No, that's all right. I was thinking—thinking of many things."

"Yes, Mrs. Welman?"

The sympathetic look, the interested voice made a tender look come into the older woman's face. She said gently: "I'm very fond of you, my dear. You're very good to me."

"Oh, Mrs. Welman, it's *you* who have been good to *me*. If it hadn't been for you, I don't know what I should have done! You've done *everything* for me."

"I don't know . . . I don't know, I'm sure. . . ." The sick woman moved restlessly, her right arm twitched—the left remaining inert and lifeless. "One means to do the best one can—but it's so difficult to know what is best—what is

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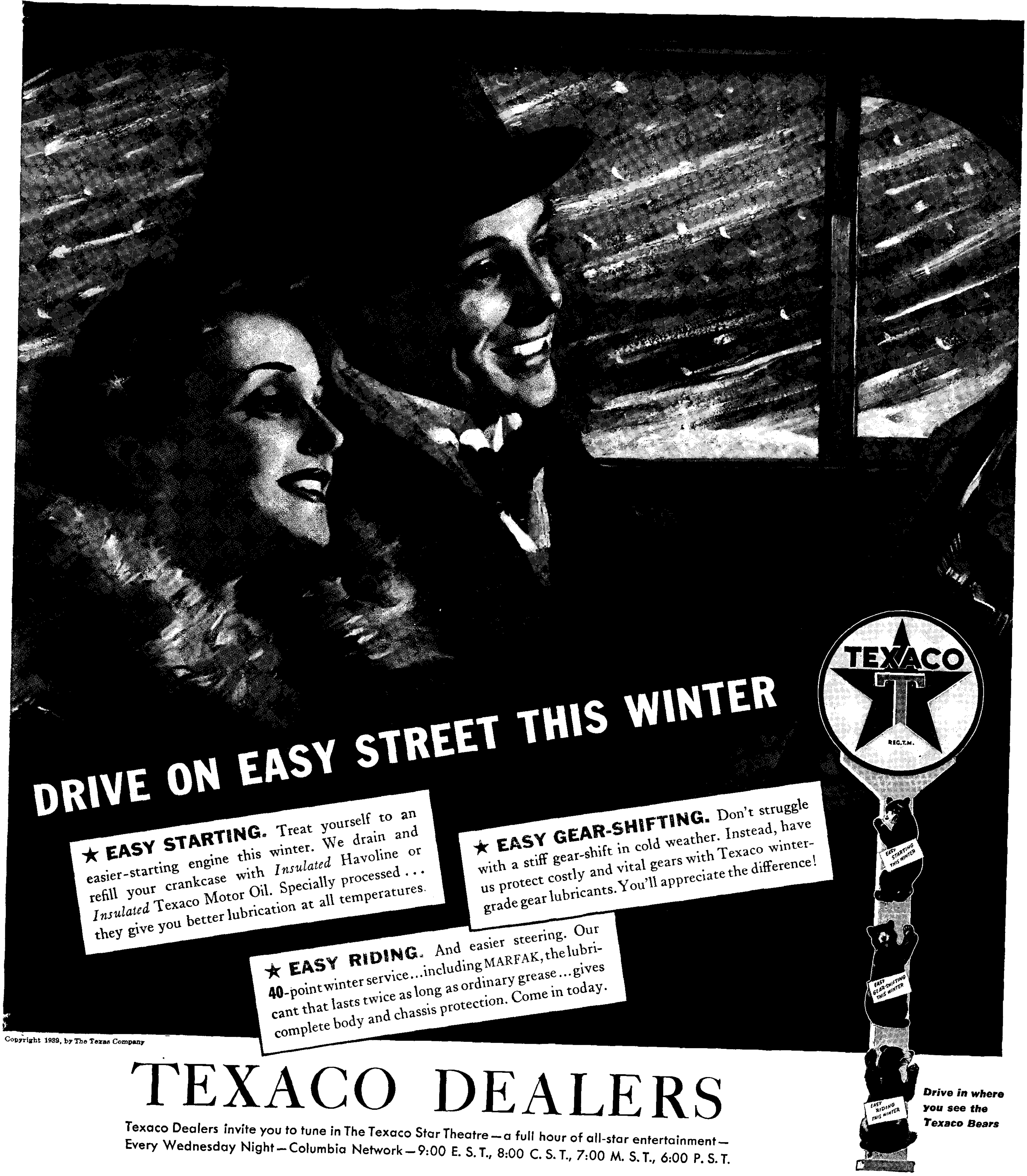

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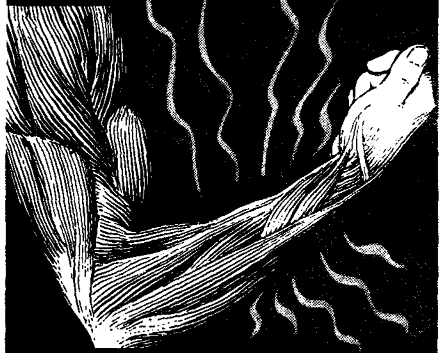

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

right. I've been too sure of myself always. . . ."

Mary Gerrard said: "Oh, no, I'm sure you *always* know what is best and right to do."

But Laura Welman shook her head. "No—no. It worries me. I've had one besetting sin always, Mary. I'm proud. Pride can be the devil. It runs in our *family.* Elinor has it too."

Mary said quickly: "It will be nice for you to have Miss Elinor and Mr. Roderick down. It will cheer you up a lot. It's quite a time since they were here."

Mrs. Welman went on, talking perhaps more to herself than to the girl: "I always hoped they might marry. But I tried never to suggest anything of the kind. Young people are so contradictory. It would have put them off! I had an idea, long ago, when they were children, that Elinor had set her heart on Roddy. But I wasn't at all sure about *him.* He's a funny creature. Henry was like that—very reserved and very fastidious. . . . Yes, Henry . . ."

She was silent for a little, thinking of her dead husband.

She murmured: "So long ago . . . so very long ago. . . . We had only been married five years when he died. Double pneumonia. . . . We were happy—yes, very happy, but somehow it all seems very *unreal,* that happiness. I was an odd, solemn, undeveloped girl—my head full of ideals and hero worship. No *reality. . . .*"

Mary murmured: "You must have been very lonely—afterward."

"After? Oh, yes—terribly lonely. I was twenty-six. . . . And now I'm over sixty. A long time, my dear . . . a long, long time. . . ." She said with sudden, brisk acerbity: "And now *this!*"

"Your illness?"

"Yes. A stroke is the thing I've always dreaded. The indignity of it all! Washed and tended like a baby! Helpless to do anything for myself. It maddens me! The O'Brien creature is good-natured—I will say that for her. She doesn't mind my snapping at her and she's not more idiotic than most of them. But it makes a lot of difference to me to have *you* about, Mary."

"Does it?" The girl flushed. "I—I'm so glad, Mrs. Welman."

LAURA WELMAN said shrewdly: "You've been worrying, haven't you? About the future. You leave it to me, *my dear. I'll see to it that you shall* have the means to be independent and take up a profession. But be patient for a little—it means too much to me to have you here."

"Oh, Mrs. Welman, of course—of *course!* I wouldn't leave you for the world. Not if you want me—"

"I do want you—" The voice was unusually deep and full. "You're—you're quite like a daughter to me, Mary. I've seen you grow up here at Hunterbury from a little toddling thing—seen you grow into a beautiful girl. . . . I'm proud of you, child. I only hope I've done what was best for you."

Mary said quickly: "If you mean that your having been so good to me and having educated me above—well, above my station—if you think it's made me dissatisfied or—or—given me what Father calls fine-lady ideas, indeed that isn't true. I'm just ever so grateful, that's all. And if I'm anxious to start earning my living, it's only because I feel it's right that I should, and not—and not—well, do nothing after all you've done for me. I—I shouldn't like it to be thought that I was sponging on you."

Laura Welman said, and her voice was suddenly sharp-edged: "So that's what Gerrard's been putting into your head? Pay no attention to your father, Mary; there never has been and never will be any question of your sponging on me! I'm asking you to stay here a little longer solely on my account. Soon, it will be over. . . . If they went the proper way about things, my life could be ended here and now—there'd be none of this long-drawn-out tomfoolery with nurses and doctors."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Welman, Dr. Lord says you may live for years."

"I'm not at all anxious to, *thank you!* I told him the other day that in a decently civilized state, all that would be necessary would be to intimate that I wished to end it, and he'd finish me off painlessly with some nice drug. 'And if you'd any courage, Doctor,' I said, 'you'd do it anyway!' "

Mary cried: "Oh! what did he say?"

"The disrespectful young man merely grinned at me, my dear, and said he wasn't going to risk being hanged. He said: 'If you'd left me all your money, Mrs. Welman, that would be different, of course!' Impudent young jackanapes! But I like him. His visits do me more good than his medicines."

"Yes, he's very nice," said Mary. "Nurse O'Brien thinks a lot of him and so does Nurse Hopkins."

Mrs. Welman said: "Hopkins ought to have more sense at her age. As for O'Brien, she simpers and says, 'Oh, Doctor,' and tosses those long streamers of hers whenever he comes near her."

"Poor Nurse O'Brien."

Mrs. Welman said indulgently: "She's not a bad sort really, but all nurses annoy me, they always will think that you'd like 'a nice cup of tea' at five in the *morning!" She paused. "What's that?* Is it the car?"

Mary looked out of the window. "Yes, it's the car. Miss Elinor and Mr. Roderick have arrived."

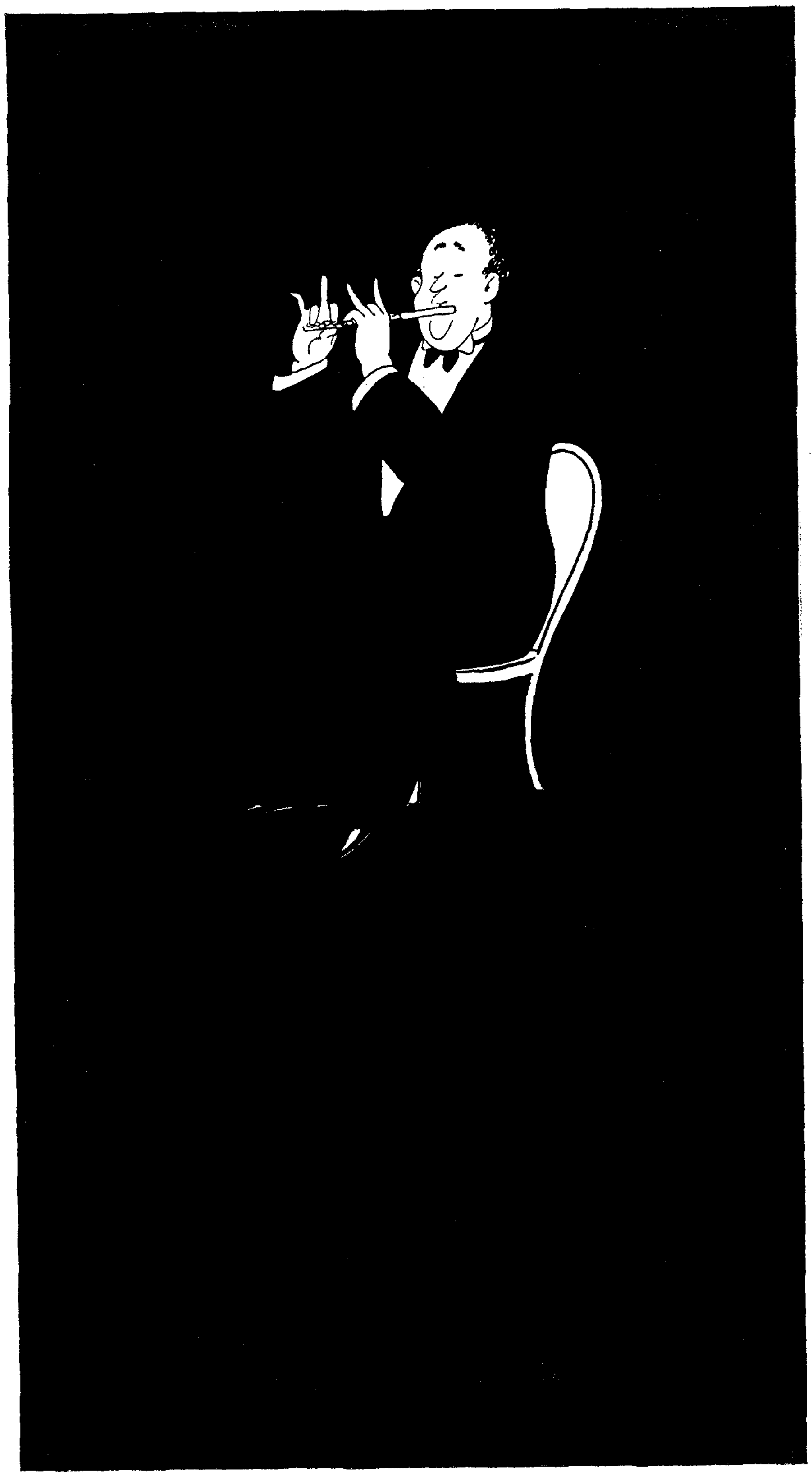
MRS. WELMAN said to her niece: "I'm very glad, Elinor, about you and Roddy."

Elinor smiled at her. "I thought you would be, Aunt Laura."

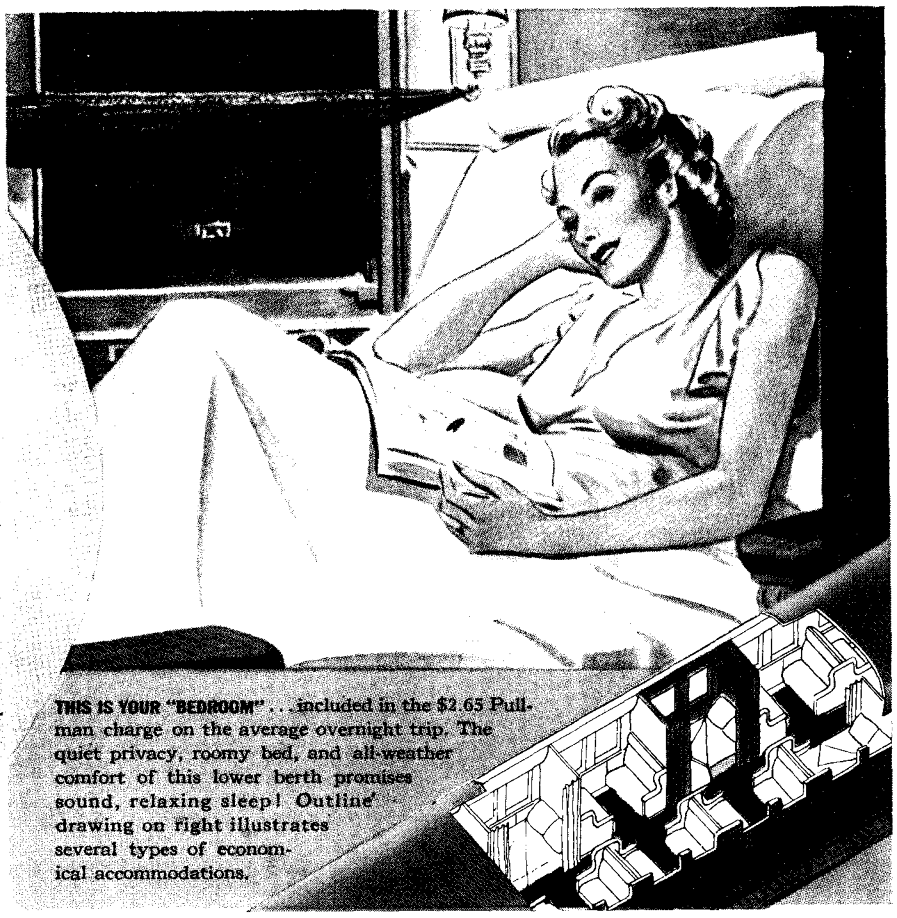
The older woman said, after a moment's hesitation: "You do—care about him, Elinor?"

Elinor's delicate brows lifted. "Of course."

Laura Welman said quickly: "You must forgive me, dear. You know, you're very reserved. It's difficult to know what you're thinking or feeling. When you were both much younger I thought



S-T-R-E-T-C-H



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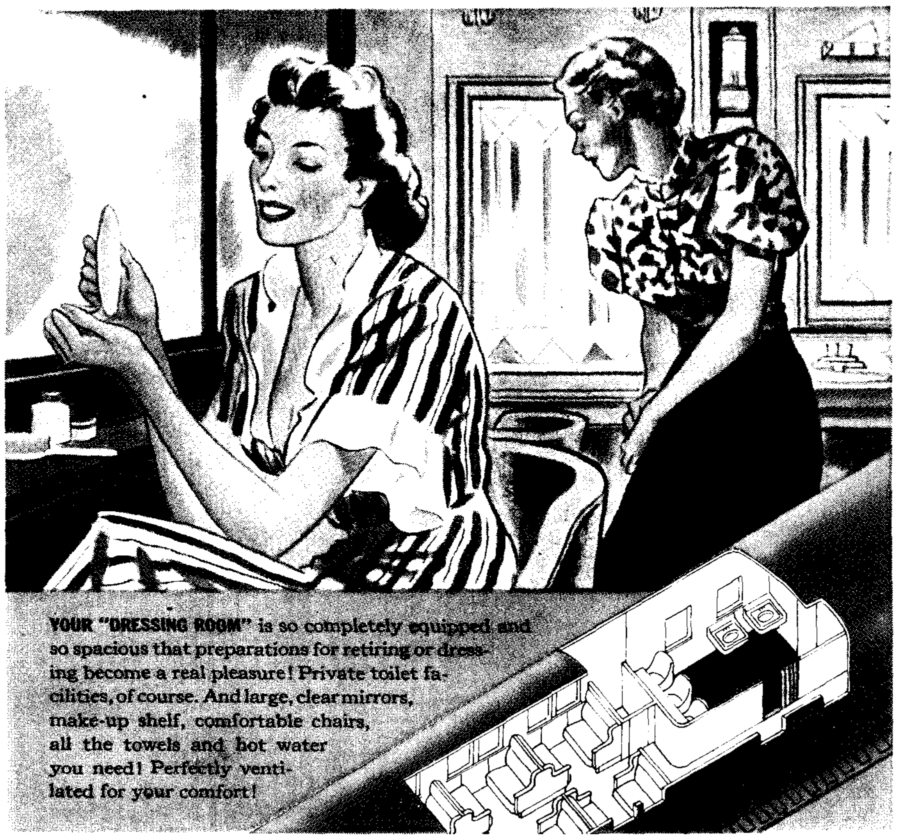

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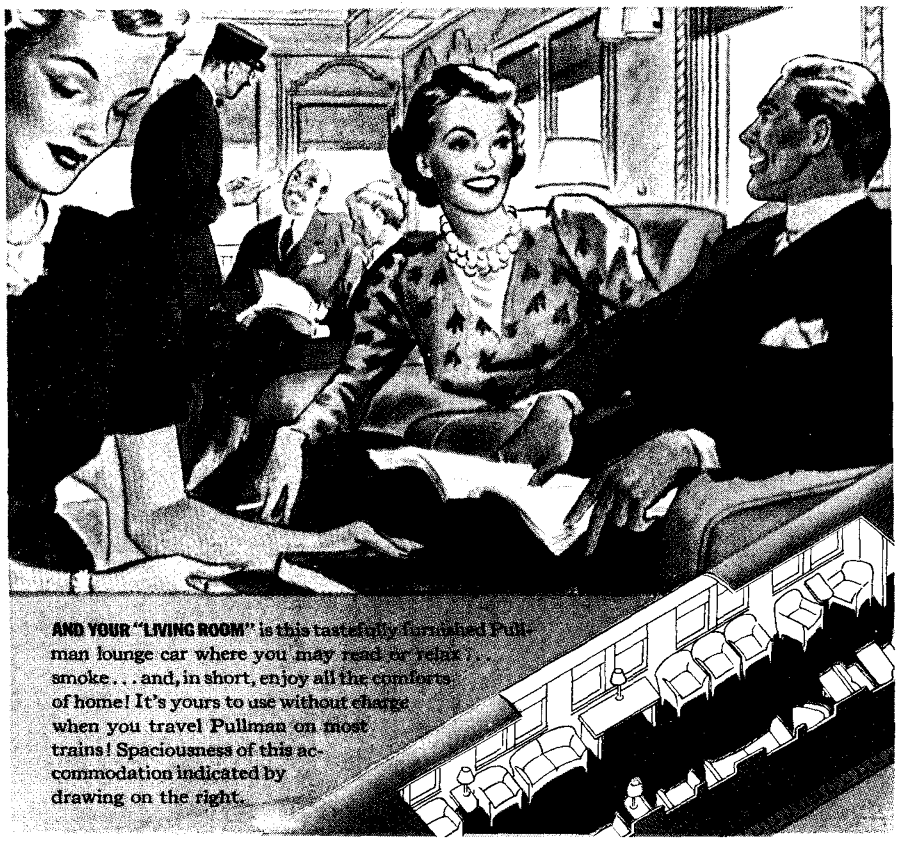

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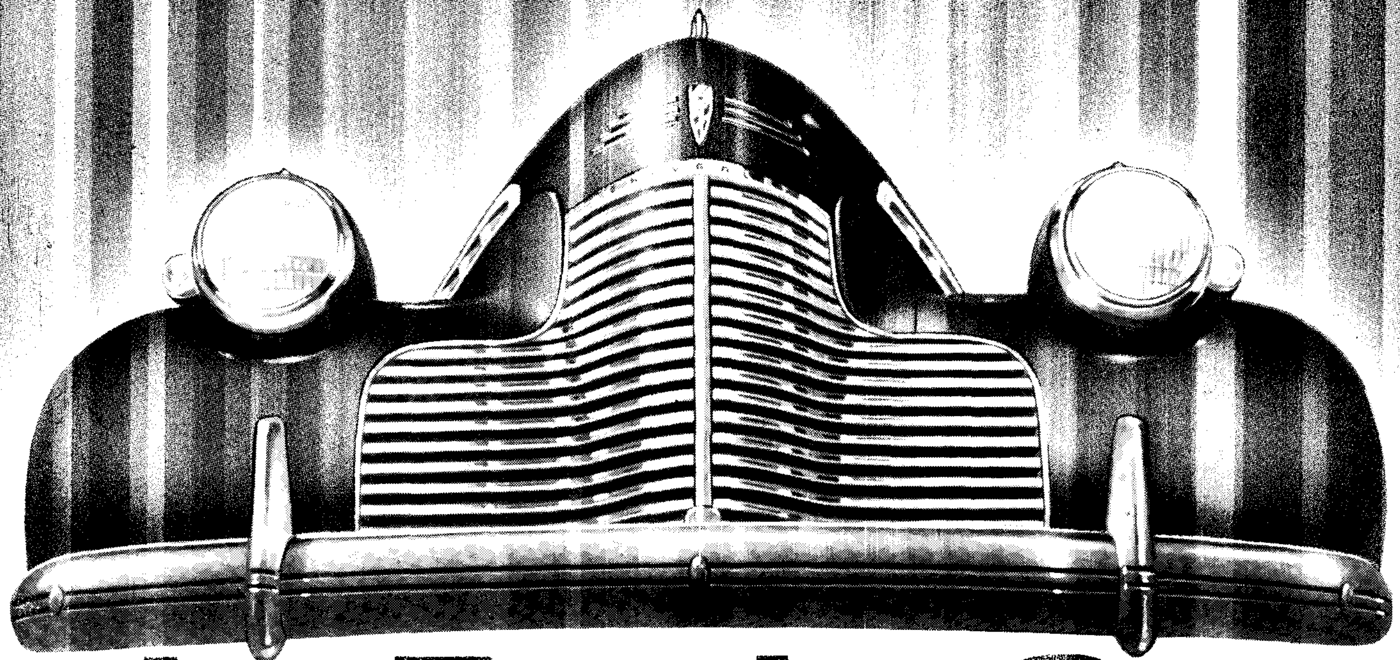

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you were perhaps beginning to care for Roddy—too much. . . ."

Again Elinor's delicate brows were raised. "Too much?"

The older woman nodded. "Yes—it's not wise to care too much. Sometimes a very young girl does do just that. . . . I was glad when you went abroad to Germany to finish. Then, when you came back, you seemed quite indifferent to him—and well, I was sorry for that, too! I'm a tiresome old woman, difficult to satisfy! But I've always fancied that you had, perhaps, rather an intense nature—that kind of temperament runs in our family. It isn't a very happy one for its possessors. . . . But, as I say, when you came back from abroad so indifferent to Roddy, I was sorry about that, because I had always hoped you two would come together. And now you have, and so everything is all right! And you *do* really care for him?"

Elinor said gravely: "I care for Roddy enough and not too much."

Mrs. Welman nodded approval. "I think, then, you'll be happy. Roddy needs love—but he doesn't like violent emotion. He'd shy off from possessiveness."

Elinor said with feeling: "You know Roddy very well!"

Mrs. Welman said: "If Roddy cares for you just a *little* more than you care for him—well—that's all to the good."

Elinor said sharply: "Aunt Agatha's Advice Column: *'Keep your boy friend guessing! Don't let him be too sure of you!'* "

Laura Welman said sharply: "Are you unhappy, child? Is anything wrong?"

"No, no, nothing."

Laura Welman said: "My child—you *are* unhappy? What is it?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing." She got up and went to the window. Half turning, she said: "Aunt Laura, tell me, honestly, do you think love is ever a happy thing?"

Mrs. Welman's face became grave. "In the sense you mean, Elinor—no, probably not. . . . To care passionately for another human creature brings always more sorrow than joy. But all the same, Elinor, one would not be without that experience. Anyone who has never really loved has never really lived. . . ."

The girl nodded.

She said: "Yes—you understand—you've known what it's like—"

She turned suddenly, a questioning look in her eyes. "Aunt Laura—"

The door opened and red-haired Nurse O'Brien came in. She said in a sprightly manner: "Mrs. Welman, here's the doctor come to see you!"

DR. LORD was a young man of thirty-two. He had sandy hair, a pleasantly ugly freckled face and a remarkably square jaw. His eyes were a keen, piercing light blue.

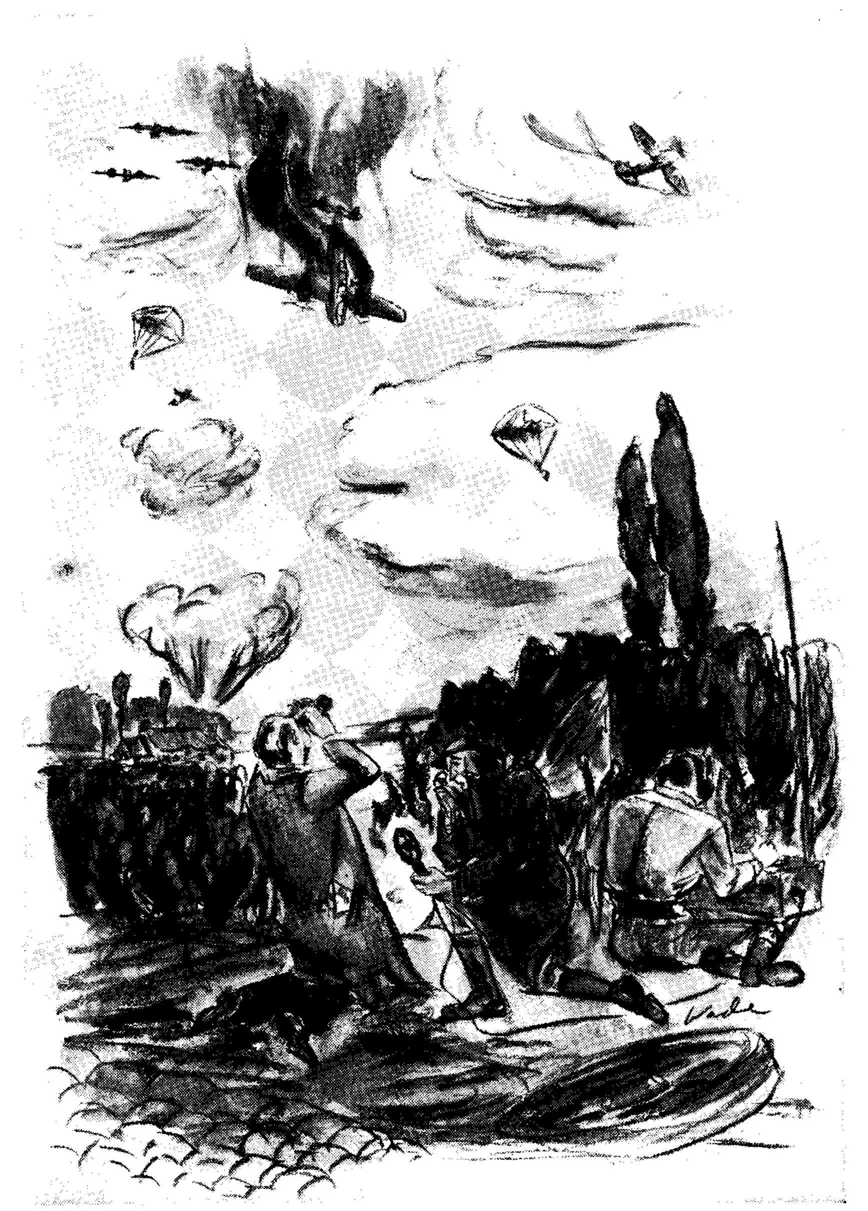
"Good morning, Mrs. Welman," he said.

"Good morning, Dr. Lord. This is my niece, Miss Carlisle."

A very obvious admiration sprang into Dr. Lord's transparent face. He said: "How do you do?"

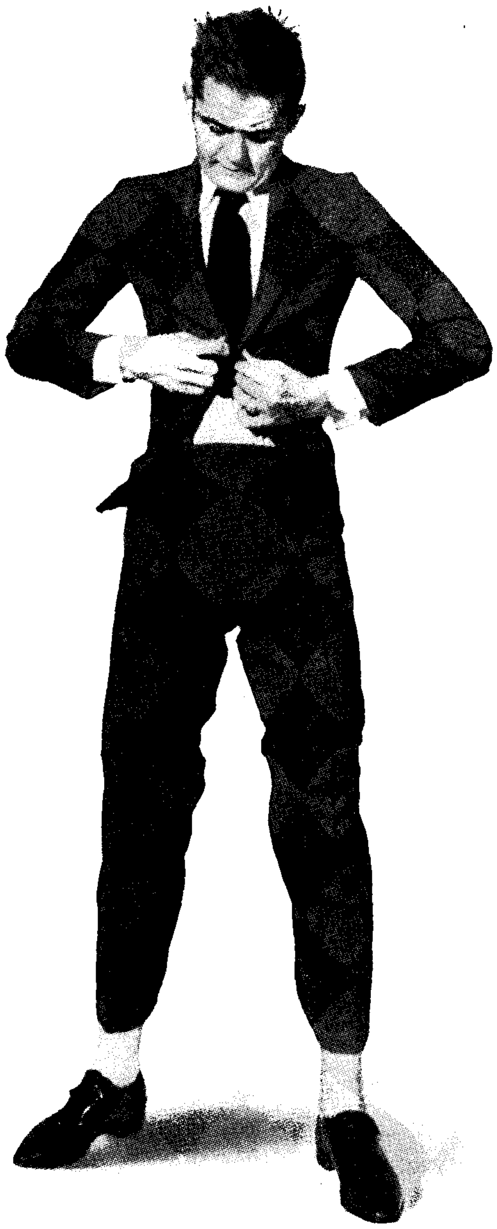
The hand that Elinor extended to him he took rather gingerly as though he thought he might break it.

Mrs. Welman went on: "Elinor and



"Reminds me of the first time I broadcast a football game—scared stiff"

GEORGE WADE



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my nephew have come down to cheer me up."

"Splendid," said Dr. Lord. "Just what you need! It will do you a lot of good, I am sure, Mrs. Welman."

He was still looking at Elinor with obvious admiration.

Elinor said, moving toward the door: "Perhaps I will see you before you go, Dr. Lord?"

"Oh—er—yes, of course."

She went out, shutting the door behind her. Dr. Lord approached the bed, Nurse O'Brien fluttering behind him.

Mrs. Welman said with a twinkle: "Going through the usual bag of tricks, Doctor—pulse, respiration, temperature? What humbugs you doctors are!"

Nurse O'Brien said with a sigh: "Oh, Mrs. Welman. What a thing now to be saying to the doctor!"

Dr. Lord said: "Mrs. Welman sees through me, Nurse! All the same, Mrs. Welman, I've got to do my stuff, you know. The trouble with me is I've never learned the right bedside manner."

"Your bedside manner's all right. Actually you're rather proud of it."

Peter Lord chuckled and remarked: "That's what *you* say!"

After a few routine questions had been asked and answered, Dr. Lord leaned back in his chair and smiled at his patient. "Well," he said, "you're going on splendidly."

Laura Welman said: "So I shall be up and walking round the house in a few weeks' time?"

"Not quite so quickly as that."

"No, indeed. You humbug! What's the good of living stretched out like this, and cared for like a baby?"

Dr. Lord said: "What's the good of life, anyway? That's the real question. Ever read about that nice medieval invention, the Little Ease. You couldn't stand, sit or lie in it. You'd think anyone condemned to that would die in a few weeks. Not at all. One man lived for sixteen years in an iron cage, was released and lived to a hearty old age."

Laura Welman asked: "What's the point of this story?"

Peter Lord said: "The point is that one's got an *instinct* to live. One doesn't live because one's *reason* assents to living. People who, as we say, 'would be better dead,' don't want to die! People who apparently have got everything to live for just let themselves fade out of life because they haven't got the energy to fight."

"Go on."

"There's nothing more. You're one of the people who really *want* to live whatever you say about it! And if your body wants to live it's no good your brain dishing out the other stuff."

Mrs. Welman said with an abrupt change of subject: "How do you like it down here?"

Peter Lord said, smiling: "It suits me fine."

"Isn't it a bit irksome for a young man like you? Don't you want to specialize? Don't you find a country general practice rather boring?"

Lord shook his sandy head. "No, I like my job. I like *people,* you know, and I like ordinary, everyday diseases. I don't really want to pin down the rare bacillus of an obscure disease. I like measles and chicken pox and all the rest of it. I like seeing how different bodies react to them. I like seeing if I can't improve on recognized treatment. The trouble with me is I've got absolutely no ambition. I shall stay here till I grow side whiskers and people begin saying: 'Of course we've always had Dr. Lord, and he's a nice old man—but he *is* very old-fashioned in his methods and perhaps we'd better call in young so-and-so who's so very up to date. . . .' "

"H'm," said Mrs. Welman. "You seem to have got it all settled!"

Peter Lord got up. "Well," he said. "I must be off."

Mrs. Welman said: "My niece will want to speak to you, I expect. By the way, what do you think of her? You haven't seen her before."

Dr. Lord went suddenly scarlet. His very eyebrows blushed. He said: "I—Oh! she's very good-looking, isn't she? And—er—clever and all that, I should think."

Mrs. Welman was diverted. She thought to herself: "How very young he is really. . . ."

Aloud she said: "You ought to get married."

Roddy had wandered into the garden. He had crossed the broad sweep of lawn and along a paved walk and had then entered the walled kitchen garden. It was well-kept and well-stocked. He wondered if he and Elinor would live at Hunterbury one day. He supposed that they would. He himself would like that. He preferred country life. He was a little doubtful about Elinor. Perhaps she'd like living in London better. . . .

A little difficult to know where you were with Elinor. She didn't reveal much of what she thought and felt about things. He liked that about her. . . . He hated people who reeled off their thoughts and feelings to you, who took it for granted that you wanted to know all their inner mechanism. Reserve was always more interesting.

Elinor, he thought judicially, was really quite perfect. Nothing about her ever jarred or offended. She was delightful to look at, witty to talk to—altogether the most charming of companions.

He thought complacently to himself: "I'm damned lucky to have got her. Can't think what she sees in a chap like me."

For Roderick Welman, in spite of his fastidiousness, was not conceited. It did honestly strike him as strange that Elinor should have consented to marry him.

Life stretched ahead of him pleasantly enough. One knew pretty well where one was—that was always a blessing. He supposed that Elinor and he would be married quite soon—that is if Elinor wanted to—perhaps she'd rather put it off for a bit. He mustn't rush her. They'd be a bit hard up at first—nothing to worry about though. He hoped sincerely that Aunt Laura wouldn't die for a long time to come. She was a dear and had always been nice to him, having him there for holidays, always interested in what he was doing.

His mind shied away from the thought of her actual death (his mind usually did shy away from any concrete unpleasantness). He didn't like to visualize anything unpleasant too clearly. . . . But—er—afterward—well, it would be very pleasant to live here, especially as there would be plenty of money to keep it up. He wondered exactly how his aunt had left it. Not that it really mattered. With some women it would matter a good deal which one had the money. But not with Elinor. She had plenty of tact and she didn't care enough about money to make too much of it.

He thought: "No, there's nothing to worry about—whatever happens!"

He went out of the walled garden by the gate at the far end. From there he wandered into the little wood where the daffodils were in spring. They were over now, of course. But the green light was very lovely where the sunlight came filtering through the trees.

Just for a moment an odd restlessness came to him—a rippling of his previous placidity. He felt: "There's something—something I haven't got—something I want—I want—I want—"

The golden green light, the softness in the air—with them came a quickened pulse, a stirring of the blood—a sudden impatience.

A girl came through the trees toward him—a girl with pale gleaming hair and a rose-flushed skin.

He thought: "How beautiful—how unutterably beautiful."

(To be continued next week)

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It's always Fair Weather in a Bantamac

The World is Like That

Continued from page 18

I don't believe it! Lend me something to cut my throat! Don't talk of any more suicides right here, dear. Remember where you are. Partner, when I saw that nine of diamonds I knew we were saved. What a hand! What on earth did you double on, Nita? That wasn't enough, honey. Yes, but you'd told me about your clubs. I wouldn't play that hand again for the Hope diamond! When I saw that nine—"

Jocelyn, stupefied, went to that same door in which Kent had first appeared last night, that same door through which a bullet had whizzed close to her head, and wondered whether she had dreamed the whole horrible experience. A card table had been set in the rich, soft green shadow of the terrace, and around were grouped Mrs. Fordyce, Philip, Nita Royce and a man she did not know. Beyond them, in a blaze of glorious color, the gardens descended, where lawn sprinklers were placidly whirling and gardeners were bending over the blooming borders. The terrace had been thoroughly washed, she noted automatically, the tiles in the deepest shade were still damp.

Philip was the first to see her, and jumped to his feet smiling.

"Jocelyn! Get a good sleep? Come over here and meet Sir Tommy Watts. Tommy, Miss Britton. Tommy arrived yesterday, Jocelyn, and the Carters couldn't put him up so Mother brought him home here."

"Hollywood papers please copy and all that," said Tommy, with his eyes upon Jocelyn.

"No, she belongs here," Philip said laughing. "And—I don't know that I've three friends I'd rather tell first," he added, as Jocelyn, her hand still in his, sat down beside him on a long bench, "she intends to take this whole place in hand sometime pretty soon. Mother's to stop drinking and smoking; Norma's to come home—"

"Oh, really?" Nita said rather faintly, in her most sophisticated tone. "I didn't know."

Tommy came over for laughing and affectionate good wishes. Mrs. Fordyce said that she had known for weeks what was going on, and was perfectly delighted.

"Phil's much too nice to have every woman who asks him to supper put it in the paper the next day that they're engaged," she said.

"The papers say what they please," said Nita, who for some reason had turned red.

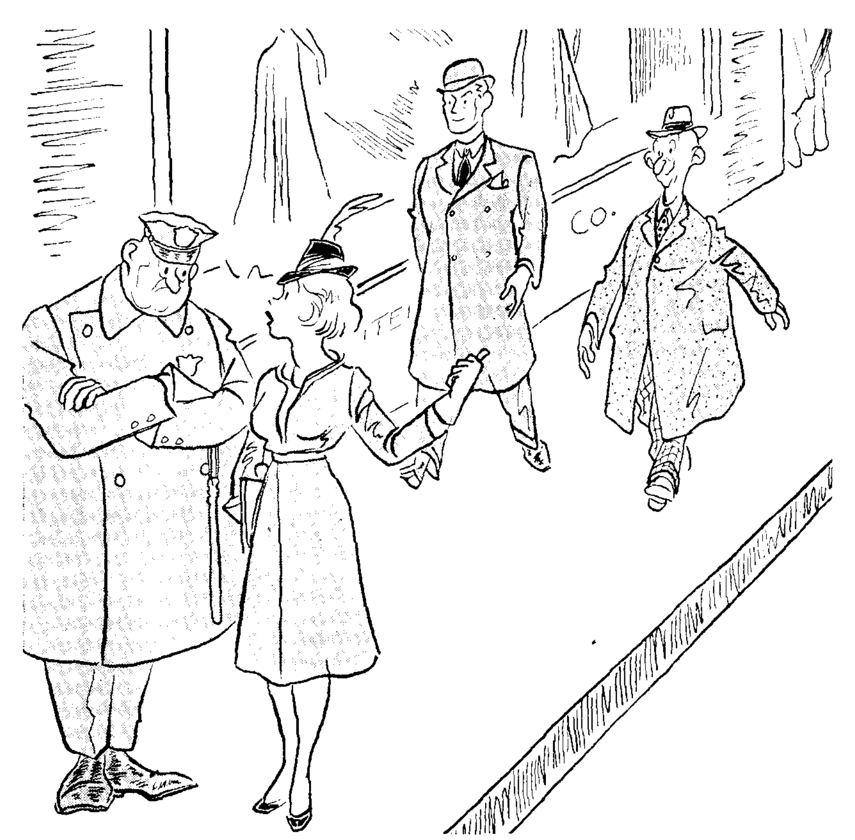
"Come over here and kiss me, Jocelyn," said Philip's mother. "Now you'll have that girl to raise and I wish you joy of her. Adore her, but she's as wild as a coyote. I suppose you heard the goings-on here last night, Miss Brit— Jocelyn? Crackpot who works in the same building as Phil's office comes in to borrow money and when he can't get it he shoots himself. He knocked a lamp down, too, but I never could bear that lamp. Connie Carter gave it to me and while I simply adore Connie—yes, walks in on Phil with a gun. Mercy he didn't kill Phil. I got home about— when was it, Tommy? Three? Anyway, Phil was just back. He had to go to a court or jail or something. Oh, no, that was the poker game, wasn't it?"

SHE gathered the cards in groomed, ringed hands; shuffled.

"I think it's yours, Tommy. The worst of suicides is," said Mrs. Fordyce, "you can't arrest 'em. It's all over. Oh, you were down here, weren't you, Jocelyn? Your deal, Tommy. Agnes told me she went upstairs with you."

"Jocelyn was out on the terrace; we'd just said good night," Philip explained. "I'd promised to go over to Larry's for a ten-o'clock poker game. Poor Dunham didn't come to the door; Lorenz was right there. He walked up the far end of the terrace and went in. I found him there and we talked, and Jocelyn had just come in when the shooting started."

"He must have been a good shot to miss you at that range," Nita said idly. She had been studying Jocelyn with



"Officer, these men are trying to pick me up! Make the little one stop!"

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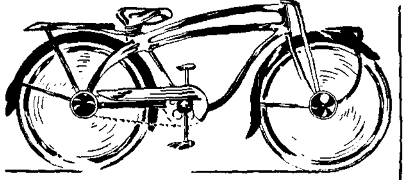

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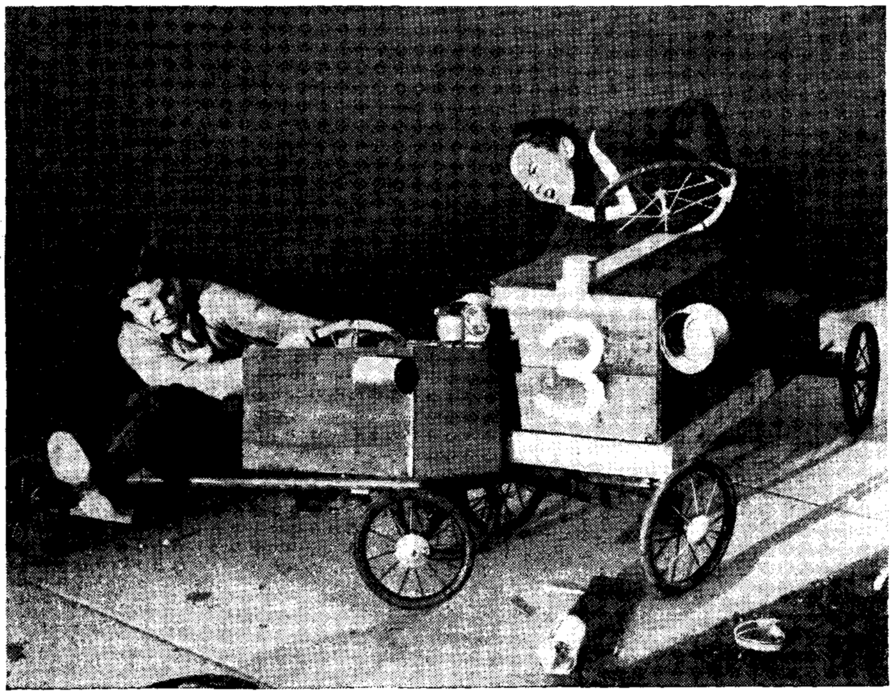

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half-closed, insolent eyes all through the preceding talk, her mouth curved into a half-smile. The effect was to make Jocelyn feel that she had no clothes on.

"He was crazy, of course. If I play another, Mother," Philip said, "I'll be late. I'm making a business lunch in town."

"Try to get someone, won't you, Jocelyn?" Mrs. Fordyce pleaded. "Try for Mrs. Sears. And try at the club for Mr. Randall—his father's funeral was at nine this morning; he may be back."

PHILIP followed her in to the telephone; Jocelyn squared him about in the hall.

"Philip, what happened? I waited and waited, watching for you to get back. I was so afraid something had gone wrong."

"What would go wrong?" he asked, genuinely surprised. "I was only over there fifteen minutes, then I went on to the Bickfords'."

"Oh, Philip, you didn't! You couldn't have played poker!"

"I did. Lucky, too. Sweetheart, I've got to go back. You try for Mrs. Sears, or anyone she suggests. I promised my mother I'd play until someone else arrived. Now, darling," Philip said soothingly, "the easier you take these things the easier everyone else does. For a few days men will say to me, 'Nasty business that maniac killing himself on your place,' and I'll say, 'I wish I'd let the poor devil have the few hundreds he wanted.'"

"But the papers will get it, Phil! How can you possibly keep it out of the papers?"

"The papers have got it, dear, all over the front pages. But what they've got is nothing, and your name isn't mentioned. And by tomorrow it's old news and they wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"Phil," she said gratefully, "you're so wonderful! You're the most wonderful person I ever knew. If you knew the night I had, and then to come out and see you all playing bridge on the very spot where poor Kent—" She stopped on a shudder.

"I wish I'd known you were awake. I looked up at your window, but it was dark. Don't worry about it, Jocelyn. A person who will commit suicide for one thing will commit it for another. It's the best thing all around. He wasn't happy, and I don't know that he ever would have been, and now he won't worry you again."

"What did you do with—with him?"

"I didn't do anything. They took him to the police station, identified him and his gun, and will ship the body to Portland today. Lorenz testified at the coroner's inquiry—there was an inquest at eight this morning—that he had walked in without being announced, and at his office I believe they said that he had been worried over business and was in a nervous condition."

"And that's—that's *all?*"

"That's all. Except that our announcements went to the papers this morning."

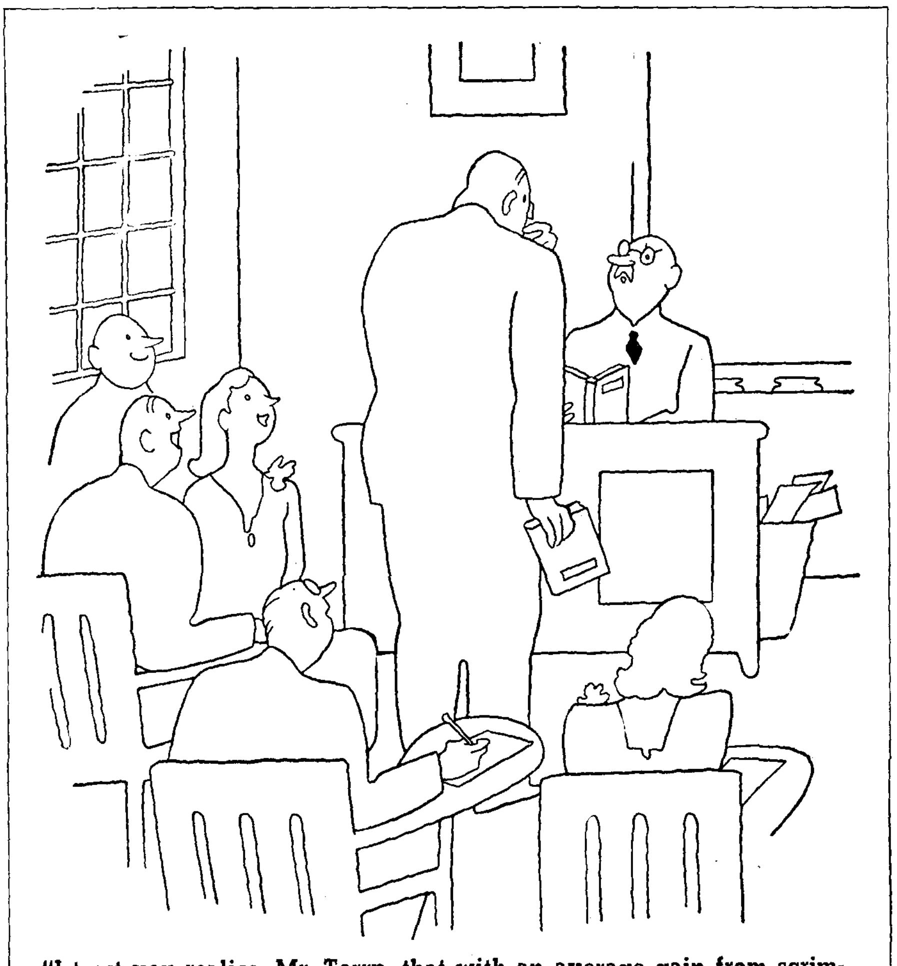
"Phil, you didn't send them!"

"Of course I sent them. So you'll have plenty to do in no time at all. Telegrams and letters and presents."

"I want to go back to my aunt today. I've little enough time, and now that the excitement of Sissy's wedding is over, we'll have to concentrate on mine and Tots'. Things go on just the same?"

"I'll take you over tomorrow. Certainly things go on. Now I'll go back and double three hearts again. You try for Mrs. Sears."

THE days went by. Jocelyn was at home with her aunt in Sausalito, talking about Tots' wedding and Sissy's wedding, talking of her own plans. She was back in San Mateo for a dinner at the Wilsons' magnificent place; she and Phil were toasted, and it all seemed strange and wonderful. Their laughter, their delight in their plans and in each other's company were insatiable. No detail was too small to fascinate Jocelyn; her smart new cards, her correspondence paper with her three initials so cunningly interwoven; her lug-



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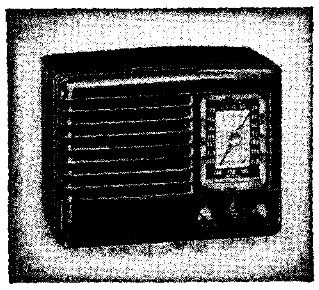

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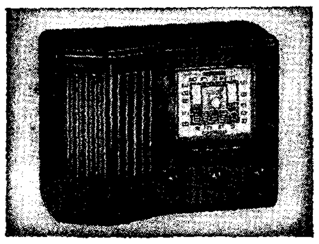

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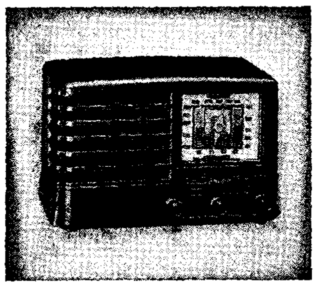

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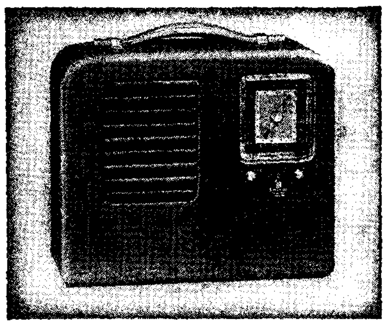

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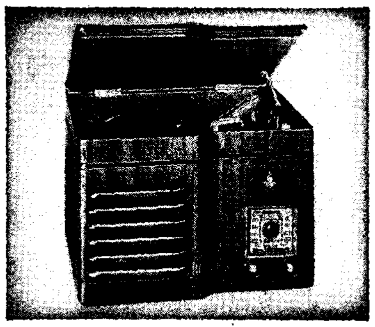

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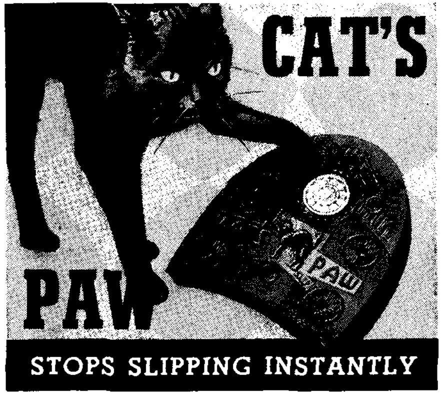

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Did she want a maid? She laughed at the mere idea. Did she want the Fordyce diamonds picked apart and reset in a more modern pattern? She didn't want them at all, not for years and years. What could Philip give her that would show her how badly she was going to be spoiled? Nothing, nothing, nothing! She was spoiled enough now.

THEY lingered over luncheon in the big hotels, and women came up to offer them congratulations, and Phil was incessantly bowing and smiling in every direction. They met friends in shops, and laughed over china and silver. They opened boxes filled with Arabian Nights' treasure, creamy plates ringed with richly colored flowers, crystal from Stockholm, plain, beautifully molded silver from Norway, Queen Anne saltcellars sturdy and fat, in blue glass and silver. It was a dazzling time.

Gentle Mrs. French had asked them to dine with her on their last night but one. Jocelyn's aunt had claimed the wedding eve; but she and Philip loved the Frenches, and Jocelyn went down to Hill Acres on the appointed night.

It really seemed as if it might be going to happen now. It really began to seem as if she and Phil might be going to get married. The whole household knew it, and while no changing of proportions or actual redecorating had been done, a beautiful room next to Mrs. Fordyce's own had already been selected by Philip for his and his wife's apartment, and Jocelyn was escorted to it on this occasion by Lena, who was all agog with excitement at the turn of affairs.

When, at quarter to eight, Philip knocked at her door, and she stepped forth in one of the gowns that had been originally intended for the Hawaiian trip, she would have changed places with nobody in the world.

"Jocelyn, you are so beautiful," he said. "There is something so white and pure and gold and creamy about you. Like a lily. Like a pearl."

"Anybody," she said demurely, "in this costume would look nice. What fun to be going to dinner together!"

"I thought we weren't going to dinners?"

"We aren't, much; we'll have much more fun at home. But now and then we'll do this. It's such fun."

"I'm going to be a proud man tonight."

"Unless they ask me to play bridge."

"They won't. Ann French doesn't play bridge; she hates it. And it won't be late; she promised me that: I told her you were going to Sausalito tomorrow early, and naturally she knows that the day before your wedding day is going to be exciting."

Mrs. Fordyce was giving a small dinner, with two tables of bridge to follow, that night; and they looked into the dining room when they went downstairs, and Jocelyn, smiling shyly at the guests, thought that she would be real mistress of this home at this time day after tomorrow, and that she would be Philip's wife, and felt her breath come fast. Philip's wife, always to be with him! Even now it didn't seem true.

When they came back into the house at eleven o'clock the bridge game was still going on fiercely and steadily as Jocelyn had known it would be. The evening had been a little triumph for her, and she felt flushed with success, and happy, and knew that Philip had not been disappointed in her. They did not disturb the card players; they stood smiling and talking in one of the smaller drawing rooms for a few minutes and then Philip put his arms about her and kissed her good night, and Jocelyn went upstairs, absolutely wearied with felicity.

Her room was in order, peacefully awaiting its occupant for the night. The reading lamp was lighted; the bed covers invitingly turned down; her nightdress was laid with her wrapper and slippers on a chair beside the bed.

Jocelyn went to the middle of the room, and stood there, stretching her arms above her head, watching her own reflection in the long door mirror. Then she laughed softly and went to the open French door that gave upon the wide upper balcony.

But the sight of the lawns below and the treetops all about her made her suddenly think with horror and pity of Kent; Kent not yet a week in his grave, and it was with the memory of him and her last sight of him strong upon her that she looked back toward the doorway. And immediately her throat closed on a scream and she felt her whole body turn icy and faint, for the shadow of a human form was against the window casing on the outside, half crouching, one hand spread against the frame.

"Who is it?" she said in a whisper. Instantly the answer came huskily:

"Don't be frightened. It's me. It's Norma!"

For several seconds that seemed like hours Jocelyn was still too terrified to understand. She could not see the girl at first because of the darkness close to the house wall, but as Norma came nearer she recognized her, and put out a hand to clutch her and turn her to the light.

"Norma! Dear God, what brings you here now? Where have you come from?"

"Come in," said Norma in a whisper. "Lena or someone came in to turn down your bed and I came out. I've been waiting for you since—oh, about nine, I guess."

"When did you get in? Where's your mother? Norma, what has happened to you!" Jocelyn gasped rather than asked the last question, for they were in the room now and she could see for the first time that the girl was in a terrible condition. Her hat and light coat and shoes had truly once been handsome, but they were shabby now and draggled; her face was white, she wore no make-up, and her hair hung in disorderly and shaggy locks about her ears.

SHE laughed without mirth—Norma's old laugh of childish bravado.

"Don't you think I look nice?" she asked. "I got in on the Celandaria today. A freighter, but she was bringing some Dutch schoolteachers and five or six Dutch maids back, and she brought me."

"Norma, you didn't come back alone, did you?"

"Oh, yes; I did!"

"But what was your mother thinking of!"

"Not about me, I guess. She has no idea where I am. Nor Sandy either."

"You didn't run away again?"

"I did. I knew one of the Dutch girls; she'd been with me as a maid while Mattress was ill. Mattress was ill practically all the time; I wrote you that? Jocelyn, I'm horribly hungry. Do you suppose—but don't tell Dad! Promise me that, not until we've talked! Then you may if you want to, truly. But not now! Promise me, Jotsy. I'm damn' near dead," Norma said, with an ugly little twist to her lip that Jocelyn had never seen before, "and I'll go the whole way if you make me mad!"

"I won't make you mad." Jocelyn laid a cool hand on the child's forehead. "You've no fever," she said, "but you look as if a few days in bed wouldn't hurt you. My poor little girl!"

"C-c-cut the sob stuff," Norma said, with trembling lips, "and give me a cigarette. And could I have some brandy and maybe some eggs? I'm so damn'—tired!"

Jocelyn went quickly and quietly about the room, extinguishing all the lamps but one.

"Get out of your clothes and into a hot bath, Norma," she said, "and I'll go downstairs and see what I can do. I'll be back as soon as I can. That's right; get into the bath. That's the most restful thing you can do."

Jocelyn descended to the brightly lighted hot pantry. Lorenz and one of the under butlers were there; the big nickel percolator was bubbling with fresh coffee; there were platters of sandwiches and cold meats and cake waiting the bridge players' pleasure.

"I went to a formal dinner tonight, Lorenz," Jocelyn explained, "and, of course, I'm starving. Could I have—yes, and two of those—and have you a little pot I could take coffee upstairs in? Perfect. Yes; will you carry it up as far as my door? Thanks."

SHE accompanied the man to her door, thanked him again, slipped inside with the tray. Norma had emerged from the bathroom, fresh and clean, and looking more like herself, with her slender little body enveloped in a great bathrobe, and her damp hair pushed back from her well-soaped face.

She fell ravenously upon the food, and Jocelyn watched her for a few minutes in silence. But she was too anxious to refrain long from questioning.

"Norma, you must tell me, dear. You didn't run away?"

"Oh, but I did. I'd had this Dutch girl with me, and I asked her to hide me on the boat and she did."

"Darling, you're joking!"

"No; I'm not. I went down to the dock and walked on the boat and she put me in the closet until we'd sailed. Nobody bothered me. Only I stayed six days in that room and only got out once except just to the door, and that was when she loaned me her hat and coat one hot night and I walked about the deck a few times," Norma said indifferently, with her mouth full.

"But the stewardesses—!"

"There weren't any. There were only three schoolteachers and these six Dutch girls; we took care of our own rooms—"

"But your mother—she must be simply beside herself!"

"No; she's not. I told her in a note that I was spending a few days with a girl friend on one of the islands, and she'll not dare move until she hears from me. Mother's much more scared of another Norma Fordyce scandal than I am or you are!"

"Norma, what a mad thing to do! We'll cable her tonight, of course. How did you get off the boat?"

"Walked off. The captain's about a thousand; he didn't see anything. I'd changed clothes with Signa; afterward we changed back. Oh, Jotsy, I'm home! If you knew how I've dreamed of getting back to you and Dad. And food—"

One of the richest girls in the world, Jocelyn thought, seeing the small hand shake as Norma reached for a cigarette, and the glint of tears in her eyes. Poor, forlorn, little friendless thing!

"I'm so grateful—so grateful to God that you got here!" Jocelyn said aloud. "How'd you know I was here?"

"I didn't. Not until I came upstairs. I was going to hide in my room until I was sure Dad was home, and I saw this door open and your things around. So I came in and looked at everything to make sure, and just then Lena came across the hall and I went through the window. And then I waited again."

"You had money to get down here?"

"I had a bag with everything in it, clothes and money. But the last minute someone stole it on the wharf, I suppose.

DID I TELL YOU ABOUT
MY WORMING?

Me — I was "sick as a pup." And there was the master poring over the Sergeant's DOG BOOK, wolfing information. "Now I know!" he says, "You've got worms! Let's get 'em!"

So — I go without dinner — and next day he hands me a capsule. "Hmm," I says. "A Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULE, eh?" "No," he says, "you're a big dog now. It's a SURE-SHOT CAPSULE — death on worms too!"

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I couldn't wait to find it; I was too nervous, so I walked on the Celandaria and let it go. But I couldn't write checks for Signa and the other girl that knew, but I will. I'll talk to Dad. Jotsy, when did you move into this room?"

"I'm not really in. But I *am* moving in to Hill Acres, Norma, to stay." Jocelyn, in her evening gown, suddenly felt the color come up on her bare shoulders and into her cheeks, and laughed with the embarrassment of a child. "Your father and I are being married day after tomorrow," she said.

Norma's face grew as red as her own.

"Oh, Jocelyn, I am very glad," she said quickly and awkwardly. "Dad—Dad must be awfully glad. But I—but I—look, I'm messing it all up again!"

"Oh, no; you're not, don't be silly! It merely means—we can easily tell people—" Jocelyn's floundering attempts to make light of it, to make it sound merely a pleasurable addition to the plan, fell somewhat flat. She was smitten by a sudden desolating realization that this runaway girl, whose wardrobe and governess had been left behind her, halfway across the southern ocean, would not be exactly a conventional third party on a honeymoon. The vision of Canadian woods, of cool blue mountains and great shady log cabins faded away; the vision of the moving car, and her shoulder against Philip's. Here was the old problem, eternally new, of Norma. With whom could they possibly leave her now?

"Well, the first thing," she began again sensibly, "is to get you rested and cable your mother and then buy you some clothes. But there must be lots of your clothes here in this house, things we didn't send to the rummage when you went away. I'll go in, in a few minutes, and see what I can find in the way of nightgowns and things."

"I want to stay in here with you," said Norma, in her old tone of childish importunance.

"You shall. And when we go on our honeymoon—well, I suppose we'll have to take you along."

"Oh; you were going to Europe?"

"No; not Europe. We were going to Canada. We were going to drive."

"But I always get ill driving, especially if it's hot!"

"I know. I was just thinking—"

"You could leave me with Granny."

"No; she wouldn't like that. You know how she feels about responsibility. She's often out late, and she's moving up to the Rogue anyway next week."

"Well, I won't go to the Rogue. Fishing with the water up to your waist all day. I loathe it! I'd rather go somewhere else. I'd rather go to Europe. Couldn't we all go to Switzerland and take some little place?" Norma urged. Jocelyn was puzzled by her feverish manner. "I'd study, really I would. I'd work like mad at French. Mother couldn't say a word if you were married to Dad. We could get clothes in New York."

"It isn't all as simple as that. Norma, I've got to get your father in here. I don't know how to handle it. We'll see what he thinks."

"I'll ring." Norma, refreshed and fed, was almost herself again now, and was busied with rouges and powders at Jocelyn's dressing table.

"No; don't ring. I'll go. We don't want the servants talking." Jocelyn went to Philip's door. It was immediately opened to her knock. He was in his dressing gown; he had been watching the bridge for a while, he said, and was just going to bed.

"JOCELYN, how nice of you to come call me! What's up?"

"I'll tell you in a minute." She drew him into the hall. "Come into my room," she said. "I don't want anyone to hear! Norma's here."

"Norma!" he echoed in an amazed whisper. "When'd they get back?"

"Come in." They were at her door now; she opened it, and Norma rushed forward and was in his arms.

"Oh, you monkey!" Philip said, sitting down with her on his knee. "What d'you mean by this? What is all this? Where's your mother?"

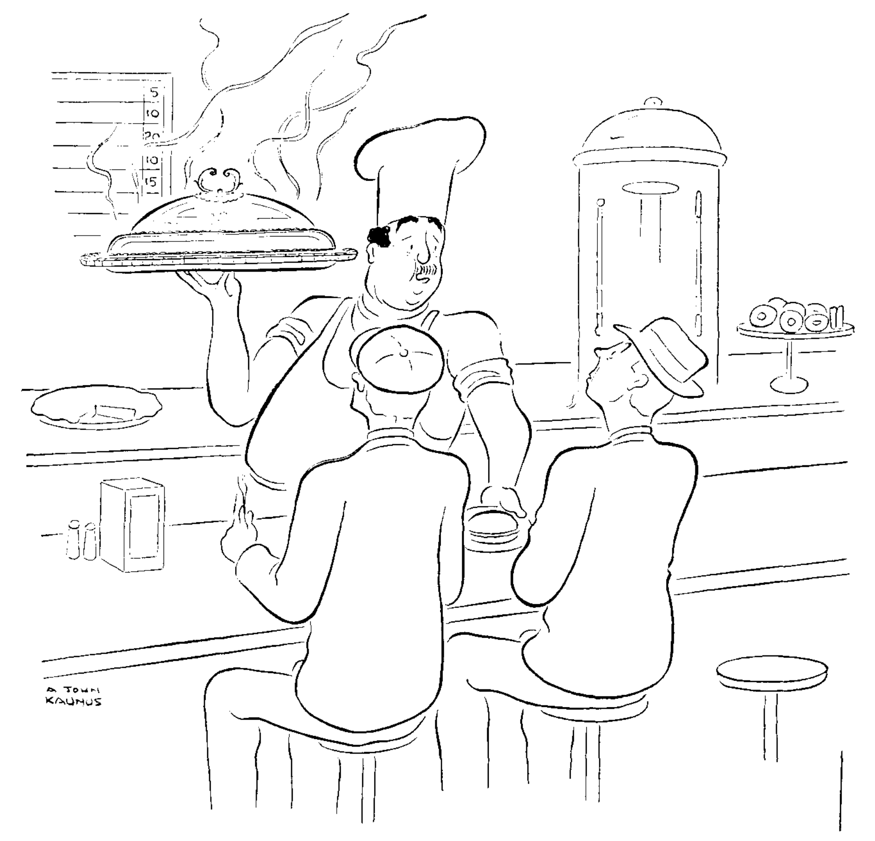
"She and Sandy are back in Honolulu," Norma said. Jocelyn noted with surprise that she had suddenly gone white and drooping; all her mischievous triumph in her escape faded.

"Who'd you come with?"

"A Dutch girl I knew. On a freighter."

"What Dutch girl? A friend?"

"A friend; no," said Norma, with a touch of pride. "She was third pastry cook in the palace at The Hague, and



"Yours was the plain hamburger, wasn't it?"

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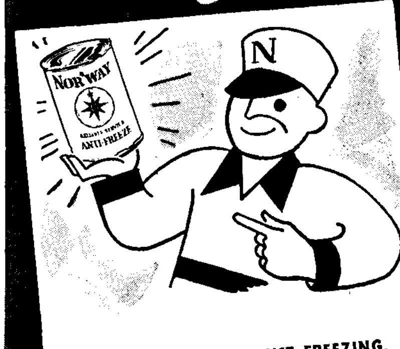

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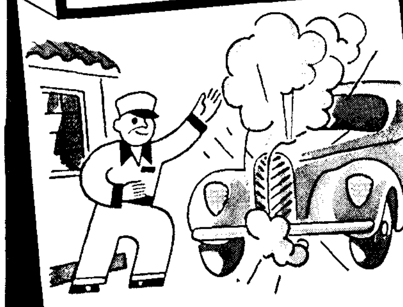

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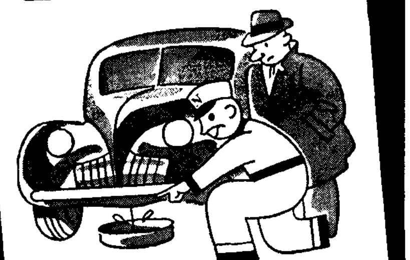

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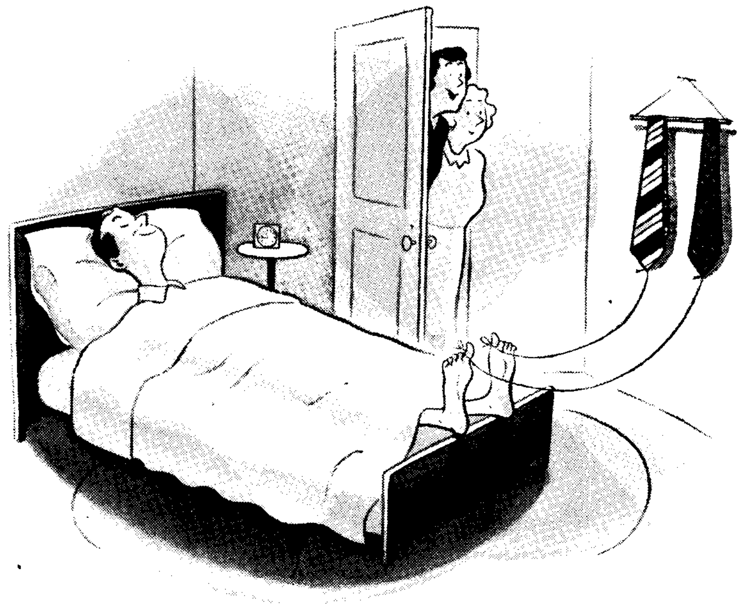

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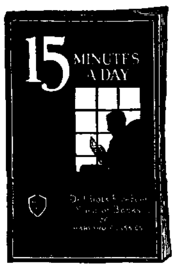


she and these others were friends of the captain, and they were on a trip. And the rest were schoolteachers who sang and everything."

"And you came with these girls!"

"They didn't know I was on board. We had three little cabins aft, and I stayed in my cabin, except sometimes for a few minutes at night. Nobody knew but Signa and Frieda, and they wouldn't tell."

"But your mother—what was she thinking about? She never wired me. I would have met you! Norma, that was a silly thing to do!"

"Mother doesn't know yet where I am. I left her a note saying I was staying with friends on one of the plantations, and I suppose she's quietly trying to find out which. It's only six days, Dad, and we can cable her tomorrow."

"I'LL cable tonight, of course. Where was Sandy when you got away?"

"Asleep. She always takes naps, hot afternoons, before we swim," Norma began wearily. "I was lying on my bed reading, and she was lying on hers, and Mattress was downstairs somewhere talking to one of the French waiters, I suppose. Two of them came from Lyons, too. So I walked out, and first I was going to kill myself, and then I saw this girl on the dock and she said they were sailing on the Celandaria, and I asked how soon. She said anytime, in about half an hour. So then I offered her a thousand dollars if she'd risk getting me back to America, and she said yes, it was only a week and she thought she could do it because the captain was so old and there wasn't any stewardess.

"So I went back into my room and put a few things into a bag and went out the tennis-court door, nobody was around, and went down to the dock and stood beside some lumber just looking at the ship as if I was interested, and then when I turned around my bag was gone. But I didn't mind that, I had a little money in my purse, and I knew that when Sandy and Mother and Mattress missed the bag they'd believe I'd gone off visiting somewhere."

"And what did you eat?"

"Oh, there was plenty to eat. The dining room was so hot that the girls didn't eat in there most of the time anyway, and Signa and Frieda would bring me sandwiches and cups of coffee and pineapples. It was too hot to eat, anyway!"

"Norma, why didn't you stop to think before you did a thing like this? If the newspapers get hold of this—I don't think they need, but they may—it would be just one more escapade. Why do you *do* these things, dear?"

"I wanted to get to you, Dad," Norma said, snuggling against him.

"But that's such nonsense, dear. You could have told your mother or you could have written me. Sandy must be wild with anxiety, and it isn't fair to the poor old thing. I don't know," Philip added with a sigh, "exactly what we're going to do now. But we'll arrange it somehow. You knew that Jocelyn and I are getting married on Saturday?"

"I'm so pleased, Dad." Norma seemed subdued and tired; she rested her hand on his shoulder, settled down with an echo of his own sigh. "Everything's all right now," she said. "I'm home."

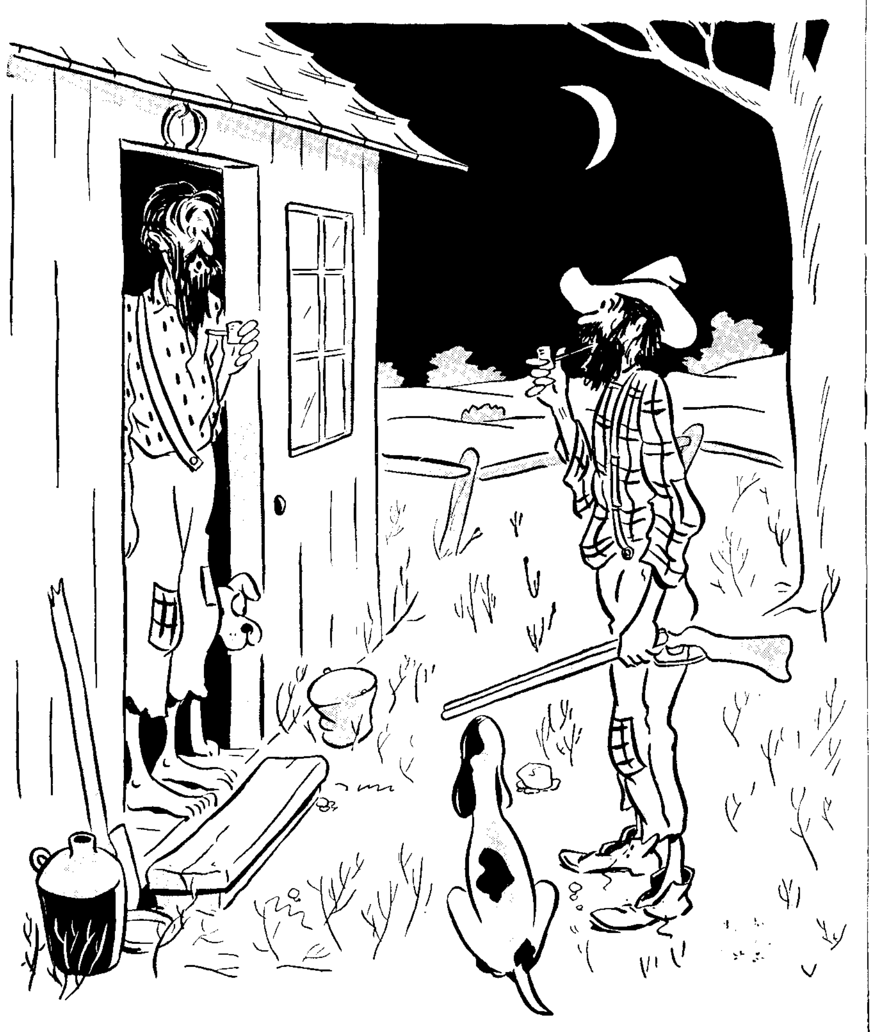
"But what was this nonsense about committing suicide? Weren't you having a good time? Was somebody unkind to you?"

"Oh, no," Norma said, tears suddenly in her eyes. "They were all wonderful. Parties for me and for Mother and for Spazzolari—it was one party after another! Mother never was in bed until broad daylight. I hardly ever saw her."

"But Sandy was fairly decent?"

"Yes; Sandy took me everywhere. At ship dances and beach parties there was Sandy. I hate her. But then," Norma concluded wearily, "she hates me, too."

"Well," said Philip, in a philosophical



"Reckon I can't go tonight, Ab. Maw's usin' my gun to keep the kids outa the preserves"

WADE MONROE

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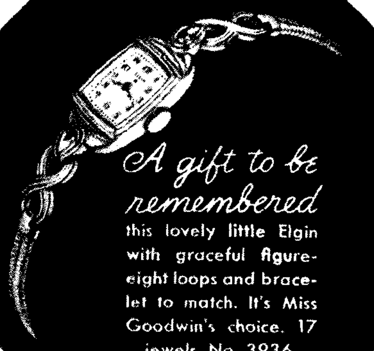

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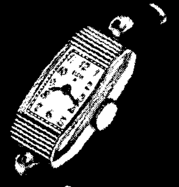
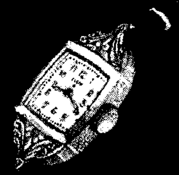


Distinctive terraced design. 17 jewels. No. 2983. $37.50



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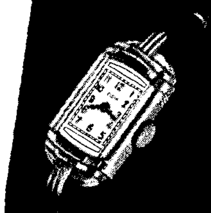

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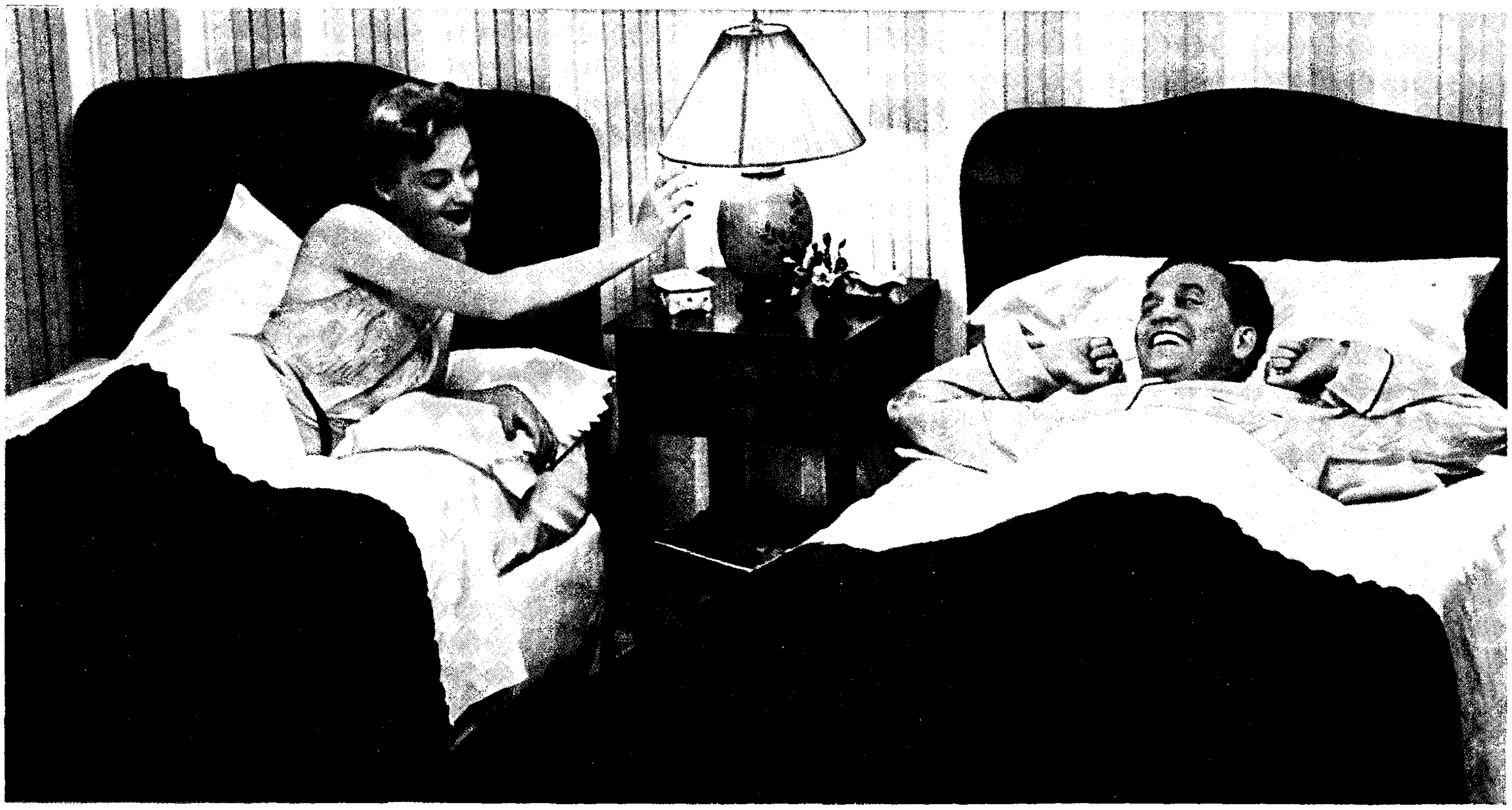

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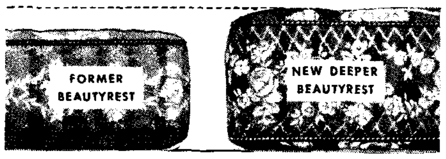

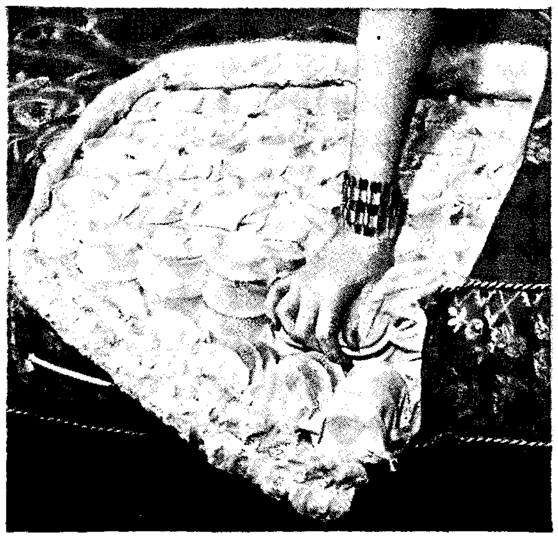

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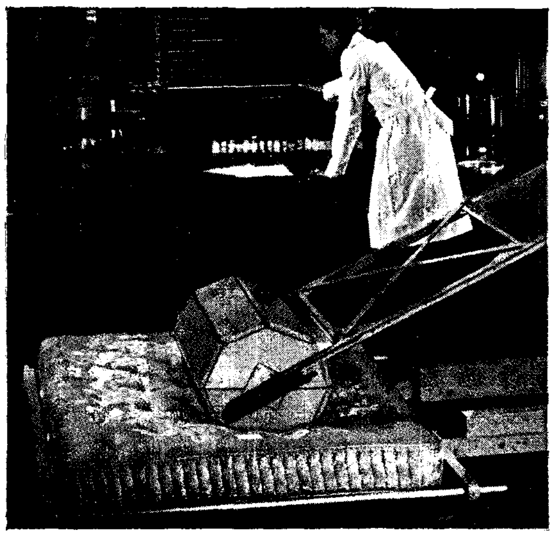

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IMPORTANT: If you are shown other mattresses supposed to be "just as good" as Beautyrest, remember that no other mattress in the world gives you ALL the advantages of Beautyrest.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
SIMMONS COMPANY

Beautyrest is made only by the Simmons Co. So insist upon seeing this label on the next mattress you buy.

tone, "you'll be an unexpected guest at your Dad's wedding, Spotty. No child can ask fairer than that. And after that I think you'll have to stay quietly with Granny here for a few weeks. We'll get some nice girl to keep you company—Jocelyn, a bright thought! Would one of those younger cousins of yours come down here to stay with Norma?"

"Bam or Peaches? Why not? It's vacation now. Bam would go out of her senses with joy."

"And I'd trust you, Spotty, not to let us down. Then after we get back we're going to ranch-hunt. We're going to buy a place up in the Sierras—"

Norma had left her father's knee, and was standing, a singularly unimpressive and childish little figure, in the center of the floor. She spoke with sudden painful effort.

"I don't want anyone to know I'm here, Dad. That's why I didn't cable you. That's why I sneaked into Jocelyn's room. I don't want the servants or anyone to know. That—that was why I wanted to kill myself. I've got to hide somewhere—I've got to be out of everything. You see, what Jocelyn and everybody's been telling me ever since I was a little girl is true. Don't you see, I didn't believe you!" she went on impatiently. "I thought—I thought a girl could always stop—stop herself," Norma said, her voice suddenly harsh and bitter, though she did not raise it, her manner that of a child who has been deceived, "and let anyone else know that she—that it was just fooling—"

SHE broke off in the middle of a phrase and stood facing them, her expression a study in appeal and fear and defiance. Philip sat staring at her like a man turned to stone; Jocelyn's first quick glance was about the room. All the doors were closed; outside the balcony windows were only the darkness and the night.

"Norma, you don't know what you are saying!" she whispered sharply in the silence.

Philip dropped his head and covered his face with his hands. Jocelyn put her arm about Norma, and they sat down together on the couch.

"Be sensible, dear," Jocelyn said soothingly, "and tell us what you mean. With your mother there, with Sandy right there, nothing could have happened to you!"

"Oh, couldn't it!" Norma demanded, in a voice she tried to make hard and scornful. She was breaking now; she began to breathe fast and her mouth trembled. "What could that old—that old *idiot* do?"

"Some man was making love to you?" her father asked, in a quiet, businesslike tone, looking up.

"Lots of them were!" Norma answered with a toss of her head. "I had two proposals on the boat!" Arrogant, stupid, limited child that she was, Jocelyn thought, she could boast even now.

"I think this is only a scare," Philip said. "Tell me what happened."

"But you can get me away, Dad! I don't want even Granny to know I'm here. Nobody must know! Jotsy and I," Norma said feverishly, "can go to some German place somewhere, or some school, and stay there! And I could get a wig—a yellow wig, Dad—"

"Be quieter, Norma!" her father said sternly. Jocelyn had never heard that note in his voice before. "We can't do anything or promise anything until we know what this is all about. You're trying to tell me, I think—I hope to God I'm wrong!—that you got mixed up in some love affair down there—"

"Begin at the beginning," Jocelyn said with a dry throat.

"Mother, governess, maid, old friends all on the job," Philip murmured, as if he thought aloud.

"Dad, you see this man was on the boat going down," Norma began. "He is much older than I am and he was divorced, but that wasn't his fault because his wife was the most beautiful woman in Europe and she is the one who rode a horse right up the big steps of Versailles—remember? He said it was in the papers. And she wanted to marry someone else, so that wasn't his fault, was it? So Mamma and I thought he was quite nice and she danced with him and so did I."

She was launched; no matter what her personal dismay, she loved to tell long stories. This one would have its share of embroidery, Jocelyn reflected.

"Go on," Philip said, his face a mask of pain, of bitter endurance.

"He's a Hungarian prince, Dad; his name is Orgatzyk. His family have been in one castle since—"

"You danced with him, you say?" Phil interrupted harshly.

"Yes. Mamma, too. But on the boat Sandy was always there. She slept in my room and I couldn't even walk around the deck but what Sandy was walking around the other way smiling at us every time we passed. There was a crowd on the boat, Dad," Norma went on, "and we had lots of fun. And then when we got to Honolulu we went out to the Frothinghams', and Juju went too."

"Juju was this man, Spot?"

"Yes. And they had a big beach party, with ukuleles and everything—about a hundred and fifty people, and Juju had been always with Mamma; I didn't think he especially liked me; two boys had asked me to marry them, but they were just kids. Juju didn't on the boat. But at this beach party—"

She stopped short. Philip had folded his arms on his chest; he did not move a muscle of his face as he said, "Go on."

"WELL, it was horribly hot," Norma said, beginning to sound frightened. "And we sort of wandered along the beach and sat down on the dunes—it was night, you know. And it was so hot! And there were some others with us, and then there was no one there with me but Juju, and it was dark, and he began to say how much he loved me and all that. I'd been lying with my head on his shoulder, Dad, we all had been—and we'd been singing—and the others were right over the dunes on the sand—and I mean—if I had screamed they would have come, or they might—that's what I was afraid of—that they'd think it was just fooling, because you know how everyone screams and calls out at a picnic like that! And then he said that nothing would ever make me less wonderful to him, and that he always would love me—and I walked back and some others were strolling along, and we came to Sandy and I said I was tired and wanted to go home.

"So the next day I saw Juju at the club and we talked and I said that I would always hate him as nobody ever hated anyone before, and that I hoped the most horrible thing that ever happened to anyone would happen to him! And then I couldn't believe it for a while, Dad, and it all seemed like some horrible thing that I'd dreamed about in the night—and you won't make me marry him, Dad, will you, because I hate him so! You won't, will you, Dad? Because he'll come up here and say we're engaged and everything—"

"You've told Jocelyn and me this," Philip said, after a long silence when she stopped on a sob. "Who else?"

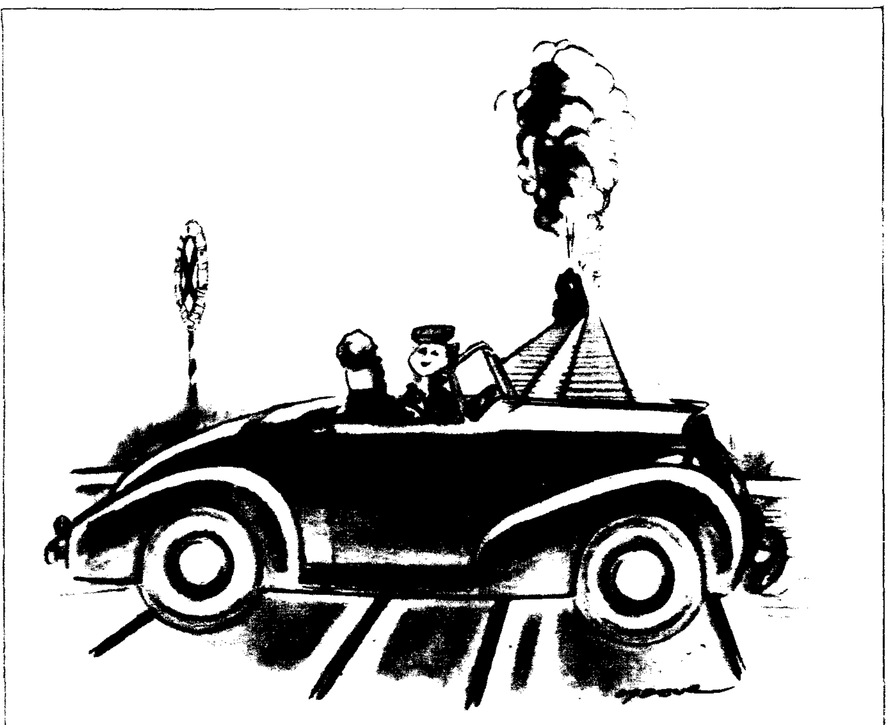
"Nobody. Nobody at all!"

"Then you must forget it, Norma. It *was* all a bad dream," Philip said, his voice sharp, unemotional. "This is a thing that happens sometimes to innocent girls, as well as little fools like you! My poor little old Spot! He took advantage of you; he took the chance that you wouldn't struggle, that you wouldn't put his damned eyes out for him! Well, you'll never see him again. We'll get you straightened out here with clothes; we'll get in touch with your mother; we'll keep you with us now, you'll not be exposed to that sort of guardianship again. A man you shouldn't have been allowed to speak to! A man who knew perfectly well that if he could get you compromised there would be a comfortable income in it for him for life! It's our fault, dear," her father went on. "Sandy's and your mother's and mine, our fault as much as yours."

"He asked me to marry him afterward, Dad; he *did* do that. But I hate him! It makes me sick to have him near me. He's forty! He's nearly as old as you are, Dad. And I didn't tell him. I didn't tell anyone! I wanted to get to you and Jotsy!"

"You didn't tell him *what?*" Philip said, in a tone that frightened Jocelyn. She looked from his face to Norma's, and her heart died within her. There was no answer in words. They did not need them.

(To be continued next week)



"Well, now, Officer, do I pass my driving test or not?"

LEONARD DOVE

"Ah there, Bertram! Will your SCALP pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?"

I WAS NEVER so mortified in my life! There I sat in what I had been assured was a respectable restaurant, when this entertainer brazenly mussed up my hair!

"NO OFFENSE," she apologized, "but if you'd see your barber . . . and trade in that necktie . . . you could quit this solitary drinking!" Somewhat dazed, I ran my fingers through my hair . . . and was shocked at the condition of my scalp!

"DID YOU EVER," I asked my barber, "hear of the Fingernail Test?" "Sure!" he replied, "that's how you get wise to dandruff. If your fingernails show gummy scales, you got somethin' goin' on beneath your hair that hadn't ought to be there!"

"ALL YOU DO," he explained, "is use this 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil! The old Wildroot formula that's been chasin' dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oils that keep hair well groomed but *can't* build up grease on your scalp!"

AMAZING what self-confidence a clean scalp and a well-groomed head inspire! The young lady at the night club actually condescends to sit and drink with me! All I am, I owe to Wildroot-with-Oil.

35¢ 60¢ and $1 at all drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.

WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.
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WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

IMPORTANT: *Wildroot Hair Tonic, original formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere!*

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WIN $5.00! Send Your Kleenex "True-Confession" to KLEENEX 919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago We Pay $5.00 For Every One Published

I'M FROM MISSOURI! AND THEY SURE SHOWED ME... YES, SIR! A CLERK SOLD ME A SUBSTITUTE FOR KLEENEX AND ON MY FIRST SNEEZE THE TISSUE WENT "BOOM"! FROM NOW ON IT'S ONLY KLEENEX FOR ME
(from a letter by D. G. D., South Portland, Me.)

EVEN ON THE ROAD I ALWAYS LOOKS MY BEST! I KEEP MY SHOES LOOKING SPIFFY BY CLEANING THEM WITH KLEENEX–IT'S ECONOMICAL TOO
(from a letter by N. W., Rochester, N. Y.)

HOLLYWOOD GAL GOES KLEENEX! THEY CHARGE FOR LINENS SOILED BY STUDIO MAKE-UP–SO-O-O I STARTED USING KLEENEX AND WHAT I SAVED ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY BILL SUPPLIED ME WITH KLEENEX FOR A MONTH
(from a letter by P. H., Hollywood, Calif.)

I'M ALLERGIC TO ASHES WASHING ASH TRAYS MAKES ME SICK...NOW I WIPE ALL THE TRAYS QUICKLY AND EASILY WITH KLEENEX–IT DOES AWAY WITH MUSS AND FUSS
(from a letter by M. E. O., Lawrenceburg, Ind.)

I'M AN OLD SOFTIE! IT OUGHT TO BE A LAW TO SERVE KLEENEX AT THOSE 'TEAR-SPILLER' MOVIES BECAUSE KLEENEX IS A SOFTIE TOO
(from a letter by M. I. E., York, Pa.)

- During colds especially, Kleenex Tissues soothe your nose, save money, reduce handkerchief washing. You use each tissue once–then destroy, germs and all.

Keep a package in every room in the house–kitchen and nursery as well as bathroom and bedroom–and one in the car at all times.

The handy "Serv-a-Tissue" box is the answer to every motorist's prayer . . . never start on a motor trip without Kleenex.

ONLY KLEENEX TISSUES have the Serv-a-Tissue Box . . . ends waste!

GOOD NEWS! NOW BOTH 500 AND 200 SHEET KLEENEX ARE IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!

Pull a double tissue Straight up

. . . Next one Pops up Ready for use!

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Lion-Mane Collar

Continued from page 20

been interested in Nubi. He lived in a brushwood hut a good two-days journey from the nearest village. By day he pecked—not too industriously—at a mass of rock that no European had ever seen. After some days he leisurely picked over the rock fragments he had broken off. After other days he made a two-days journey with the fruit of his labor to the nearest village. There he traded the yellow, glittering stuff for the good things of life and was soundly cheated in the exchange. But he did not trade all his product away. Against some emergency of his own imagining, he hoarded a little in a secure and hidden place.

IT WAS a barbarous but an idyllic existence. He had no cares and no worries and no vices—unless memory may become a vice. Nubi had things to remember, of course. The war, for instance. His wife. His children. There were many things that had been changed and could not now be brought back again. An air bomb had destroyed his family, and the aviator who dropped it had commented that the explosion resembled a blossoming flower of flame. Nubi must have remembered such matters, but no sign of brooding showed in his face. He seemed completely absorbed in everyday affairs. The only observable difference between Nubi before the war and Nubi after it was that he had ceased to wear his lion-mane collar.

He had been proud of that collar. Before the great war, no man could hope for greater honor than to kill a lion, alone. The feat yielded a collar that was a decoration and a rank in one. The rank yielded pride and public honor. Nubi's collar, in fact, was quite possibly the cause of the first romantic stirrings in the heart of the Galla maiden who became his wife; before, of course, her body formed one petal of a fanciful flower for the admiration of an enemy aviator. It was the greatest single cause of pride that Nubi possessed. But after the war he ceased to wear it.

That, however, was the only apparent change in him. His existence was utterly peaceful. His hut was on the slope of a sheer mountain. The outcropping of rock he worked was near by. Good water welled from the earth not far from his diggings. And when he had done as much labor as he considered fitting for the day, he could sit and smoke tranquilly and look out over the Danakil and contrast his homesite with the stark, blasted barrenness of that extensive hell.

The Danakil Desert is hotter than any other place upon the earth, and more barren, and more completely desolate, and more ghastly. It begins in French Somaliland and it ends eighty miles from Addis Ababa, and in between is lingering death for any man fool enough to venture upon it—death from heat and sunstroke and thirst and hunger and exhaustion, but mostly from thirst.

Nubi had sound if barbaric reasons for contentment, even nowadays. He no longer had a wife, it was true, and he no longer had any sons. But he was not an old man yet, and he gradually accumulated a store of yellow powder and glittering yellow lumps that could be traded for most things. He was not even lonesome in his brushwood hut. Every so often—once in two weeks or three or thereabouts—someone came by his diggings. A half-furtive chieftain, say, not yet reconciled to the conquerors of his country and suspicious of all who might betray him.

Nubi greeted such men tranquilly and gave them of his meat and water and tobacco. That was hospitality. Sometimes his visitors were doubtful persons—spies bought by the conquerors. Nubi greeted them, also, tranquilly. And now and again he saw peddlers or fugitives of one sort or another.

Nubi treated them all alike, with a serene calm that looked like resignation to contentment. He listened to his guests' talking and to their complaints, and only once did he ever mention his own misfortunes. That was when a man came by who still proudly wore a lion-mane collar like the one Nubi had put aside.

He did talk freely to that man. There is a confraternity of valor, and each of them possessed its symbol. Nubi talked to that man of the fighting, and of the time when he wept with rage because he and all his contingent were helpless against an enemy tank, though they tried to tear it apart with their bare hands while it killed one hundred and thirty-seven of them. He talked of the poisoned air that came out of enemy shells. He spoke of the aerial bomb whose bursting an enemy aviator had likened to a blossoming flower.

The man with the lion-mane collar listened. He talked in his turn. Convincingly. In the morning he was gone. He had warned Nubi that pursuers were quite probably on his trail.

Because of the warning, Nubi also left his hut early. His late guest had barely vanished along the mountain slope—but not toward the Danakil—before Nubi made himself ready to leave. He covered over the rock chips he had sorted for yellow stuff. He felled certain saplings and hid the way to his workings. His brushwood hut needed only to be pulled at shrewdly, here and there, to look long-abandoned. He went into his hoarded store of stuff to complete a load, and started off at leisure toward the village where he traded his product.

HE TRAVELED nearly two hours before he encountered his guest's pursuers. Then he ran incautiously into a very tidy trap. There were an officer and four men of the conquerors, and there was a considerable force of native soldiers. They were not Nubi's compatriots, and the conquerors used them where losses were likely. They saw Nubi's white garments a long distance away and waited for him in ambush. They sprang out upon him with fixed bayonets, and he had no faintest chance to escape.

Nubi was completely calm. His captors led him before the officers of the conquerors' race. Undisturbed, he answered such questions as were put to him. He had come, he said simply, from the Danakil. He was on his way to a village to sell what he had found.

While the officer asked questions, the troopers scornfully tore open Nubi's pack to see what trash a member of a conquered nation might carry. They saw yellow, glittering, metallic powder, mingled with larger lumps. In incredible quantity. In breath-stopping quantity. The officer saw their booty as they tried to squabble over it in nothing more than fierce and bloodcurdling whispers.

The officer stared, his eyes gleaming. He himself impounded all of Nubi's store, and his questioning took a new turn. He asked nothing at all about a man wearing a lion-mane collar. Instead, he asked hungrily where Nubi had found the yellow, glittering stuff.

Nubi said that he had found it four

days' march into the Danakil. He might as well have said four days' march into hell itself, but the officer did not know that. The officer asked questions; hungry questions; questions that grew almost insanely avaricious as Nubi told him, simply, a tale which was remarkable in that it had not one fact in it.

"You will lead us to this place," said the officer restlessly, when Nubi had finished. "If you try to escape you will be killed. Do you understand?"

"You will need much water," said Nubi calmly. "Much water. There is no water on the way. If you carry much water, in one day every man can gather as much of this yellow stuff as I carry. But if you carry not enough water we will all die." Then he added tranquilly: "There is a spring where I came from the desert."

The officer considered, like Lieutenant Bramante, that the people of Nubi's nation were barbarians with short memories. That already they began to forget the past and to accept the rule of the conquerors as a fact of nature. And he knew of the completely despotic authority exercised by the *rases* and chieftains of old. It appeared to him that Nubi's submission was merely accustomed acquiescence to arbitrary orders from on high. He commanded, of course, that Nubi should be guarded so that he could not possibly escape. He assured himself that the discovery of such a source of riches would be a military feat of enormous value to his country and vastly more important than the capture of one man with a lion-mane collar, even if that man had killed members of the conquering race.

Besides, the officer would become rich, too, and he would be honored and promoted and esteemed for his discovery.

The soldiers followed Nubi back to the spring he always used for his own purposes. Two hours of rocky going. They filled every conceivable receptacle with drinking water. Then they followed Nubi down the mountain slope into the Danakil.

From his brushwood hut to the inferno that was the desert, there was a drop of twenty-seven hundred feet. Smoking peacefully on many evenings, Nubi had contemplated the desert as from the pilot's seat of an airplane like that which had bombed his family out of existence. He knew literally every foot of the way, not only down to the desert floor, but for very many miles toward the horizon. He proved it.

There were no footprints that he could point to as proof of his recent travel along this route, but a hot wind—so hot that it burned the skin—blew sand grains over the baking plain. Their own trail was blotted out a mile behind them. If the officer might have grown suspicious, that hot wind allayed his suspicions even as it sucked the moisture from his body. But he was not suspicious. When he would have halted, toward sundown, Nubi said that two miles farther on there was a rock that threw a shadow. It would be well to halt there instead. They marched on and reached the rock and the officer was completely convinced. They camped.

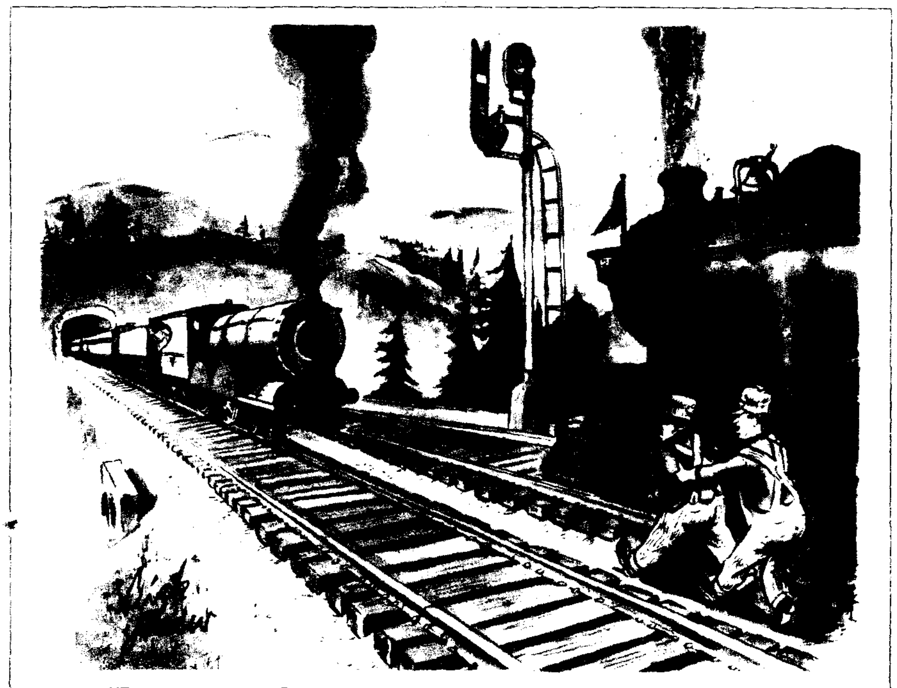
NIGHT fell and the deadly heat was succeeded by coolness. Then by cold. The conquerors and the *askaris* shivered, but Nubi covered himself matter-of-factly with a blanket of sand and slept peacefully. At gray dawn he wakened and was ready to go on.

They had marched two miles, on this second day, and the blistering, brazen heat of the desert was lapping at their strength, when the officer bethought himself that Nubi carried no burden. He walked erect and unhurried and apparently without resentment or care. But the conquerors and the *askaris* were burdened with equipment, with arms, with the loot they had taken from Nubi, and especially with water in every container that could possibly be emptied of other contents and filled with water. And since the conquerors had long since found out that only airtight receptacles could keep even emergency rations intact in all the climatic zones of their new possession, there were plenty of containers. On this march the troopers carried their rations in their pockets and water in the tin food cans in their knapsacks. Their load was markedly increased, and the heat was terrible.

The officer called a halt and made up a burden for Nubi to carry. Some blankets, to be sure, but mostly water tins. Nubi accepted the burden meekly. He plodded onward, bent a little now, leading his captors toward a hillock that was still miles away but that he had seen often from the twenty-seven-hundred-foot elevation from which he had so often surveyed this gehenna.

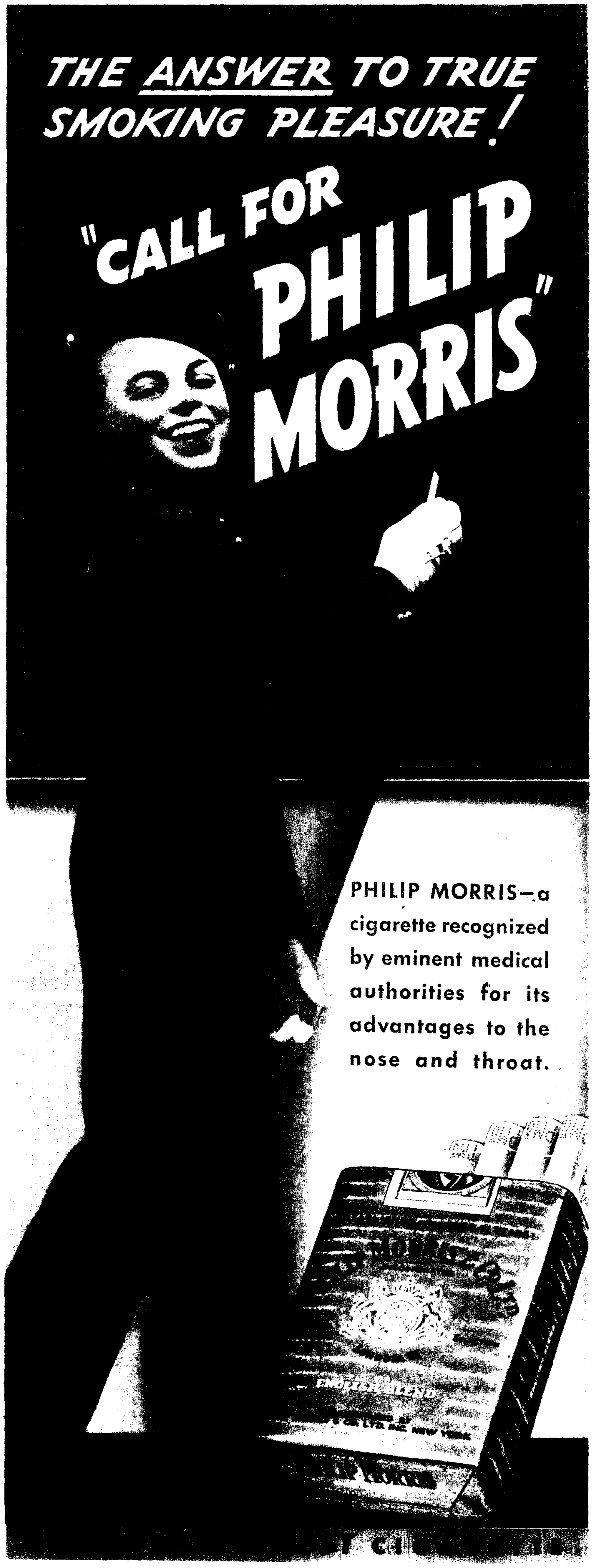
It was gehenna. The first day's march had been bad enough. But then the men were fresh, and their tissues were flush with moisture. They sweated freely, but under strict orders drank sparingly. This second day the privation showed.

The sun was horrible. It was not a



"Be courteous, Harry. It's *that* visiting train from England!"

DICK SHAW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source of light, but a white-hot object that seemed to fill the sky with blazing energy. The firmament was like a vast and open furnace door, sending out blistering heat. The sunlight literally stung where it struck on unshielded flesh. The metal of the rifles grew too hot, not only for comfort, but for endurance. And the sheer and suffocating heat of the place was such that a man's breath felt cool upon his parched hands if he blew upon them.

By the end of this second day there were only cracked lips and bloodshot eyes among the conquerors, and even the *askaris* suffered severely. Only Nubi seemed untouched and unharmed by the heat. He was heavily loaded and his expression was patient and resigned. When they reached the halting place for the second day, he was the freshest of all the members of the party, despite his load.

The third day was one of sheer torment. The sun glared down with an unspeakable malevolence and the men responded in kind. The conquerors wasted good breath and useful energy in hating the sun. They cursed it luridly, in croaking voices. The *askaris* did not blaspheme, but their eyes were bloodshot like those of the white men, and they mumbled indistinct things as they marched, and the unbearable rays of the sun seemed to penetrate helmet and hair and skulls together, and to set up a parched feverishness in which hatred became a disease. If the *askaris* did not curse the sun, they came to hate it only a little less horribly than the white men, and gradually some of their hatred came to fasten itself upon Nubi because he did not seem to suffer as they did.

They came to regard Nubi with blood-red, hate-filled eyes. On this third day it became necessary for the officer to halt them at noon, and serve out fresh water from the heavy load of it that Nubi carried on his shoulders, and then even to unpack the load of yellow stuff that had been taken from him that they might all see and finger it. He did it deliberately, to inflame their greed as a stimulant.

It was a stimulant. Their lips were cracked and roughened, and the flesh under their uniforms was dried out and scorched and filled with minute scratches from heat and sand. They were scarecrows, white men and black alike. But at sight of the glittering yellow stuff that had been taken from Nubi, they forgot such trivial matters. They fingered the yellow dust and gloated over it, and with thirst-thickened tongues they babbled of the things for which they needed riches.

Nubi regarded them tranquilly.

AT NIGHTFALL they camped near a monster dune. Like the two previous camps, this also was a dry one. The mountains from which they had descended into the Danakil were low upon the horizon. And Nubi humbly addressed the officer in command of the conquerors. He said he believed that from the top of the near-by dune he would see certain landmarks. He asked permission to climb that dune to make sure.

The officer let him go. First, rather grimly, he ordered him to return immediately, then he made certain that Nubi carried nothing, whether of water or food. He was not suspicious of Nubi any longer, but he was a wise man. Nobody would run away from his water supply, three days deep in the Danakil. The officer made sure that Nubi carried nothing but his garments. His treasure and all water and all food were left behind. And then no guard went with him because thirst ought to be guard enough, and, besides, all were exhausted with heat and thirst and weariness. So Nubi went forth from the dry camp naked of all supplies, and he climbed to the top of the great dune, and he stood there a long time in the many changing colors of the desert sunset. Those in the camp saw him, black as ebony, clad in a white garment that flapped a little in the wind. He seemed to search the ground ahead with his eyes. He looked to right and left, without any evidences of excitement or intent.

Then, suddenly, he disappeared.

It was ten minutes or twenty before they became truly alarmed. It was considerably later before they reached the spot from which he had vanished. They saw small, formless depressions in the sand. His footprints. They went to a place where the hot wind of the desert had blown them away.

Night fell before they could track him.

THE officer in command of the expedition was competent. He had all his men on the alert at once, with loaded weapons. He moved his camp immediately, lest Nubi somehow bring upon them unguessed-at tribesmen, living in hell, to wipe out all invaders. During the night hours, moreover, he kept men on watch and listening for any sign of enemies.

Dawn came without alarm. But with dawn came discovery of disaster. Nubi had carried much of the water supply in the small, airtight tins designed to carry rations through all the climate zones of this extraordinary country. Those water tins he had now left behind. But, suddenly, they were found to be emptied of water and weighted with carefully adjusted amounts of sand. The water supply was confined to the quantities carried by the troopers themselves.

The officer was sun-roasted. His eyes were bloodshot. His throat was swollen. He cursed thickly, but meanwhile he acted. If Nubi had gone off into the desert, he had gone without a drop of water or a morsel of food. It was not thinkable that he should have done such a thing without knowing of food and water to be reached before he died of thirst and hunger. So the officer set out to find that source of supply. He spent one whole day with all his men combing the Danakil for a trace of food or of moisture or of human beings whom Nubi might have expected to contact.

He found none. But he did find three more indentations in the sand, made by Nubi's feet and sheltered by a sand dune from obliteration. Those three footprints headed back toward the mountains from which the expedition had started.

The officer shook with rage when the significance of the direction came to him. Suddenly, he realized what Nubi had done. He hated Nubi more virulently than even he hated the sun, because Nubi had outwitted him. He ordered his men to cast away blankets and spare garments and extra rations. He started them back with no kit but their arms, a three-day supply of food and what water remained to them. And, of course, the shining yellow dust and lumps that had been taken from Nubi.

He told them what to expect on the way, because they would need a stimulus to face it. Once he had used greed to urge them on. Now he tried to use hatred for the same purpose.

But it was less efficient. They marched through a day's sun with thirst tormenting them. They could have endured it without weakening, had it been the first. But it was the fifth. They had wasted one day searching for Nubi or his hypothetical allies in the middle of the Danakil.

Two of the conquerors were weak when they reached what had been their camping place. They found there the debris of their bivouac, and a hole that Nubi had dug in the sand. Beside it was an empty tin that originally had contained emergency rations and later had held water for their desert travel. Nubi had been there first.

They marched all that night. And they were cold. They shivered; they froze before dawn came. It was incredible that they should suffer so intensely from cold and at the same time feel such agonies of thirst. When dawn came they were exhausted. And during the night they had strayed from the direct way and it took them an hour to find their second camping place. Again Nubi had been before them and had dug up a tiny, precious store of water that he had buried secretly during the night of their encampment there.

They did not march this day. They stayed still, striving to shield themselves from the sun. And all of them, white men and *askaris* alike, came this day to hate Nubi and the sun together with an insane passion that did not even leave them when night fell once more and there was not one drop of water in any container among the company.

Two of the white men would not get up to march until the officer prodded them with a bayonet. He was himself a ghastly sight, and he could not articulate, but he drove them to their feet with croakings and a terrible, raging desperation. But even he tottered as he walked. They were unspeakably pathetic to look at when they hobbled off into the vast, dark solitude from this place. None of them, not even the officer, had any actual hope of reaching their first camp. And only two of them did reach it, and they stayed there. Because the sun beat down next day also.

Nubi, of course, had gone on. He went on to the mountain slope, and he climbed to his hut, and he drank and ate and refreshed himself. He sat comfortably and smoked, in the quiet of the evening, and looked down upon the Danakil. He watched, of course, for possible stumbling specks that might be men. But he did not see any. Not that afternoon, nor during the night, nor during the next day, nor the next.

Afterward he took water and food and went down to see. He spent three days in the desert, and then all the party—white men and *askaris* together—were again in one group. At the last halting place or the first, according to one's point of view. Nubi regarded them tranquilly. Arms, ammunition—everything was there. Also the men. He considered them for some time. Then he painstakingly arranged them in a rather curious fashion.

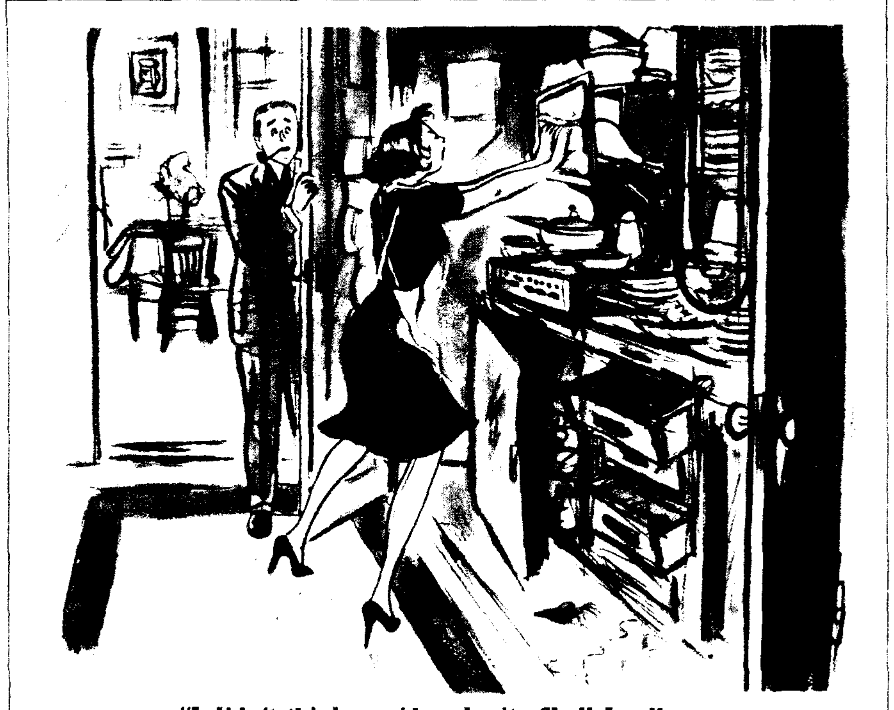
It was a very curious fashion indeed. Except that there was no shell hole in the center, they looked remarkably like a thing Nubi had seen often in the war. They looked like men who had been massed when an aerial bomb exploded among them. In fact, from an airplane or perhaps the height of Nubi's home, they would look as if they might have been the petals of a blossoming flower.

Nubi left the Danakil. He went back to his workings. For one other day he contemplated—high up and far away—that far-distant, tiny speck. His expression was undisturbed. He seemed quite normal; quite unchanged. Next morning he went to the cache where he had been hoarding a part of the yellow stuff he gathered from the pecked-away face of the rock. He made up a pack of it. It was yellow pyrites, iron pyrites, fool's gold, and he would travel two leisurely days to a certain village and there dispose of it, to be smelted down with charcoal and a bellows in strictly primitive fashion, to make knives and spear points and other articles in local demand. He would be cheated in his sale of the yellow stuff, but nevertheless he would exchange it for the good things of life.

He made ready to start, then, in the cool, moist freshness of early morning. But suddenly he stopped and put down his load. He went into his brushwood hut, and from a hiding place he took out the lion-mane collar he had latterly ceased to wear. Now he put it on again. And he went off comfortably toward the village.

IN ADDIS ABABA, Lieutenant Bramante was explaining the customs of the country to his newly joined companion.

"It seems," he said earnestly, as they watched the conquered natives in the street beyond the café, "that they have short memories. They forget. Already they accept our rule as a fact of nature, and they go back to their old ways. They even cease to hate us. Why—see?—there is another man wearing a lion-mane collar. At first we saw none of them. They were afraid and they hated us. But now they appear more and more. And observe with what respect that man is treated! They almost bow down before him! Because he has killed a lion! They are but barbarians. . . ."



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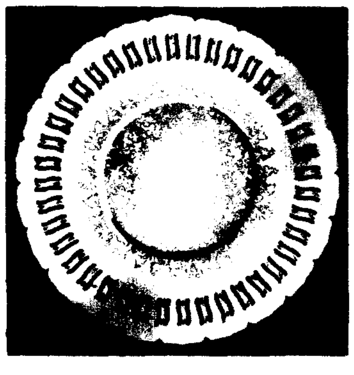

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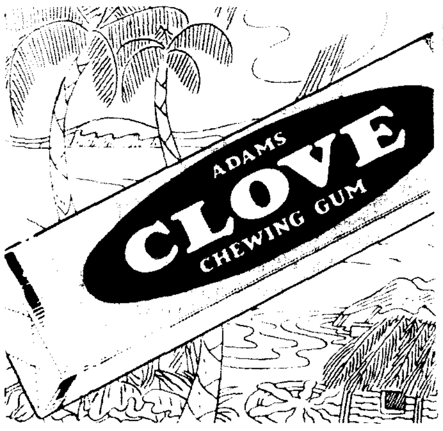

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Evil Eye

By Frank Gervasi

Mothers spit thrice against their babes' breasts; men rattle iron keys in their pockets. These are the things that protect one against the evil eye, which, to all Italians, means Spain's exiled king

FORMER King Alfonso XIII of Spain nervously paced the salon of the royal suite in the Grand Hotel in Rome.

His eye caught a picture on the red-damasked wall. He stopped to straighten it.

Months ago the war had ended in victory for the cause he considered just. His cause. General Francisco Franco, his protégé, the man who was to restore the House of Bourbon to its high estate as ruler of all Spaniards, had won. But no word from Franco.

Alfonso paused to rearrange the gladioli in an overlarge cloisonné vase.

As if to escape the draped, tapestried, almost studied gloom of the room, the tall, wide-shouldered man strode onto the balcony and into the sharp, yellow sunlight of morning. He breathed deeply of the washed Mediterranean air.

Directly below the balcony, at his accustomed place, stood Pietro, the doorman, an imposing figure in the high silk hat, a long leaf-green tail coat edged with gold braid, white buckskin breeches and gleaming black boots. Alfonso spotted him and called down:

"*Hola, pietro, buenos dias.*"

Pietro turned, swept off his hat and looked upward at exactly the right spot. He went through the motions of a practiced routine.

"Good morning, Your Majesty, good morning." . . . With each "good morning," Pietro bowed low.

Alfonso withdrew from the balcony. He felt better, his impatience, loneliness and abysmal boredom somewhat appeased. But Alfonso would have been disturbed had he witnessed Pietro's strange behavior immediately the doorman had ascertained His Majesty was not looking.

Pietro reached under his tail coat and withdrew a long, shiny iron key. He removed his white cotton gloves deftly. In his bare hands, he rubbed the polished key and, as he did so, muttered what seemed an Italian incantation. Pietro replaced the key with the air of a man who has just purchased a large quantity of life insurance.

A Major Political Factor

Pietro rubbed the iron key because he, like all other Italians from Benito Mussolini down to the lowliest peasant, implicity believes that Alfonso is a "*jettatore*," literally a "thrower" of bad luck.

Alfonso, Pietro would explain, has the Evil Eye. One almost foolproof safeguard against the disastrous effects of the evil glance is to make immediate and intimate contact with a bit of iron—key, horseshoe, spike, or whatever is handy.

The superstition concerning the jettatore is as old as Italy herself. Pliny wrote of laws passed for the ostracism of those suspected or proved to possess the Evil Eye. A Pope, during the intellectual sterility of the Middle Ages, ordered with a papal bull the prosecution of "male and female witches" who cast their spells with the eye.

The superstition persists and to such an extent that, as it affects Alfonso XIII, it has assumed the proportions of a major political factor. The destiny of Spain, certainly the fate of the House of Bourbon, is vitally involved in the implicit belief of Italians that the former Spanish king is a jettatore.

Ever since Alfonso deserted the throne of Spain on April 14, 1931, without the formality of abdicating, he has cherished the hope of returning. That was one of the reasons he did not abdicate.

Franco's rebellion began as a Monarchist revolt. The very incident that set the Spanish bombshell off was the assassination in July, 1936, of Monarchist Jose Calvo Sotelo. Franco, Alfonso confided to intimates, was his man. Alfonso sent Franco to military school, fostered his military career, sent him to Spanish Morocco where the rotund officer organized the Spanish Foreign Legion into a King's Army.

Alfonso XIII, formerly king of Spain, diplomatically shows a smile for the photographer at an official function in Rome

Franco's campaign was to have been a simple coup d'état. Instead, the rebellion became a Little World War. Alfonso, his confidence in Franco unshaken, established Monarchist headquarters in Rome and from there directed the financing of the revolution. The king contributed most of his own $20,000,000 personal fortune to Franco's campaign.

Alfonso cut down his gambling to penny-a-point bridge. He reduced his scale of living from that of playboy monarch to respectable, aristocratic prudence. His apartment in the Grand Hotel cost less than $200 a month, including quarters for his secretary, Count Della Torres. Every spare peseta went to "the cause."

Gray-haired Juan March, the Monarchist Thyssen of the Spanish civil war, was one of Alfonso's most frequent visitors. Emissaries mysteriously came and went. One was Franco's brother, Ramon, who was later killed in an air crash.

Detailed reports came to Alfonso daily, relating the disposition of troops, evaluating the chances of victory at each successive stage of the rebellion. Alfonso could tell you the names of each of his officers down to second lieutenants.

With the termination of the civil war, Alfonso confidently expected to return to Madrid. But by that time, Franco had won the war and lost the victory—to Benito Mussolini.

For the equivalent of every dollar contributed by Alfonso to Franco's coffers, Mussolini gave proportionately 50. Mussolini sent to Franco 700 airplanes and anywhere from the officially admitted 45,000 "volunteers" to the suspected 110,000 disguised regular troops. Spain had become Fascist, not Monarchist. Franco, confronted by unexpected Republican resistance, was obliged to sell out to Il Duce, and Mussolini succeeded even in squeezing the astute Hitler out of the picture.

The best that Franco could do by way of keeping his pledge to his king was to restore to Alfonso some measure of his royal prerogatives relinquished when he fled from Madrid in 1931. Alfonso's lands and properties in Spain, confiscated by the Republican government of President Niceto Alcala Zamora, were restored to him. Technically, Alfonso would be ruler of Spain the moment he sets foot on Spanish soil. But he had better not try it.

Il Duce Ducks

Mussolini does not like Alfonso XIII, is not partial to royalty in general. Apart from important imperial and political Fascist considerations, there is still the question of the Evil Eye. In all the time Alfonso waited in Rome for the war to end, Il Duce never once received him. Whatever negotiations went on between them were handled by prophylactic intermediaries. Il Duce is an Italian, and his policy is "better be safe than sorry."

The series of fatal mischiefs that helped to give Alfonso his reputation began on the morning of November 17, 1923, when the Spanish king and his queen, Victoria Eugene Ena of Battenburg, journeyed to Italy aboard a warship to pay Spain's respects to the new Fascist state.

They were met off Genoa by the Italian Tyrrhenian fleet. The weather was perfect, but no sooner did the Spaniards come within sight of the rugged Ligurian coast than there came suddenly one of the worst storms in the memory of Genoese sailors.

The seas swept four Italian seamen overboard from their flagship, and they were drowned. Aboard one of the escorting submarines an air compressor exploded, killing one man.

The storm blew itself out in a few minutes, but in that brief time the fate of Alfonso as Italy's all-time champion Evil Eye thrower was sealed.

From Genoa the Spaniards sailed to Naples.

Neapolitans were not surprised by the explosion of the ancient brass cannon on the Vomero Hill in the Fort of San Martino. The gun exploded while firing the royal salute. The crew was killed.

Mothers in the throngs on the docks along the water front spat three times against the breasts of their babies, according to the ancient advice of Theocritus, to protect the children from the blighting blink of the bewildered Alfonso. Fathers wore amulets of iron, carried iron spikes and jingled iron keys. The clatter of hardware rose above the cheers and was something to hear.

A high naval officer in the reception committee collapsed immediately after he had shaken hands with Alfonso. He died in a cataleptic fit in a hospital later.

(Continued on page 72)

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Continued from page 21

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seen, although the doctors had said that Flores could not—even with his splendid constitution, they were careful to say—live twenty-four hours. The bullet had been high—*I allowed too much fall,* Juan thought.

Not much longer now. Just twenty-four hours. Then there will be freedom at last, yes, freedom. Even twenty-four hours is too long. I should not have allowed so much fall.

In his transcendent, anticipant state of mind, the scene was blurred and distant, out of focus. He stood at the archway between the rooms, keeping the sickroom clear. Lounging close to him, smoking and muttering, were the newspapermen, waiting to see what they would be permitted to publish.

SEATED in the other room, far from the bed, was María Lopez, with her hands clasped tight on her slim thighs, as lovely in her paleness, her hollow-eyedness, as she had been in the bright flower bloom of youth when, just about a year ago now—she was seventeen then—she had been sent for by Flores. *Yes, María Lopez, you will be free; but too late for you. And too late for your father, with the bitter, disgraceful hurt in his heart that maybe even his own ice pick did not stop.*

Juan remembered the journalist—Moreno, wasn't that his name?—that he and Blasco had had to arrest. There had been an editorial—a beautiful, biting thing; something, it seemed, that had to be said regardless of consequences. On the way, Moreno had said quietly: "It's you fellows that puzzle me. What's it get you? Surely you can't pretend that Flores isn't a vicious, greedy devil."

"You're in enough trouble," Blasco warned, "without talking like that."

"I'm in enough trouble," Moreno answered coolly, "so that what else I do does not matter. My family is out of the country, far out, where no Flores spy will ever track them down. Until I succumb to the justice of the state, I am free to say what I like."

"No. I can shut you up easily. I don't want to hear your treason. Your kind is an obstacle to the advancement of the republic."

"National thievery, the reign by fear of a lustful and clever beast—I'm happy to be an obstacle to that kind of advancement, friend," Moreno said softly.

No telling what ever happened to Moreno. Somehow, Juan kept remembering him, kept hoping that he got a quicker, kindlier death than most that went to the Annex for speaking out against Flores. "If you'd only had the patience to keep your mouth shut," Juan had wanted to tell him, "you'd live to see the end of Flores."

General Cabello, the head of the army and the Private Police, kept walking slowly back and forth past the bed. Occasionally he looked at the bed with a detached and preoccupied gaze. Tensely, young Velasquez, the minister of treasury, sat on the window seat, watching Cabello.

"We've got to ask somebody," one of the newspapermen muttered. "Do they want us to stick to the heart-attack story?"

"Velasquez. Ask him. He'll be the one to go in. He's got the damned money. That's what it takes."

"The army can take the money, or anything else it wants. I say Cabello."

"Yes. But money can buy the army."

"Whoever can move first is in. You watch," one of them said. "Look. Here comes Menéndez. You suppose the little devil has figured it out?"

Menéndez, a passionless detective with a twisted neck, went to General Cabello. Immediately Velasquez joined them.

"I think I will have something tomorrow," Menéndez said, looking up sidewise. "We've found the bullet." He held in his hand a piece of metal.

Cabello examined it. "Where was it?"

"In the radioman's thigh, señor. That will help us."

"How?"

"It will help us," Menéndez answered.

Velasquez pushed between them, reaching for the bullet. Cabello closed his hand, and said, "A job for the police, Señor Velasquez."

"I think I will have something tomorrow," Menéndez said.

"That would be advisable," Cabello said, looking at him intently.

Oh, so busy! The clever Menéndez has found a bullet. He will have something tomorrow. Tomorrow, señor, we will all have something. Tomorrow the Tadpole will be dead, and the people will be free.

On the next day, Flores, the tyrant still lived. Only his splendid constitution, the physicians said, had kept him alive all night.

The sound of shouting woke Juan Pelayo. At the other end of the cobblestone street a kerosene-soaked automobile lay bottom up, burning with a furious blue-and-yellow blaze. Beside it, a body sprawled face down on the sidewalk. The dead man was Enrique Flores, nephew of the dictator.

"Not yet, not yet!" he thought fiercely.

"The Tadpole is dead!" someone shouted.

No, he is not dead! Wait, amigos! He's not dead yet!

Sirens sounded up the street, and the crowd ran.

When he got back, his phone was ringing impatiently, as it was ringing in the quarters of all Private Police, and the voice said: ". . . Report at once . . . Report at once . . . Report at . . ."

At headquarters much talk buzzed. The city was under martial law. It was rumored that Field General Cavalcanti had been bribed by Velasquez, whatever that meant. Enrique Flores had been killed, his car burned and five suspects captured. El Padrino, God help him, would not live out the day. The clever Menéndez had found the assassin—the unspeakable dog—and had him this minute in the Annex with his dirty ankles in *grillos*, waiting for the death of the president before executing him.

"Hello, Juan Pelayo," Blasco said, coming to him. Another man, whom Juan did not know, was with him. "Some excitement."

"Yes, yes. Is Flores dead yet?"

"No. You look strange, amigo." Blasco watched him intently. "Your eyes are like a wild horse's eyes."

"Quit fooling with him," the other man said.

Blasco slipped a hard arm under Juan Pelayo's, and said, "You come with us."

Juan comprehended at once. The movement, the tone of voice, were familiar. He had used them often, in the black service of Flores. Then he had thought Flores was the savior of the republic—El Padrino, the godfather, in truth.

In the office of the Director General, Menéndez, the deformed detective, waited with Cabello. On the heavy, ornate desk lay the dissembled parts of a rifle, a walnut stock in two pieces, a battered rifle telescope, an odd cylindrical contrivance, and even the empty shell case. Juan looked at the outlay, fascinated.

The detective said, "The only thing we're not certain of is how you got the rifle into the hotel."

"Is he dead yet?" Juan asked.

"Why did you want to kill him? You were on the right side. You had it easy enough," Cabello said, puzzled; he seemed busy, preoccupied.

"I saw too much!" Juan's neck vein turned angry purple. "He was a fiend, a robber of—"

"Shut up," Blasco said, jerking him savagely.

"YOU were very careful," Menéndez observed.

"That way, if I failed, I would live to try again," Juan said. "I planned it a long time, yes, for weeks, the filthy spider, yes, by God, and now—"

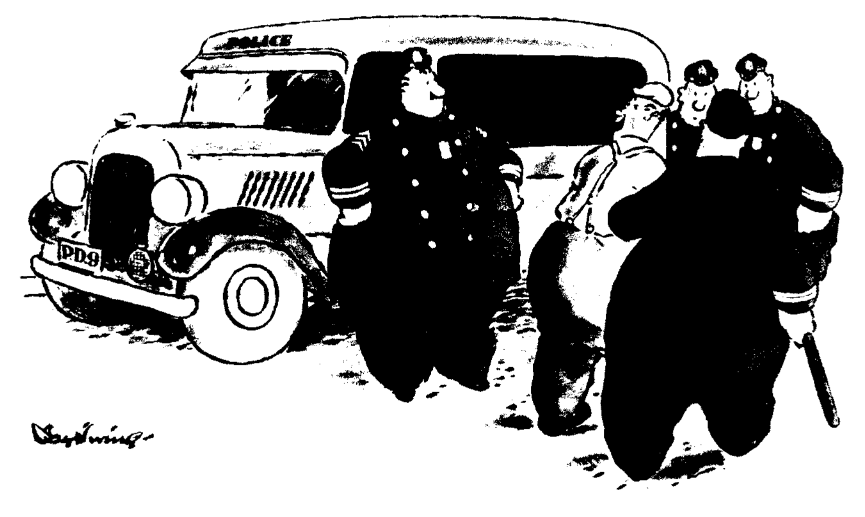
Menéndez said, "Señor, here's the way we did it."

"I don't give a damn how you did it," Cabello answered impatiently. "You got him, and that's fine, and now take him out." He paused, then looked at Menéndez. "Maybe I should know, at that."

Menéndez said, "I think so."

"Well, how?"

"If he'd used a mushroom bullet, or if Blasco hadn't happened to see him at the hotel, perhaps we wouldn't have solved it. The solid bullet went clean through Señor Flores and penetrated the radioman's leg. That gave us an angle and direction—and then it was simple



"Drive past the Elite Social Club, will you, Sarge, I wanna wave t' th' bunch"

JAY IRVING

enough to see that the assassin had been in one of the upper stories of the Hotel Colon. We searched the rooms minutely, looking especially for one whose screen seemed to have been raised. In doing this, Blasco happened to notice a scratched place on the screws of a metal window frame, as if they had been tightened with an inadequate screw driver. That led to the discovery of the rifle in the hollows of the building tile."

Menéndez held the rifle telescope and the cylindrical contrivance. "These were part of the equipment furnished by General Flores to some of his guerrilla snipers in the revolution that made him president. Juan Pelayo, a north country *llanero,* was one of his riflemen. Here's what his card from the confidential file says: 'Juan Pelayo, son of Miguel Pelayo, born February 19, 1906. Height: five eleven; eyes, brown—' and so forth. Here's the important part: 'Expert rifleman. Fought with General Flores in the revolution, excellent as sniper. Very thorough and conscientious, a zealot, almost a fanatic—' See, he's got the proper kind of brain for it. The rest doesn't matter—'Recommended by Minister Velasquez. Came into service at—' "

Cabello sat up suddenly.

"What else?"

"That's all about Velasquez, señor."

"ALL right," Cabello said, his eyes gleaming. He turned to Juan Pelayo. "Sit down," he said. "Now, tell me. How much did Señor Velasquez pay you?"

Juan stared blankly. "Pay me?"

"Yes, for doing it, for shooting him."

"Señor, I did not do it for money. I did it for the people, for freedom, that stinking Tadpole—"

"How long have you and Velasquez waited?"

"Minister Velasquez did not have the idea," Juan insisted indignantly. "I did it, myself, alone. Nobody else."

"Velasquez suggested it."

"You are wrong! *I* did it, myself," Juan said furiously.

"We could take him to the Annex," Blasco said.

"General Cabello, if you will permit," Menéndez said, "it is my opinion that Minister Velasquez—"

"You may go, Señor Menéndez. I am grateful," General Cabello said sharply.

Juan sat, radiant, trembling; watching the out-of-focus picture of Cabello as he spoke into the telephone, put it down, spoke into it again, put it down; now walking, tan boots thumping on the bright straw carpet, phoning again, impatient, anticipant. Blasco's hard hand was knotted inside the back of Juan's collar.

Presently, from one of the adjoining rooms a little boy cried, frightened, uneasy. Then a woman's voice, then silence. Cabello phoned again, walked again, smoking swift cigarettes.

A knock sounded. You could hear Cabello's breath whistling between his teeth.

"All right," Velasquez said, standing quietly between the two young men, "it better be good."

"You know this man?"

"I do not."

"You're lying already." Cabello picked up a card. " 'Juan Pelayo, son of Miguel Pelayo . . . Expert rifleman . . . Recommended by Minister Velasquez. . . .' "

"What? What is that?" Velasquez stared at Juan. "Yes. I see now. I didn't know that odd look—"

"Of course."

"Well, what of it? I was on cattle-tax business—at Kayenta it was, I remember—and some idiot attacked me, and this one, what's his name? Pelayo? He was on the man even before my guard—"

"That's interesting, his exceptional devotion to the government. He's the one who shot Flores."

"What?"

"He admits it. He's proud of it," Cabello said. "You were very clever, señor, to wait so patiently, to hire an assassin so far in advance—"

Velasquez went white.

"Too bad you wasted all that money buying General Cavalcanti. Menéndez would have been better by far. Cheaper, too, I have no doubt." Cabello turned to the young man at the typewriter. "You have it ready?"

"Yes, señor."

Cabello opened his fountain pen, and turned the paper around toward Velasquez. "Sign, please."

Velasquez stared at him. Then he shouted, "No! No! That's too much!" He laughed hoarsely. "You explain it as best you can, what you do to me. I won't sign any such damned confession."

The crying came again from the other room, the sound of a scared little boy, then the mother's voice, quieting.

"What was that?" Velasquez demanded, his eyes wide.

"What?" Cabello asked. "I didn't hear anything."

Velasquez surged toward him, raging, but the young men held him. "What have they got to do with it?" he asked.

"If you confess, they'll be all right."

Velasquez stared at the door, his head turned sideways, wet mouth half open.

"I haven't got all day," Cabello snapped. "You sign it. You're done for anyway—I guarantee that. Don't you give a damn about them in there?"

For a long time there was no more talking, only the swift, fevered breathing. Juan stared out the window, thinking triumphantly, "*—yes, turning cold, now, the blood rattling in his neck, the doctors hurrying—*"

Velasquez picked up the pen. It slid out of his fingers. He picked it up again, holding it tightly; he managed to sign his name. They led him away.

Cabello lifted the phone. "Get General Cavalcanti."

Presently one of the men who had taken Velasquez away came back. "You didn't tell us when to do it," he said.

"Immediately."

The man inclined his head toward one of the doors. "Them too?"

"No," Cabello said. "Do Señor Velasquez the courtesy to wait until tomorrow for them."

Blasco shook Juan. "Come on, get up." As they reached the door, the phone rang. General Cabello answered it, listened for one brief moment.

"Señor Flores is dying," he announced.

Blasco closed the door, and they walked down the hall.

"Did you hear that?" Juan demanded. "Did you hear what he said?"

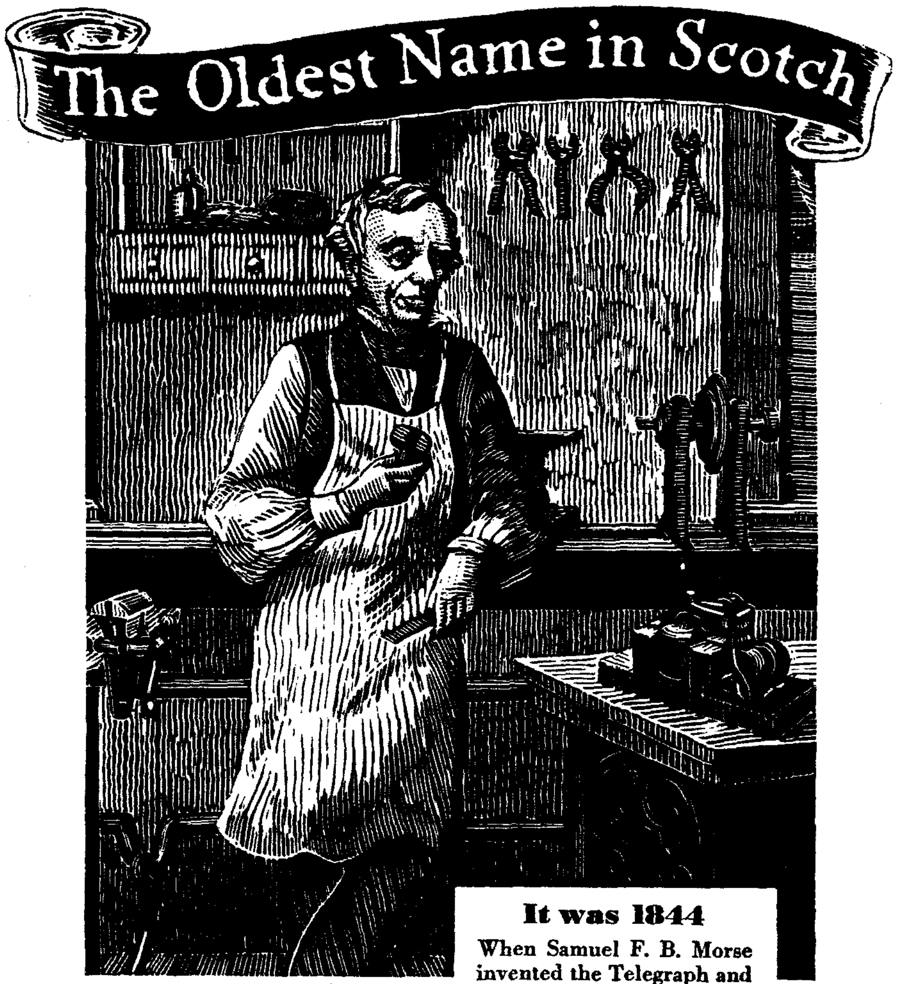
"Yes, I heard it."

THE black cloth was around Juan's eyes but the picture of the prison yard lingered, the soldiers resting wearily on their hot rifles, the officer's face close to his, the tiny black stubble of beard plain, each whisker standing alone. The officer tied the cloth slackly, so it would not be hard to get off.

Outside, a truck rumbled by, and by the sound of a calf's wail he knew it was a cattle truck, and he thought of the *llaneros,* the cattle country and his people, the thousands of them who had waited long for somebody to do what he had done. Then a bell tolled. And another. This was it, at last! Flores was dead!

The officer spoke, and there was a close, blasting sound. Something like a terrific gust of air seemed to propel him back against the wall. Then his knees sagged.

"Now," he whispered in fierce triumph, "now you are free!"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From the opening kickoff until the final gun, Jim Crowley (and the other coaches) live and die a thousand times. Here's your seat on the bench

IN ANOTHER hour the streets would be jammed and hawkers would be selling programs, feathers and other adjuncts to a big game. Now there were only a few policemen standing idly in front of the Polo Grounds. There was no crowd at all, but it was only noon and the game wouldn't start until 2 o'clock. Jimmy Crowley wasn't saying much. We started up the steps leading to the clubhouse, but a very small boy stopped us.

"Got an extra ticket, Mr. Crowley?" he asked, and there was an anxious, pleading look in his eyes. He couldn't have been more than eight.

"I haven't, sonny. I'm sorry," Crowley smiled. "Do you want to see the game?"

The kid nodded. "I'm a great Fordham fan, Mr. Crowley."

Crowley laughed and dug into his pocket. He gave the kid a dollar. "Here, son, go over and get a bleachers ticket."

The kid nodded his thanks and scurried away. Then we walked up the steps and through a green door into the clubhouse. The Fordham players were dressing. They weren't saying much. Dressing rooms have a peculiar smell all their own. It's a combination of liniment, ointment, perspiration, alcohol, old clothes and, strangely enough, wintergreen. Nearly all trainers use a rubbing fluid with some wintergreen in it.

Jimmy Crowley went to see two of his players who had bad legs. He looked at the legs and then talked for a moment to Trainer Jake Weber. Then he shook his head. Those two players wouldn't see any action. A husky, good-looking man burst into the dressing room and greeted Crowley with a broad smile.

Jimmy said to me, "This is Marty Peters, an old friend of mine. He came all the way from Milwaukee to see this game."

"I really came to see you, Jim."

Crowley said, "We'll have some laughs but not now. I can't laugh now, Marty. Maybe I won't be able to laugh after the game either."

Marty slapped him on the back and said, "Lots of luck, Jim."

The players were all dressed now. Looking out of the clubhouse window you noticed that the crowd was beginning to file in. It was a warm day and the sun glistened down on the baked surface of the diamond and back of the diamond the chalk marks of the gridiron gleamed whitely against the green turf.

"Each Year I Die"

The other team came out in crimson uniforms. They looked very big. Crowley told his men to go out there. They filed out and we followed them. In all, now, there were about eighty players out there, some kicking the ball, others passing, still others working kinks out of their legs by setting-up exercises. The whole pattern was one of orderly confusion, for each player knew what he was to do.

Coach Jim Crowley watches a Fordham game. With him: left, Bennett, right, Serpi, Semanek, Menapace

Quentin Reynolds

Crowley moved from group to group. Then he spied the coach of the other eam.

Crowley said, "You're looking good, Frank."

The coach said, "I'll see you right after the game, Jim, up in Stoneham's office."

Horace Stoneham, who owns the Giants and, of course, the Polo Grounds, inaugurated a pleasant custom a few years back. When football teams play in his ball park he turns his office over to the visiting coaches and sports writers. There are two very cheerful and very black lads there named Alfred and Jack. Win, lose or draw, the coaches gather there afterward for refreshments.

Now, suddenly, the stands were nearly crowded. It was 1:40. Crowley waved his boys into the clubhouse again. They trouped in gaily and then sat down, some on trunks, some on benches, some on the floor. They wore white uniforms because the other team was wearing crimson and the usual Fordham maroon uniforms would have made for confusion.

"Ten minutes," someone called to Crowley.

OTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

"Let me know when it's seven minutes," Jimmy said and then unexpectedly he turned to me. "I should be selling insurance," he said gloomily. "This is too hard to take. Every year I die before these big games. Yeah, I should be selling insurance."

"You're not nervous, Jim?"

He just looked at me and smiled weakly. The locker room was heavy with silence now and with something else too. There was a feeling of anticipation, of energy waiting to be released. The players were pale and now one of them shifted his position uneasily. The outer door had been closed and the players and the coaches were (except for myself) alone. Earl Walsh, Crowley's assistant, leaned against the wall looking at his watch. Jimmy just stood there rubbing his hands together. They used to call him Sleepy Jim. His eyes were half closed; now and then the door opened and someone called, "Eight minutes." The players looked up at Jim. He walked into a small room off the locker room where Trainer Jake Weber was packing up the things that he might want during the next sixty minutes. Bandages, tape, court plaster, ammonia. Two assistant managers were there filling pails with water and putting sponges into them.

Weber looked toward one of them and pointed to the corner. "Don't forget that," he said. That was the stretcher. Crowley lit a cigarette, took two quick puffs, and then a voice called, "Seven minutes." He dropped the cigarette and walked back into the locker room. The silence was heavier than ever and you could feel it creeping into your consciousness and you felt the terrific tension under which these kids were laboring.

The Coach's Biggest Moment

"We'll start the game like this," Crowley said. He kept walking up and down as he talked and it was as though he were talking to himself. Crowley talks something like Rockne used to talk, and if you closed your eyes you'd think you were listening to Rock. As Crowley talked he kept pacing six feet this way, six feet back and he kept his half-closed eyes on the floor.

"Haggerty at center," Crowley barked. "Hayes and Petroskas at guards. Kuzman and Yudikaitis at the tackles . . ."

He went through the line-up and then stopped. "This team we're playing is a good team," he said. "It is bigger and stronger than we are and as a squad it has had much more experience. We have one thing they haven't got, though. We have speed. Not just the ball carriers. We have speedy tackles and speedy guards, and we think fast. I want to see a lot of speed out there today. It's the only way we can win. I don't want to see any desperate football. I don't want any crazy, desperate passes even if we're behind. I want you to play football. Fordham hasn't lost a game here in the Polo Grounds since October, 1935. It's up to you to keep the record clean. The ball game is in your lap. It's all up to you whether you win it or not."

He stopped for a second and then instead of raising his voice he lowered it, but his words bit sharply through the silence of the room. "Now, go out and get them," he said, and then there was a roar from the players.

The tension was gone. They leaped up and scrambled toward the door. In their eagerness to get out there, out of the heavy atmosphere of the

MORE ENDURANCE FOR THOUSANDS. Overwhelming evidence that Knox Gelatine does promote endurance—*combat fatigue.*

FILE PROOF NO. 249

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FILE PROOF NO. 196

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Fight Fatigue With KNOX GELATINE

THIS WAY: Empty 1 envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass ¾ filled with cold water or fruit juice, or ½ water and ½ fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly or it will thicken. Take 4 envelopes a day for 2 weeks, then continue with 2 a day. Take faithfully for 1 month. Then if you wish, discontinue, and resume when you feel the need.

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locker room, some of them stumbled going up the four steps. They were all talking now, to one another, to themselves. Then they burst forth into the sunlight to be greeted with a mighty roar that seemed to start high in the upper tiers and then roll down, gathering momentum, until it exploded in a crescendo of roaring on the field.

Fordham has three quarterbacks, Bill Krywicki, Angelo Fortunato and Jim Noble. Krywicki started the game and Fortunato sat next to Crowley. There were five chairs in front of the bench and Crowley sat there with Fortunato and his assistant coaches. The game began and the opposing team didn't lose much time in getting the jump on Fordham. Jimmy Nelson, a fast, hard-driving back, kept smashing the Maroon line for substantial gains and, finally, halfway through the period he snaked across from the 13-yard line, and then when Hayward Sanford kicked the extra point Fordham trailed 7 to 0.

Fordham was playing poorly. Fordham fumbled and Fordham's linemen were mouse-trapped time after time. The Fordham blocking was sloppy and the tackling poor.

Out to Win

Crowley sat there smoking. There was nothing he could do. He knew that his team was better than it appeared. His boys were too anxious and their overanxiety spoiled the split-second precision so necessary to a good attack. Crowley had his best men in there. There was no use making replacements.

"They're getting inside our guard," he said to Earl Walsh, and Walsh nodded.

"They're outcharging us," Walsh said. Now and then Jimmy would turn to Fortunato and point out a weakness he thought he'd spotted. The boy would nod and finally Crowley said, "Go in for Krywicki." Fortunato put on a helmet and ran out. Krywicki came in to the bench and sat in the chair next to Crowley. He threw his helmet down and sat there gulping in huge draughts of air. Jake Weber came up and put a cold sponge on his neck then wet it again and squeezed it over the boy's head. The water ran down his face and he nodded his thanks to Weber.

"You all right?" Crowley asked, and Krywicki just nodded. Crowley didn't say anything more; just sat there smoking one cigarette after another. Now and then he made a substitution but he never said anything to the player who went in. When he sent in his greyhound, little Len Eshmont, the crowd roared with anticipation, but even this speedy lad couldn't do anything against a very fine team that was playing great football. Then finally the half ended.

We walked to the dressing room. Crowley said, "You teach them things and they look great in practice and then when the game starts they forget everything they've learned. They're too anxious to make good. They try too hard."

When we walked into the dressing room the players looked a bit apprehensively at Crowley. They had played poorly and they knew it. They had been highly touted as one of the best teams in the country and they were playing like a sand-lot team. They knew it and felt bad about it.

Weber was very busy between halves. He went from player to player with his sponge and then he rubbed alcohol on the back of their necks and on their foreheads. They lay around in strange but relaxed attitudes. One lay stomach-down on a dressing table. Another lay on his back on a trunk with his feet on a chair. A third relaxed on his hands and knees, breathing heavily. It was too warm for football and the heat had taken a lot out of the players.

Crowley went from player to player. He didn't scold anyone, just pointed out faults. One man wasn't charging soon enough, another was shooting through too fast so that the play often went inside him. The smell of liniment and especially of wintergreen was heavy in the air. Then one of the officials poked his head inside the door. The fifteen minute rest period was almost up. "Two minutes, Jim," he yelled cheerfully, and then Crowley faced his team.

"We'll start the second half with Haggerty at center and . . ." Again heavy silence fell on the room. He finished giving the line-up and then, pacing up and down, he said, "They're beating us for only one reason, they're outcharging our line. If they keep on outcharging us they'll win. If we outcharge them we'll win. Now, when we kick, watch Cox, their center, very closely. Especially you guards watch him. He has a trick of going straight through the center and he's good at blocking kicks. He's a good man, watch him. They haven't used their end-around play yet. They probably will. Keep it in mind. . . . I'm starting six sophomores and want them to play heads-up football. Don't get desperate. Even if we're behind in the last few minutes, I don't want to see any desperate football. Go and get 'em."

Again the crowd roared as the team surged out on the field. The game continued where it left off. Fordham was steadier now and the tackling was cleaner, but Fordham still couldn't do anything against that fine opposing line. Crowley put Jim Noble in the seat next to him and now and then he talked to him.

The other team was playing a seven-man line on defense and the backer-up was so close to the line that it might have been an eight-man line. This was to stop Len Eshmont, one of the best ball carriers in the country. This should have made them an easy mark for a passing game but Eshmont was being hurried on his passes and when he did get one away the receivers were catching them with buttered fingers and dropping them.

"Try some short passes, Jim," Crowley said to Noble. "Now go in there."

The kid ran out eagerly. Crowley got up and paced up and down the bench. Now and then a player on the bench would shout encouragement to the team. Some yelled, "Get him, Icehouse." That was to Ralph Friedgen, a burly fullback who had taken the place of the injured Don Principe. But for the most part the players on the bench were quiet.

Finally Fordham got a break. They blocked a kick deep in enemy territory. Crowley called, "Principe!" and the eager, black-haired Principe came running. "How's your leg, Don?" Crowley asked and Principe said, "Okay." Then Crowley said, "Go in there." He ran out and if his leg hurt he never gave a sign. Then he began to smash the other line. In four mighty surges he went over and the Fordham stands went wild.

The Pangs of Defeat

Crowley called tersely, "Yudikaitis," and the lad came running up. In practice he'd been kicking placements from the forty-yard line. He never missed. This point was going to be important. Crowley slapped him on the back and said, "Go on in." The team lined up and the ball came spinning back. Alex Yudikaitis swung his foot and the ball went high into the air. But not straight. It missed the uprights by ten feet. Crowley looked down at his cigarette and then dropped it on the ground. He stared at it thoughtfully and then ground it out with his heel. He didn't say a word.

But there were still six minutes left. Anything might happen. Eshmont might get away. But Eshmont didn't get away. The game ended and Fordham had lost 7 to 6.

Crowley trudged to the clubhouse. He turned to me and said quietly, "They deserved to win." Then he went around the locker room talking to players who had been injured. No one had been hurt much. The players undressed in silence. Nobody felt like saying anything. It hurts to lose and you could see the pain on the faces of these boys.

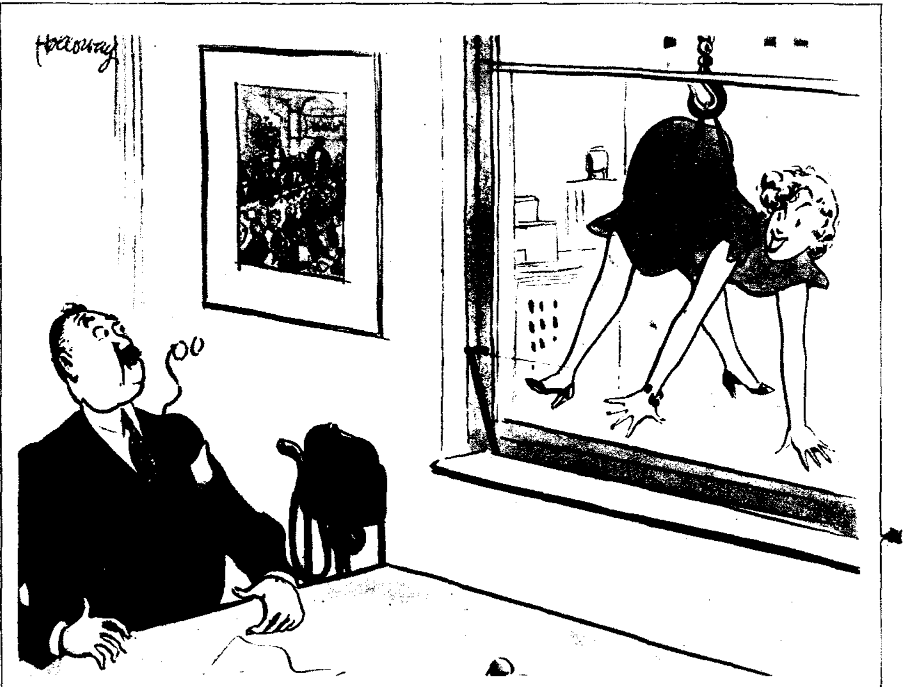
Jim said, "Let's go up to Stoneham's room and see Frank."

We went up to Stoneham's office and as we went in Jimmy turned to me and said, "Yes, I should have gone into the insurance business. This is too tough to take."

Then we went in and met the coaches. We stayed there a while with them and a few sports writers and then Jim said, "Let's go." He'd been joking and kidding with the other coaches but you knew he felt like hell. We walked out of the Polo Grounds. It was dark now and the street, except for taxicabs, was deserted.

"Let's go places," I suggested to Jim.

Jim hesitated and then lit a cigarette. "No," he said slowly, "I think I'll go home. It's been a tough day."



"Hey, sourpuss, you're missing a swell party up at Keystone Construction Company!"

TOM HOLLOWAY

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"But that wasn't all. My mother has done a lot for me and I wanted to do something for her. So I named her the beneficiary of my policy. Of course, some day I suppose I'll get married. And when I meet the right girl I believe she will have enough common-sense to know that a life insurance policy means a lot more than a carload of orchids.

"Another thing. Some day I may want to go into business for myself, and have to borrow money. I understand that in passing on a loan some banks ask whether you own any life insurance; and I have heard that when you apply to some of the big corporations for a job they ask the same question. So, I figure that some day my policy may help me to get ahead in business or to land a better job. Any way you look at it, I think it's a good thing.

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Safety is always the first consideration . . . . Nothing else is so important

Evil Eye

Continued from page 65

It was with an understanding sigh of collective relief that Italy said goodby to the Spanish monarchs on December 1, 1923. Their Majesties returned to Spain by train. Disaster dogged their trail.

The morning after the royal train passed, a dam restraining the waters of Lake Gleno, in the Province of Bergamo, collapsed. About 500 were made homeless in the flood, at least 50 persons lost their lives, and damage was well over 200,000 lire.

In spite of his reputation and its concomitant embarrassing experiences, Alfonso loves Italy, Rome particularly. There are many reasons for this. There are few places on the Continent where royalty is at the same time welcome and physically comfortable. Rome is the capital of the only major monarchy outside of England. It is the seat of the Catholic Church with which the House of Bourbon has for centuries maintained intimate contact. Rome is the home of Alfonso's daughter, Princess Beatrice, wife of the Italian Prince of Torlonia, Mussolini's technical landlord.

With his family, including also his deaf-mute son Don Jaime and the latter's dazzling wife, commoner Mademoiselle Dampierre, Alfonso goes to every new show in the snobbish little Cinema Quirinetta. Alfonso is careful to arrive always after the show has started and the theater is dark. The first time he and his party arrived in the full glare of electric lights, he was greeted by an anvil chorus of rattling keys. Only a king could have carried off the situation.

Probably the most embarrassing of all Alfonso's experiences in public occurred one night in the ultraswank Taberna del Quirinale where he had been invited to dine by a noted Brazilian journalist.

With Alfonso and the Brazilian sat two decayed princes, a moth-eaten marquis and a couple of counts. Wine poured freely, and at the fish course Alfonso was seen to rise, with arms outstretched in a gesture of total exasperation, and was heard to shout:

"Now look at me, look at me! Do I look like a jettatore?"

He looked like an infuriated, sardonic scarecrow, a study in black and white against an alabaster wall.

Alfonso's companions paled perceptibly under their fashionable sun tans. Before the meal had been fully served, only Alfonso, the Brazilian and the magnum remained. Thoughtful sycophants rapidly arranged telephone calls for the others.

Alfonso had committed the arch sin of the jettatore. That accounted for the sudden flight of the dinner guests. A jettatore increases his evil powers by referring to them even in deprecation.

Alfonso, well aware of the unhappy role assigned to him, must admit his line has not been exactly lucky.

There was Alfonso IX, for instance, who was called The Slobberer because he foamed at the mouth when he became angry. Only one Alfonso ever gave history cause to call him The Great.

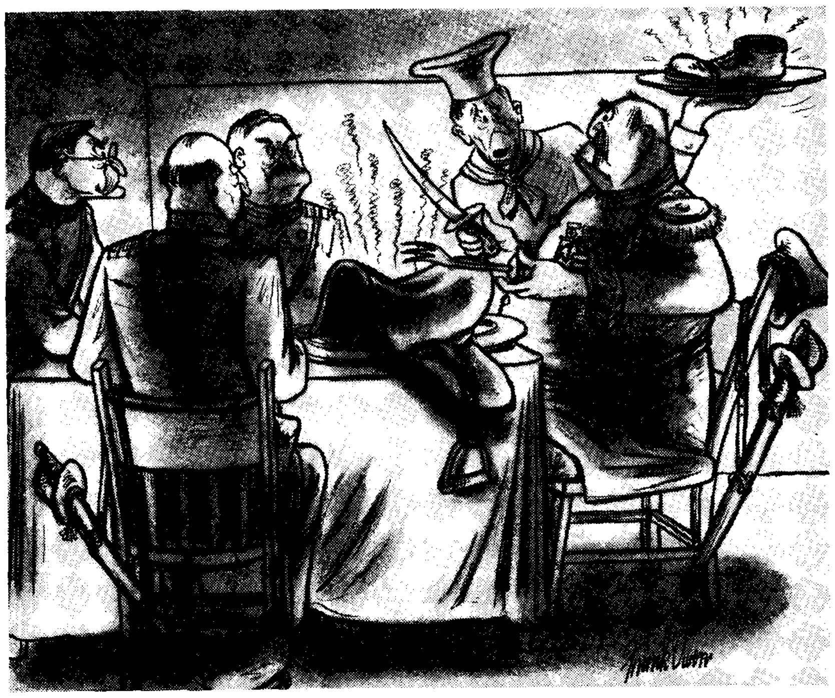
On the very day our Alfonso married beautiful Princess Ena, on the 31st of May, 1906, disaster reached out to strike him down. Mad Matteo Morales, anarchist, threw a bomb at the wedding carriage and a number of innocent spectators were killed. The bomb missed the carriage by inches. Attempts to assassinate him in Madrid, in Barcelona and elsewhere were numerous.

As Alfonso rustles through the sheaves of wartime telegrams, sheaves of dying hopes, he realizes history has caught up with Spain and that the old pattern is unchanged. Revolution, suppression, and then—counterrevolution. Franco accomplished the first phase with the fall of Madrid. Now the new addition to Europe's dictators is in the midst of the second phase.

There is still hope for Alfonso. Men may conquer with the rifle, but they cannot rule with the rifle. Revolution precedes suppression and follows it. To avoid a new revolution in Spain even Mussolini may turn to the monarchy, to the despised Bourbons, as the saviors of the situation.

The boy in the tight-fitting green uniform who brings Alfonso his tea avoids his majesty's eye, and Alfonso smiles.

THE GENERAL



"It's that blockade, General! It's beginning to tell!" FRANK OWEN

KEEP YOUR EYES YOUNG TOO!

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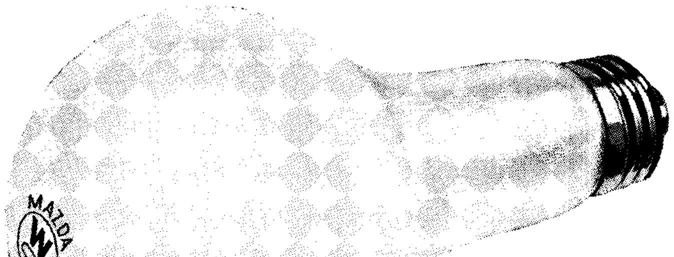

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Home-Grown Chinchilla

Continued from page 11

owner $500 a year in insurance alone. And $500 buys outright a very presentable Persian lamb number.

The owner of a fine chinchilla wrap usually has her furrier keep her coat and send it to her on the star occasions when she wears the fabulously costly garment. This is wise, because the fur deteriorates when it is out of cold storage. Moreover, chinchilla is very susceptible to the oil of the human skin, even to the tiny bit of oil that exudes from the palms of a woman's hands, and an expert furrier, before he sends the owner her coat, will, for each wearing, treat the fur to a dose of special powder that protects it against this oil and makes the hairs stand loose and full from the hide.

For the Carriage Trade

Willard George has in his lifetime sold seven chinchilla coats. This is a high batting average even for a quality furrier. Many a high-class furrier has never handled a chinchilla coat transaction. Nobody knows exactly how many chinchilla coats there are in the world today. Some estimates place the total number of full-length coats at 25. Willard George thinks this figure is a little conservative. In the United States alone, there may be more than twenty garments that qualify as chinchilla wraps, if one goes democratic and includes little shoulder capes in the census. The real McCoy, though, that is, three-quarter- and full-length honest-to-goodness capes and coats, would probably tally up to not many more than fifteen, all owned by outstanding socialites and celebrities.

Some of the famous wraps probably contain second- and even third-hand chinchilla pelts. Willard George has never made a chinchilla coat of anything but new pelts, because he doesn't care to risk used fur, which may look all right when bought but may already be so far on the downgrade that a garment from it has to have constant mending and patching. This attitude, however, is not general on the part of either seller or buyer of chinchilla. Many a woman who appears in an evening dress only three times before she lets it be sold for her favorite charity has been grateful to buy secondhand chinchilla. This meekness arose from the fear that she might never again be able to get the fur at any price.

In 1918 the governments of Peru, Chile and Bolivia placed an embargo on the exportation of chinchilla pelts. This had to be done, because the chinchilla, which grew and flourished only in certain high peaks of the Andes Mountains, was becoming extinct.

For years the chinchilla was barely able to break even against the hazard of its own beauty. But, because in wild life the chinchilla had no natural enemies except the hawk and the eagle, which it could elude quite successfully, it did maintain a nonfluctuating population. Then something far more perilous to the chinchilla than his beauty came into his life—Englishmen and their traditional love of fox hunting. The British came for the mining ventures in the Andes and, nostalgic for their favorite sport, sent back to England for red foxes, which they loosed in the chinchilla's native habitat. Week ends the English hunted the fox and every day and night the fox hunted the chinchilla.

The results were so disastrous for the chinchilla that, in order to conserve the animals at all, exportation of their pelts finally was outlawed in 1918. This restriction may never have caused you and me one sleepless night, but it sent plenty of cold shudders up the spines of furriers trying to cater to carriage trade.

"Three years after the embargo, Lady Stuart McKenzie gave me an order for a chinchilla coat and it took me two years to fill that order," Willard George reminisces. "I've been connected with the fur business for thirty-six years and I'm pretty much in on the trade's grapevine of rumor and gossip. If fine Russian sables, Norwegian foxes or any especially prized pelts are on the market anywhere I usually hear about it. To get pelts for Lady McKenzie's coat I tracked down every wild rumor I heard about chinchilla pelts."

One spot of whispering that led to about half enough pelts for the wrap took Mr. George to London, where he found a furrier who had fifty genuine unused chinchilla pelts. There wasn't any dickering, or bargaining, or questioning as to the source of the pelts. There was prompt purchase—at the Londoner's price.

From 1921 to 1931, annually, a few chinchilla pelts were smuggled out of South America. Each year Willard George and other leading furriers bought what pelts they could lay their hands on. Some years Willard George could secure perhaps twenty-five pelts, other years only three or four, some years none. As rapidly as they acquired chinchilla, some furriers used it for evening wrap collars and other trimmings. Mr. George hoarded his. Consequently, eight years after he finished Lady McKenzie's coat, he was able to start work on a chinchilla coat for Pola Negri the very day she ordered the wrap.

In 1931 there simply weren't even any smuggled chinchilla pelts to be bought (the leakage through the lenient Brazil port had been partially dammed and the animals had become so scarce as to be practically unobtainable). That year Mr. George sent a particularly astute fur sleuth to South America to see if some of the priceless fur could be secured for trimming. Twice the fur sleuth made the voyage to our sister continent. He stayed six months on his first visit and two months the second time. The two trips yielded exactly one chinchilla pelt!

Founders of a New Race

When things reached this pass, furriers began to turn hopefully anxious eyes on the Chapman Chinchilla Ranch, which, although then still pretty much in the trial-and-error stage, was the only place in the wide world where chinchillas were being bred and raised with any success whatever.

In 1923 the late M. F. Chapman succeeded in bringing live chinchillas to this country to found the chinchilla industry here. Mr. Chapman, a mining engineer, had, for the previous seven years, been living in the Andes Mountains. There he had made an avocation of studying the chinchilla as the little beast lived in wild life, and he became convinced that the animal could be bred and raised in captivity. For three years before he left South America Mr. Chapman, with the help of a few of the native Indians, had been capturing and breeding chinchillas.

When he was ready to quit South America, Mr. Chapman selected 18 of the sturdiest, healthiest chinchillas and set himself the task of bringing them home with him to Inglewood, California. Four of the animals couldn't take the trip down from the high mountains to the coast and died on that leg of the journey. Mr. Chapman sailed with four-

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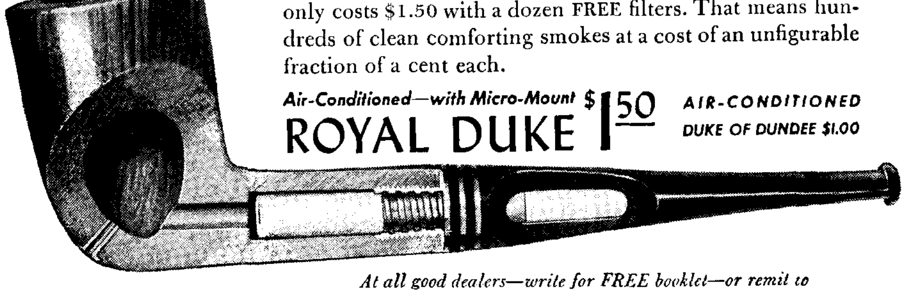


teen chinchillas. Three of this number were unable to withstand the rigors of the voyage from South America to California, so Mr. Chapman reached home shores with only eleven live chinchillas—and something rather ghastly had happened to all of them. The sudden reversal of seasons—they'd left home in what was their summer and arrived here in our winter—had been too much for them, and they'd shed every bit of their beautiful soft fur and had to enter this country huddled in blankets, hot-water bottles and bath towels, instead of their own matchless coats.

These eleven animals constitute the Mayflower ancestry of the 3,500 luxuriantly furred, prized darlings that are, with the exception of a few pet chinchillas brought back last year from a South American tour by a young St. Louisan, the chinchilla population of the United States today. On the Inglewood Chapman Ranch, which M. F. Chapman and his son Reginald started the very day the father got back home with his bald chinchillas and which Reginald Chapman has owned and managed since his father's death five years ago, are 2,000 chinchillas. The other 1,500 are scattered on 29 ranches all started with Chapman chinchillas and operated under Chapman methods and advice.

Anything to Please

At the outset the Chapmans regarded their chinchillas as the nucleus from which an eventual chinchilla industry could grow and prosper in this country. To that end, they turned a perfectly deaf ear to furriers' pleas to purchase a few pelts. Pelts there would be some day, the Chapmans hoped, but, until enough fine, healthy animals had been produced to assure the future of the chinchilla in this country, the herd must be kept for experimentation and breeding purposes. Pelting would have been killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

In finding out how best to house the animals, a large number of possible quarters were tried out. Eventually it was established that, no matter how the animal lives in wild life, in captivity he thrives best in a pen that has a wooden floor and a roofed wooden nest box and is merely screened on all four sides, so that there is plenty of fresh air.

Chinchillas live in absolutely bare nest boxes—scorning the luxury of straw or other upholstering, but the female chinchilla does require a little heat turned on in the apartment about ten days before whelping time and for a few days after her babies are born. Therefore, each nest box has a little heating system, an electric bulb set in aluminum and carefully screened so none of the family can get too near the fireplace.

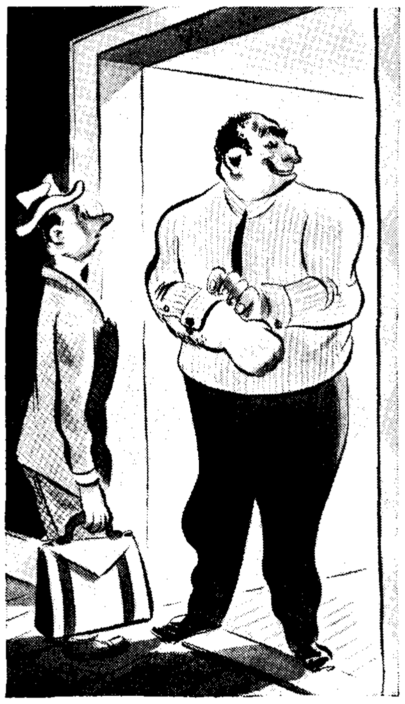
Chinchillas cannot burrow and, since their toes are finished off in something akin to human toenails, rather than claws, they cannot climb. Therefore, the matter of keeping them in their pens is no problem, for they can't escape. They get about by darting, jumping and running at lightning speed. They are nocturnal animals, can't see anything much in daylight. They stay inside their dark, roofed, neat boxes during the day and come out at twilight to spend the night scampering about the pen.

Chinchillas are strictly monogamous. They mate for life and, once mated, have no wish to associate with other adult chinchillas. The Chapmans, catering to this quirk in the chinchilla disposition, house each pair in a separate pen about 36 by 48 inches.

A litter of chinchillas is born after a gestation period of 111 days. The average litter is from one to four, but a few quintuplets have been born and have thrived. The little rodent is born fully furred, eyes open, and within one hour it can stand up on its four feet and run about. Both its parents are solicitous and affectionate. The male chinchilla is an admirable husband and father. He helps the mother care for the babies and when mother chinchilla goes out of the nest box to the feed trough, father chinchilla stays right with the children. At no time will both parents leave the babies alone in the "house." The mother nurses the young for 45 days, but family relationship does not end abruptly with weaning; the litter stays on with the parents until the children are 75 days old.

At 75 days the young are ready to leave the parental place and each is paired off in a pen with another young chinchilla. At this point animal husbandry as practiced at the Chapman Ranch takes a hand. Because the Chapmans have long since discovered that inbreeding makes the stock deteriorate, neither brothers and sisters nor even first cousins are ever placed in the same pen. In the new pen the young will have their courtship period—a thing they definitely insist upon before mating.

In their new home the young chinchillas will mate when they are from five to eight months old. Before they have reached the ripe old age of one year their first litter is born. From then on they have from one to three litters yearly. Chinchillas live to be from eight to ten years old.



"The man is here for the installment money. Shall I let him have it?"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Proper diet has made the ranch-grown animal's hide more durable than that of the South American chinchilla. Diet, too, gets the credit for the luxurious density of the domesticated animal's pelt. And, of extreme importance to those in the chinchilla industry, only through a highly scientific diet with emphasis on vitamin E, the reproduction vitamin, can a prodigious talent for paternity and maternity be developed in chinchillas.

In an effort to find a diet that would be scientifically correct, Reginald Chapman enlisted the services of Mr. Albert Leonard, who, with his staff of research and laboratory assistants at the Ralston-Purina Company in St. Louis, has been largely responsible for perfecting the foods now used on silver fox and mink ranches. Reginald Chapman sent Mr. Leonard five pairs of chinchillas for observation and experimentation. Mr. Leonard, in turn, visited chinchilla owners, checking and comparing results of specific diets. Finally Mr. Leonard concocted a chinchilla feed which contains irradiated yeast, brewers' dried yeast, molasses, wheat germ, oat middlings, beet pulp, peanut oil meal, soybean oil meal, corn-meal germ, yellow corn meal, dehydrated alfalfa meal, special mineralized salt and bone meal. The chinchilla gets along splendidly on about two ounces of this mixture daily, supplemented by carrots three times a week, greens every day for females nearing whelping, a green branch occasionally to gnaw on and orange juice twice a week.

"Climate has apparently little or nothing to do with raising and breeding chinchillas," Reginald Chapman says. "However, we believe that climate is of great importance to chinchillas to be pelted. In order to have finest quality fur a chinchilla needs to spend from six months to a year in a climate that has a change of seasons—goes from hot weather to cool to cold.

"Any fur-bearing animal sheds all its fur once a year. There is only a fortnight during the year when the pelt is really at prime," Reginald Chapman explains. "In the case of the chinchilla this fortnight occurs in February, before the end of winter. The fact that ranch-raised chinchillas can always be pelted at prime is one important reason why their fur is superior to that of the wild chinchilla. Wild chinchillas were caught at any and all times of the year. Trappers were so glad to get the pelts that they never quibbled over whether they got them at prime."

The health of the chinchillas at the Chapman Ranch is a matter of daily concern. So far there has never been an epidemic of any kind among the animals. On the door of each pen is a chart that is filled out at regular intervals with information that gives Mr. Chapman at a glance a picture of the general welfare of occupants of the pen, much as a hospital chart through facts and figures tells a doctor how his patient is doing. Daily one of the fourteen keepers checks each animal on the following points: ears—they should stand nicely erect if the animal is well; eyes—they shouldn't be watery; tail—a well chinchilla's tail always curves; and droppings—the condition of the droppings is a perfect index to the chinchilla's gastro-intestinal health.

Chinchilla's Are Fussy

Any day a chinchilla doesn't pass the test on the four points of inspection the animal is segregated and put on a special diet designed to apply to the particular condition that is amiss.

The keepers at the ranch are so expert in diagnosing and curing any indisposition the animals have that a veterinarian is scarcely ever called except when a Caesarean operation is necessary. This emergency arises in about one litter out of every two hundred. In almost every case this surgery has been performed successfully for both mother and babies and the mother has been able later to give normal birth to litters.

Chinchillas, unlike minks, respond to taming and domestication without a struggle. They are gentle, friendly, affectionate, adore being petted even by strangers, actually show off a little for visitors at the Chapman Ranch. Perch one on your shoulder and he will snuggle up to your neck and cheek.

"There's one thing, though, that infuriates a chinchilla," Reginald Chapman warns. "He's a little like some of us American men; he *hates* red nail polish. The only strangers our animals ever bite are women wearing red nail polish. The other day Olympe Bradna, the movie actress, was out at the ranch going through with a group of visitors. Had the keeper showing the party through observed Miss Bradna's nail polish, he would have cautioned her against picking up one of the animals. Miss Bradna, like everyone else, as soon as she saw a chinchilla she wanted to pick it up and pet it. She tried this, but the chinchilla caught what had escaped the keeper's notice and bit the lady—not hard, but enough to let her know he disapproved of her red fingernails!"

Chinchillas are exceptionally clean animals. In each pen at the ranch is a box of sand in which the chinchilla bathes three times daily. He rolls vigorously in the sand, gets it rubbed into his hair down to the hide, then shakes all the sand loose. This frequent sand bath keeps him immaculately groomed and is the reason why he has no parasites.

You'll Just Have to Wait

"I wasn't really quite ready to pelt for a coat," Mr. Chapman admits. "I wanted to wait and let my animals breed for a couple of years more before I did that. But I got tired of having people who'd never seen our ranch-grown chinchillas wring their hands and declare that the chinchilla was gone forever, that we could never produce anything as beautiful as the Peruvian animal. Now that this coat has turned out so well, I've supplied an Eastern wholesale furrier with pelts to make up another coat. This fall I'm selling 30 pelts—just enough to satisfy an infinitesimal fraction of the demand for trimming."

Reginald Chapman thinks that his ranch will have served the purpose of supplying breeding chinchillas to other ranches within the next two years and from then on he will be pelting regularly. Within five years, if his chinchillas maintain their present rate of increase, he expects to be able to put about 6,000 pelts annually on the fur market. But he insists that chinchilla supply cannot meet demand for another fifteen years.

The Chapman Ranch has never sold breeding animals to just anybody who had the price of a pair—$3,200. Mr. Chapman starts one in the chinchilla industry with his stock only in territory where he can give the neophyte chinchilla raiser at least monthly inspection and advisory service from one of his staff. This covers a pretty wide range, though, for among the 29 ranches so stocked there's one in New York State, a flourishing one in the Shenandoah Valley, one owned by a prominent Denver oral surgeon who keeps his animals just outside his home city, and one in Afton, Wyoming.

Just what do all these ranches mean in terms of eventual retail price of chinchilla? They mean certainly that the price will some day come down. Just how low, it's impossible to say. Mr. Chapman estimates that in fifteen years the chinchilla coat might get into the five- to ten-thousand class. Silver fox, now ninety-nine per cent ranch-raised, has never become cheap. Nearly all the natural mink coats today are made from pelts that are ranch-grown. Mink still costs money.

If the present setup continues, no woman will ever be able to get a chinchilla coat at bargain-counter prices, for Reginald Chapman and the ranchers who have gone into business with his stock—and that means everybody in the chinchilla industry today—have already formed a trade association, the National Chinchilla Breeders of America, which, through a kind of gentleman's agreement, has so far kept anybody from going wild and putting pelts on the market before the time was ripe and which, avowedly, has the intention of keeping the chinchilla industry from ever reaching throat-slitting price wars. The association, if it lives up to its purpose, will see to it that chinchilla supply never oversteps chinchilla demand.

3 answers to the question:
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1 **"What does Paul Jones'** new low price mean to *me?*" Frankly, I'd buy it no matter what the price. I don't like sweet drinks—so to me, Paul Jones—a really *"dry"* whiskey—was always worth every penny it cost. The thing *I'm* glad to learn is that nothing about Paul Jones has been changed but its price.

2 **To me,** this new low price means I can enjoy Paul Jones *anytime.* I used to serve it only on special occasions when I knew its *"dry," all-whiskey* goodness would especially please my guests. Now I can make Paul Jones my *regular* whiskey and enjoy it whenever I like!

3 **That new low price** is certainly big news to *me!* I've always wanted to drink Paul Jones—*and now I can!* No more sweet drinks for me . . . I've found the *"dry"* tang and briskness I want, at the popular price I want to pay. From now on—it's Paul Jones for *me!*

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Musical Express

Continued from page 19

better when Al Hammer showed up with the repertory of monologs he had been palming off on women's clubs in Brooklyn and Patchogue.

Mr. Gordon noted with some pleasure that the audience hoots were of a slightly dimmed intensity, but this was balanced by the fact that there were fewer paying guests in the pews. The quintet got going in something like real fashion when Betty Comden brought in John Frank. They had known each other at N.Y.U. and had met again when they were over in Brooklyn making an unsuccessful attempt to catch on with the Brattleboro Players.

"We came back together on the subway and I said I was going to sing at the Vanguard and he said he might as well hang around there as anywhere else," recalls Miss Comden.

Being on the premises meant that Mr. Frank would also do some singing because he had worked his way through college by bellowing in an organization called the Peasants Quartette. He played the mandolin and grappled with folk music from the Ukraine and Uzbek, switching over to Good King Wenceslaus whenever audiences threatened to take matters in their own hands.

As winter came on the show was getting better, the Vanguard was getting colder and the crowds had fallen off to almost nothing. Mr. Gordon was paying the outfit five bucks each for the Sunday night performance and several of them had nothing else to live on. The low point was reached on a stormy night when the audience consisted of four people.

The Revuers put on the show that night with more than the usual fervor because it was a question of action or death. The Vanguard had one tiny gas heater and it wasn't fit competition for a blizzard. In fact the Revuers adopted a technique to cope with the heat situation.

Then the Tide Turned

"We wrote the sketches so we had to be wearing our overcoats during the first numbers," explains Mr. Frank.

About this time the show began to catch on. They consider that the tide swung the night when a group of horny-handed gentlemen wandered into the place, obviously in error, sat through the first numbers in some bewilderment and then began to roar. When it was over the leader of the group came up and congratulated the players:

"You're okay, kids. We'll tell everybody in the Erie freight yards about you."

As a personal note, the Revuers all come from New York. Adolph Green went to De Witt Clinton High, worked as a runner in Wall Street (four months), had a job measuring rooms for a carpet dealer (three months), batted around with little theater groups, getting nowhere.

Betty Comden played in theatricals at N.Y.U., had a four-line part in the road company of Having Wonderful Time and played a summer in stock at Easthampton, Long Island.

Al Hammer started as a shipping clerk in the garment district, acted with the Youth Theater, worked at the New Theater school and finally ventured forth as a monologist when a production of Bury the Dead blew up because John Garfield, the director, went off to become famous in Hollywood. The monolog stuff brought him $10 a smack, when he could book any dates, and his low moment came in Brooklyn on a New Year's Eve when he had three engagements lined up and could make only two of them.

"I got balled up in that subway system over there and was lost for hours," he recalls. "Every time I took a train I found myself in Coney Island again. That ten bucks was sticking out in front of me like the carrot in front of the mule, but I never did get it. I guess I should consider myself lucky that I wasn't buried alive down there."

In their present state the Revuers have four complete shows, running forty minutes each. They satirize the movies, the national magazines, the World's Fair, Broadway. Julius Claman handles lights and effects for them and Roger Vaughn plays the piano in those moments when John Frank and Betty Comden don't take turns at it. Their songs are hilarious, their lyrics are as clever as anything in town and what they do in ridiculing such renowned figures as Mickey Rooney, Robert Morley and Joan Crawford is shameful.

Worked Under Handicaps

After their first success they did two shows a week and ended by doing five nights for the stunned Mr. Gordon. Always, however, under handicaps. Their dressing room was the areaway leading to the ladies' powder room. They made a stage by sticking up a piece of cheesecloth at one end of the room. When business boomed to the point where Mr. Gordon could afford a liquor license, the only place for the bar was on the stage. Hence, there was a running battle between actors trying to get waiters off the stage and waiters trying to sneak in one last round of suds before the play went on. No performance was complete unless the phone rang at least half a dozen times, to be answered by the toughest of the waiters bellowing into the mouthpiece:

"Warrayuh WANT?"

Upstairs there is a little store on the street level. The proprietor's cats took such a liking to the Revuers that unless Mr. Gordon stood at the foot of the stairs and whammed them over the whiskers with a folded newspaper they came down every night and solemnly walked across the stage, seemingly enraptured at the thought of being this close to fame.

There was the famous night when a lady, more than slightly boiled, went off to the ladies' room during the performance and, when next sighted, was found sitting on a chair on the stage. When all persuasion failed to move her, Mr. Gordon, who is a skinny little gentleman, lifted her in his arms and proceeded to lug her out. As she disappeared up the stairs, she had one last announcement:

"It's the best show I've ever seen!"

By now the show had caught on with the uptown mob, and one night the great Robert Morley himself showed up, was forced to sit on the stairs because the place was jammed, and was then greeted by the eager company, all palpitant for his word on their performance. He hung his head sadly for a moment, as one who has just heard of the demise of his last three relatives, and said: "Ah, very . . . very."

When they weren't engaged at the Vanguard, they were playing anywhere else that people might care to have them. They recall with pleasure the benefit at Norwalk, Connecticut, where they played on the banquet floor without special lights and in competition with an orgy of mastication, for the meal was still in progress when they started.

"When we saw them leaving half their ice cream and turning around," says Mr. Hammer, "we knew we were a hit."

Last spring John Roy at the Rainbow Room heard them in a private audition and then put them on at his nine-o'clock show to see how they would do before that special audience. They did so well that Mr. Roy booked them in for four weeks, but the ordeal almost undid them. They played before the orchestra without special effects, reaching the floor by coming down a series of steps from the foyer.

"You know what they have up there?" asks Mr. Green, still shaken by the experience. "They have *carpets*. Big, thick ones. We almost fell when we made our entrance."

Young, Talented and Eager

Later they appeared on a guest show at the Ruban Bleu, a smart restaurant, and wowed the blasé gang frequenting the establishment. At the Beach Point Country Club before a family audience, they went over with a corresponding wallop. Their lyrics are clean; their performance is hectic and extremely effective; they are young and talented and eager.

Producers are talking to them about going into a Broadway show, which they will write themselves. Somebody else has an idea of using them in newsreels, doing a weekly take-off on current events. There is a radio offer dangling about somewhere. After their departure from Mr. Gordon's Vanguard, they went up to the summer theater at Westport, Connecticut, and appeared in a show with Sheila Barrett and John Hoysradt. Everything is breaking for them—proof again that New York is the softest place in the world for anybody who has quality to sell.

But they've worked for it. Adolph Green has lost thirty-five pounds in six months; John Frank, the oldest of the group at twenty-four, is losing his hair rapidly. But their humor remains with them. When a night-club manager wanted to hire them and showed some apprehension about their name, the Revuers, they submitted new ones for him. As: "The Those, That, There Five;" "Le Grand Revue Moderno;" "The Corn Exchange Quints."

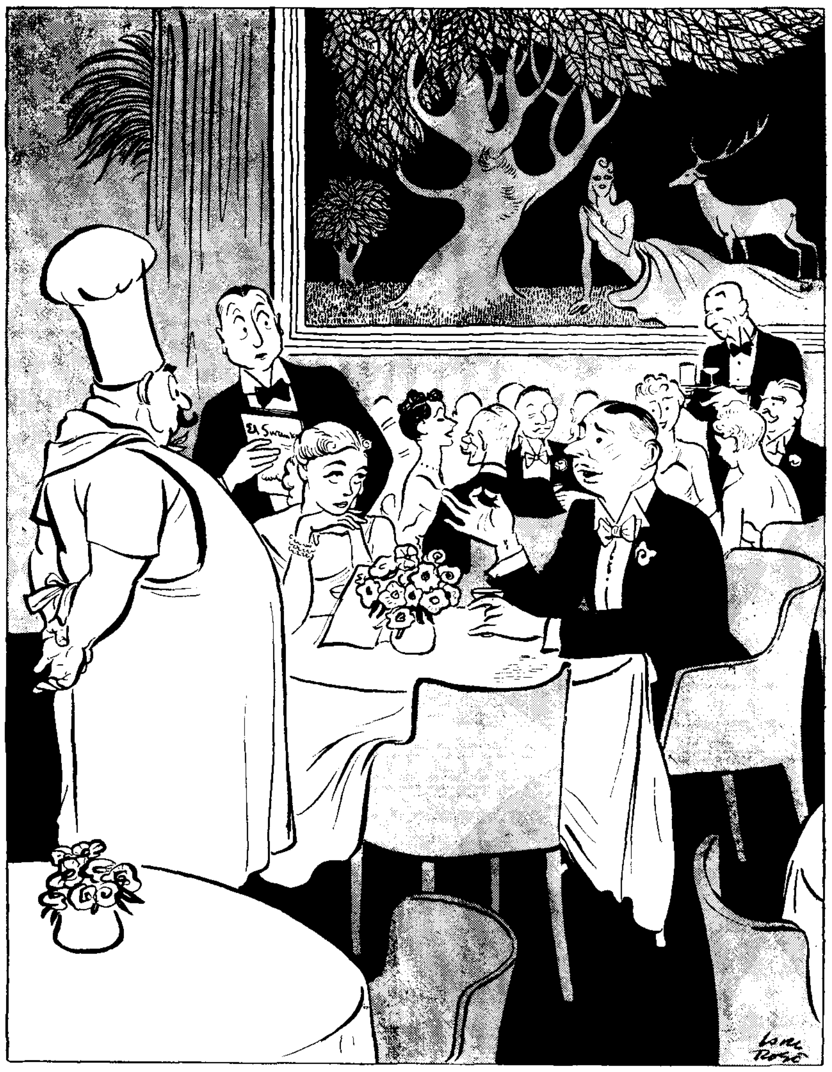
"I'm sorry," he wrote back solemnly, "but I don't seem to like any of your suggestions."

So they do their daily shows and sit up half the night writing new material. If the worst comes they can always go back with Mr. Gordon, who is still going strong in his cave. He thinks they're the nicest kids that ever hung around the Village and likes to recall the night when a party of doctors called him over and asked to be presented to the performers. It seems they had laughed themselves next to misery at a sketch about psychiatrists.

"We'd like to have you come down and put that on for one of our medical meetings," one doctor said, and added hastily: "Of course, we'd pay you for it."

John Frank, who had suddenly assumed a countenance that was half Dracula and half Fu Manchu, fixed the gentleman with a wild and glittering eye and replied: "Never mind the money; we could take it out in treatment."

In dull moments at the Vanguard, Mr. Gordon likes to think of that and smile to himself quietly. Hot or cold, it was always a lot of fun while the youngsters were around.



"... You take this chopped meat and make a small cake out of it and fry it on both sides for about five minutes. Then you serve it in a soft roll with a slice of raw onion and a bottle of ketchup"

CARL ROSE

Mrs. Edgar Rice Burroughs has two delightful children—a boy and a girl. She plays a fast game of tennis, swims expertly, finds time to entertain often at her attractive new home in Beverly Hills, California. She is noted as a brilliant and gracious hostess

Charming **MRS. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**

wife of the famous writer, creator of Tarzan, says

"I find so many of my guests now choose Wine"

"Most of our guests are active, busy people," says Mrs. Edgar Rice Burroughs. "They prefer not to overdo when they relax. So I serve a choice of beverages, and I find more and more people nowadays select wine."

This idea of giving guests an opportunity to choose wine as their beverage is sweeping the country, hosts and hostesses report.

Women notice it at afternoon teas and bridge parties. So many wives now prefer exquisitely flavored Tokay or one of the golden, sweeter Sauternes—served in a small glass.

Hostesses discover that, before dinner, more and more people today prefer a cocktail-size glass of fine Sherry—or a larger glass of deep-ruby, full-flavored Burgundy served with the main course.

Or in the evening, simple informal bowls of fruit and nuts, or a tray of cheeses and wafers, set out with small glasses of mellow Port or fragrant Muscatel.

Next time you have guests at your house, why don't you try it? As Mrs. Burroughs says, you will be amazed how many people prefer wine *because* it is moderate—because good wine and genial, leisurely evenings go together.

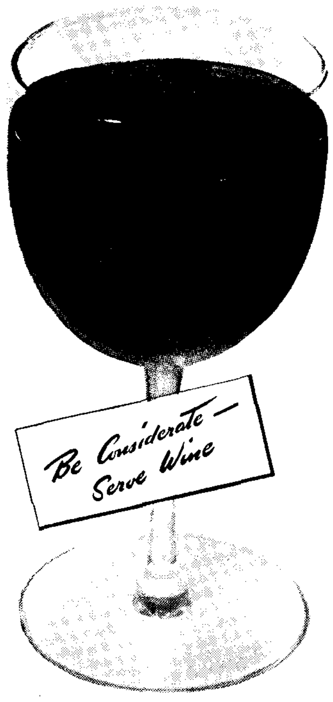
THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

All you need to know to serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine... (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines made especially for use with desserts or as refreshments called *sweet* wines.

A favorite "table" wine is Burgundy, ruby red in color, with a delicate tang. Offer Burgundy with the main course of any meal in servings half the size of a water goblet.

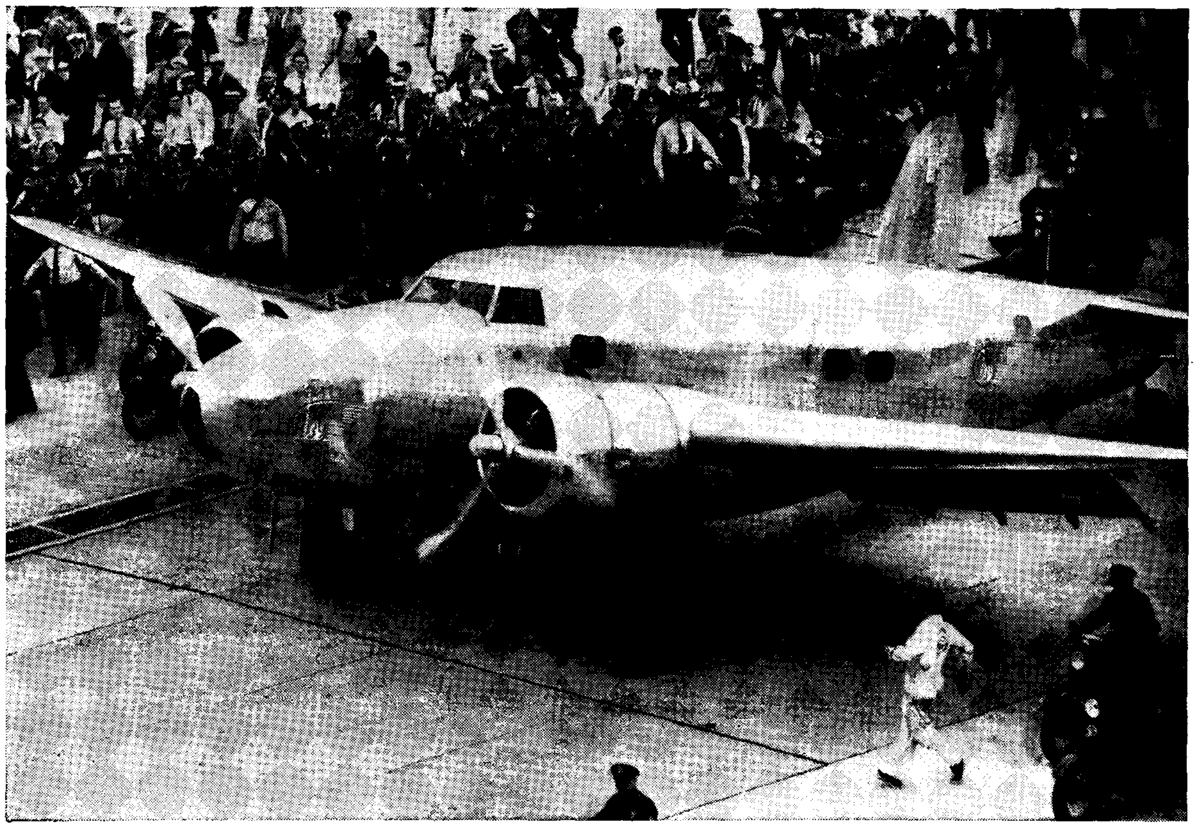
A distinguished "sweet" wine is Sherry, amber, zestfully nut-like in flavor. Serve your Sherry in small glasses. (California Sherries are made dry, medium dry or slightly sweet.)



THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.



WIDE WORLD

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

The finish of Howard Hughes' record-setting flight around the world, at Floyd Bennett Field in New York on July 14, 1938. Because his flight resulted in great advancement of aviation science as well as a record, Mr. Hughes has been designated the 1938 winner of aviation's highest achievement award, the Collier Trophy, below

Congratulations, Mr. Hughes!

WE TAKE great pleasure in announcing that the Collier Trophy, American aviation's highest award, goes this year to Howard Hughes and will be presented to him by President Roosevelt.

Between the afternoons of July 10 and 14, 1938, Mr. Hughes flew around the world in 91 hours and 17 minutes total elapsed time; distance, 14,824 miles.

From all points of view, Mr. Hughes seems the logical winner of the trophy for the calendar year 1938. True, his scientifically executed, research-reinforced flight was more or less blacked out of the headlines a few days later by Douglas (Wrong Way) Corrigan. But with all due respect and admiration for Mr. Corrigan, his flight only redemonstrated some already well-known truths concerning Irish enterprise, while Howard Hughes' round-the-world flight advanced the art and science of aviation.

That was the idea on which Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's Weekly, established the Collier Trophy in 1911, to be awarded each year "for the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been thoroughly demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year."

Mr. Collier first designated the Aero Club of America trustee for the trophy. The Aero Club's successor, the National Aeronautic Association, took it over; and it is under the auspices of this Dutch uncle of aviation in the United States that the yearly award is now made.

The Collier Trophy Committee is composed of leaders in American aviation, with Major James E. Doolittle as chairman.

Briefs are submitted by or on behalf of each year's trophy aspirants. The Hughes brief was drawn up by Roger Wolfe Kahn.

Other Collier Trophy winners down the years have been Capt. Alfred F. Hegenberger (blind flying); Frank Caldwell (controllable pitch propeller); Glenn L. Martin (Martin bomber); Donald Douglas (twin-engined transport); the U. S. Army Air Corps (first successful sub-stratosphere plane); Harold Pitcairn and associates (Autogiro); and many another.

That Mr. Hughes well deserves to join this distinguished company of Collier Trophy winners is borne out, we believe, by the trophy citation in his case. It reads:

To Howard Hughes and his Associates for their *epoch-making round-the-world flight in 91 hours* and 17 minutes. This flight involved notable advances in aerial navigation, communications and engineering; demonstrated the value of organization and planning in long-range aircraft operation and afforded a world-wide demonstration of the superiority of American aviation products and *techniques*

The radio work done by and for the Hughes expedition was the most dramatic of the numerous scientific accomplishments rolled up on the round-the-world flight of Hughes' Standard Lockheed 14 with two 1100-horsepower Wright G-102 Cyclone engines.

Four radio receivers at the New York World's Fair operation headquarters, supervised by W. C. Rockefeller, picked up 900 weather observations each day of the flight, from all over the world. Every time Hughes landed—at Paris, Moscow, Omsk, Yakutsk, Fairbanks and Minneapolis—he was handed a complete weather forecast for the next leg of the trip.

But other scientific work of great value was done. For one example, there was the testing and proving of the new remote control of the Sperry Gyropilot, the airplane's "Iron Mike." In all the 14,824 miles of the flight, Hughes' plane never deviated more than six miles from its course.

For another, there was the successful operation of the Line of Position Computer. This strangely named gadget is a calculating machine, invented by former naval Lieutenant W. L. Maxson, for performing the laborious mathematical operations required in getting a plane's longitude and latitude bearings at any given time. The computer's sine and cosine cams clicked out the wanted readings on this trip with unfailing accuracy. Tired navigators can make mistakes, but this machine, simple and swift when properly operated, doesn't.

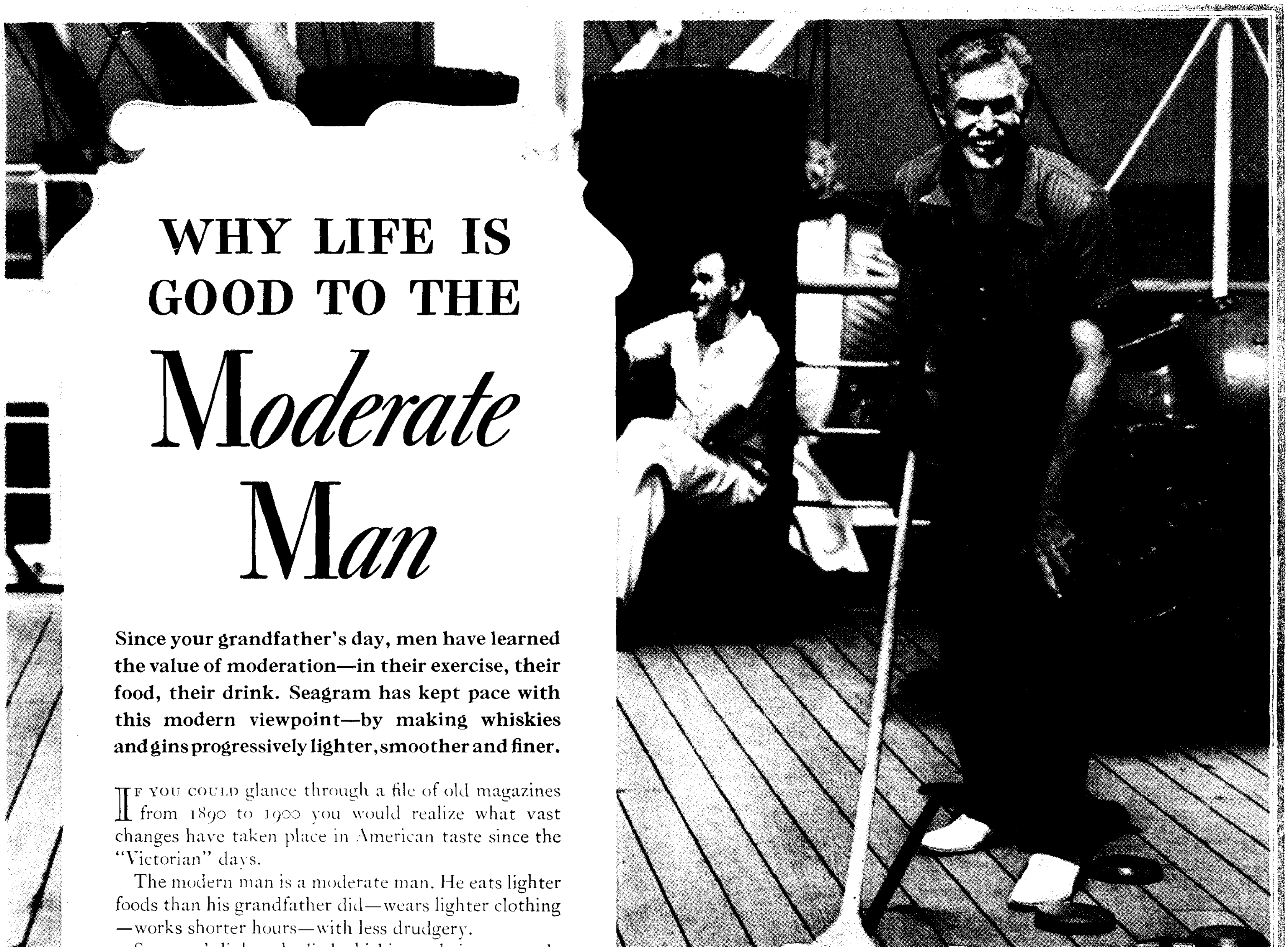
JAMES DOOLITTLE

We wish we could go into other technical achievements of the Hughes expedition, but the discussion would necessarily be loaded up with technical terminology.

What it all figures out to is that the Hughes expedition was a scientific triumph from beginning to end, aside from the record-smashing speed with which Hughes and his flight crew girdled the earth over the Great Circle route. The speed was only one of the manifold results of two years' careful, last-detail preparation.

Data and experience amassed by the Hughes expedition will be used by aviators for years to come. It is that fact that brings Mr. Hughes victoriously within the conditions of the yearly Collier Trophy award.

Congratulations, Mr. Hughes!



WHY LIFE IS GOOD TO THE *Moderate* Man

Since your grandfather's day, men have learned the value of moderation—in their exercise, their food, their drink. Seagram has kept pace with this modern viewpoint—by making whiskies and gins progressively lighter, smoother and finer.

If you could glance through a file of old magazines from 1890 to 1900 you would realize what vast changes have taken place in American taste since the "Victorian" days.

The modern man is a moderate man. He eats lighter foods than his grandfather did—wears lighter clothing—works shorter hours—with less drudgery.

Seagram's lighter-bodied whiskies and gins are made to please the moderate man. Year after year these Seagram whiskies and gins have become *smoother* . . . *mellower* . . . *and finer.*

Step up to the bar and try the finer 5 or 7 Crown—the more delicate Seagram's "V.O." (now only 86.8 proof) or the world's finest gin, "Ancient Bottle." Enjoy finer drinks . . . say Seagram's—be moderate.

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SINCE 1857
CANADA'S FINEST
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN
RARE OLD BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
Distilled, Aged & Blended under the supervision of the Canadian Government
YEARS 6 OLD
A PRODUCT OF JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA
"Canada's Finest"

Seagram's

Seagram's
7
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — Smooth and mellow
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
Seagram's
5
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — Smooth and mellow
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry
A pale golden gin... the first to be distilled in America... a gin of rare mellowness and fine bouquet... distilled and bottled by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. Lawrenceburg, Indiana
"AMERICA'S FINEST"

SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. "Canada's Finest". Finer, more delicate, we believe, than any Rye, Bourbon or Scotch of any age. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. "America's Finest" rich whiskey yet very light. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

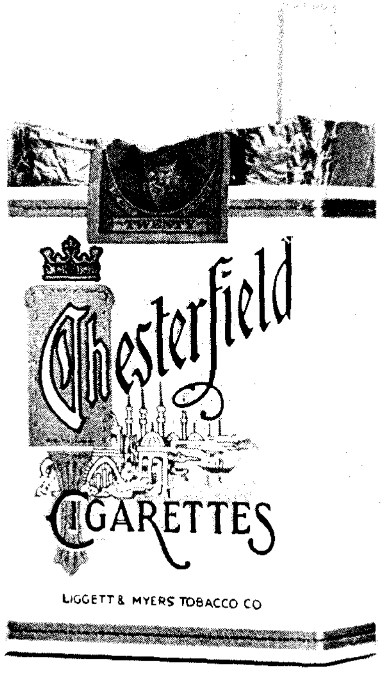
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. "America's Finest" mild whiskey. Popular priced. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 27½% straight whiskies. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE DISTILLED DRY GIN, *"The World's Finest."* Pale golden in color. Makes the most delicious Martini you have ever tasted. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S...SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

They do the job
they're meant to do

Chesterfields are like that... they go about their business of giving you more smoking pleasure... *with a taste, aroma and mildness that's all their own*... the kind that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give.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